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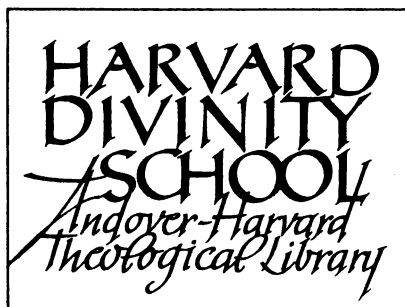
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SONGS OF LOVE AND PRAISE:

FOR USE IN

MEETINGS FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP OR WORK.

EDITORS:

JOHN R. SWENEY, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK
AND H. L. GILMOUR.

"Love is the golden chain that binds the happy souls above."

PHILADELPHIA:

Published by JOHN J. HOOD, 1024 Arch St.

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I.



HE love of God, all human love transcending,
Fondest and purest, sweetest and the best ;
Without beginning, it shall have no ending,
Descending from, and leading to, the blest ;
Royal—enrobed in all-enduring splendor,
Grieved by neglect, yet in forgiveness tender.

II.

Bound, ransomed hearts! High joy excludes the sadness
All tongues enthused, extol eternal love ;
Enwreathed with smiles comes tripping sunlit gladness,
Each blessed note an echo from above .
While "Songs of Love and Praise," mingling together,
Increase the bliss of heaven, always, FOREVER!

E. H. STOKES

Ocean Grove, N. J., May, 1894.

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THE PUBLISHER.

SONGS OF LOVE AND PRAISE.

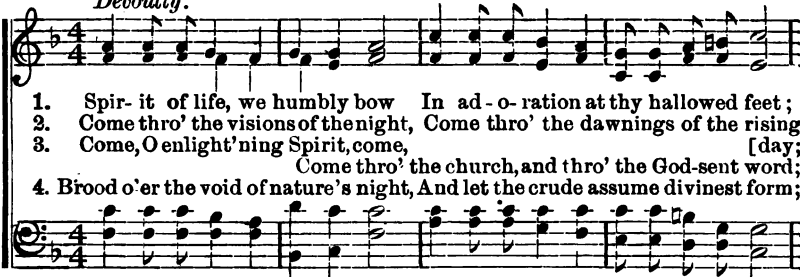
Holy Spirit.

E. H. STOKES, D.D., L.L.D.

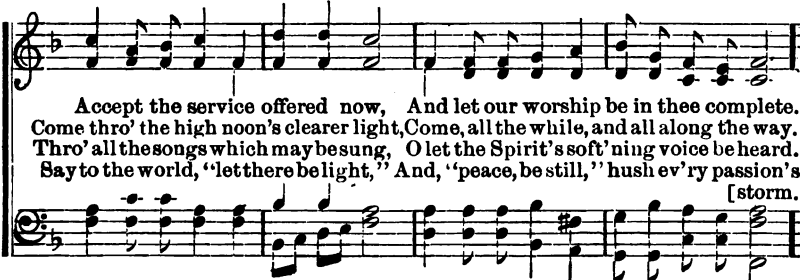
AN INVOCATION.

{ JNO. R. SWENEY.
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. }

Devoutly.

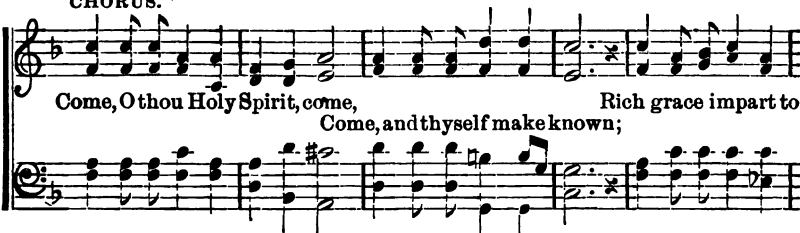


1. Spir- it of life, we humbly bow In ad - o - ration at thy hallowed feet ;
 2. Come thro' the visions of the night, Come thro' the dawns of the rising
 3. Come, O enlight'ning Spirit, come, [day;
 4. Brood o'er the void of nature's night, And let the crude assume divinest form;

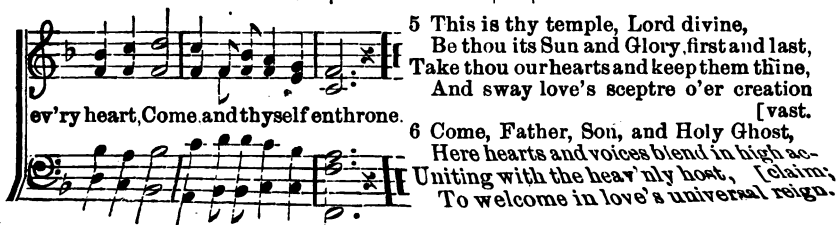


Accept the service offered now, And let our worship be in thee complete.
 Come thro' the high noon's clearer light, Come, all the while, and all along the way.
 Thro' all the songs which may be sung, O let the Spirit's soft'ning voice be heard.
 Say to the world, "let there be light," And, "peace, be still," hush ev'ry passion's [storm.

CHORUS.



Come, O thou Holy Spirit, come, Rich grace impart to
 Come, and thyself make known;



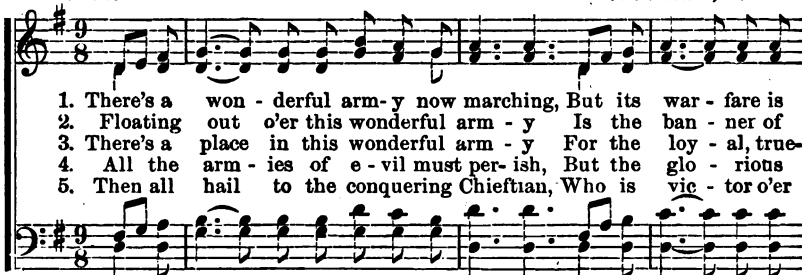
5 This is thy temple, Lord divine,
 Be thou its Sun and Glory first and last,
 Take thou our hearts and keep them thine,
 And sway love's sceptre o'er creation [vast.
 ev'ry heart, Come and thyself enthrone.
 6 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Here hearts and voices blend in high ac-
 uniting with the heav'nly host, [claim,
 To welcome in love's universal reign.

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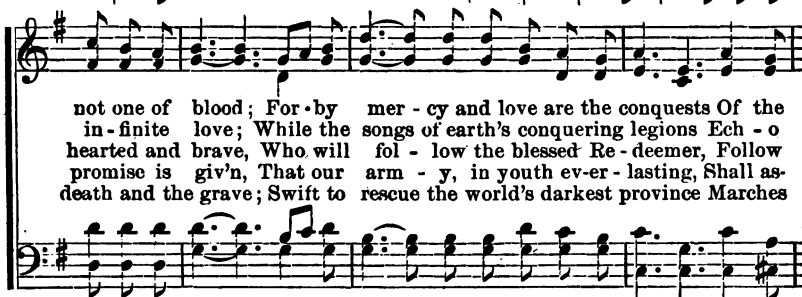
Wonderful Army of God.

W. A. S.

W. A. SPENCER, D. D.




1. There's a won - derful arm - y now marching, But its war - fare is
 2. Floating out o'er this wonderful arm - y Is the ban - ner of
 3. There's a place in this wonderful arm - y For the loy - al, true-
 4. All the arm - ies of e - vil must per - ish, But the glo - rious
 5. Then all hail to the conquering Chieftian, Who is vic - tor o'er

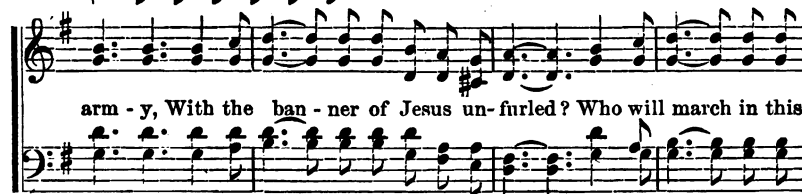


not one of blood; For - by mer - cy and love are the conquests Of the
 in - finite love; While the songs of earth's conquering legions Ech - o
 hearted and brave, Who will fol - low the blessed Re - deemer, Follow
 promise is giv'n, That our arm - y, in youth ev - er - lasting, Shall as -
 death and the grave; Swift to rescue the world's darkest province Marches

CHORUS.



won - derful arm - y of God. Who will march in this wonderful
 back from the armies a - bove.
 Je - sus the mighty to save.
 sem - ble un - broken in heaven.
 Je - sus the mighty to save.



arm - y, With the ban - ner of Jesus un - furled? Who will march in this



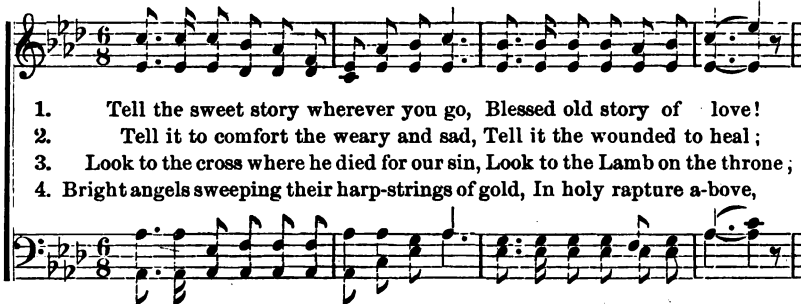
wonderful arm - y. Marching with Je - sus to conquer the world?

Blessed Old Story of Love.

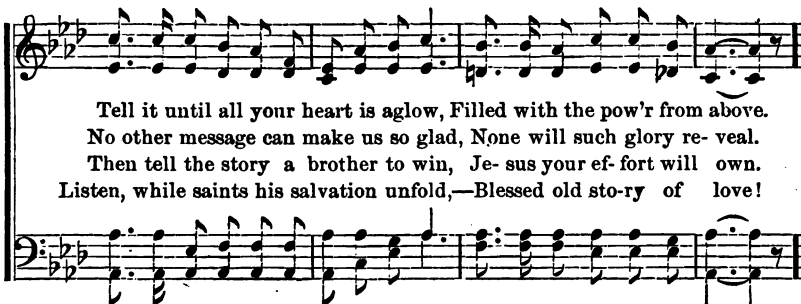
5

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Tell the sweet story wherever you go, Blessed old story of love!
2. Tell it to comfort the weary and sad, Tell it the wounded to heal;
3. Look to the cross where he died for our sin, Look to the Lamb on the throne;
4. Bright angels sweeping their harp-strings of gold, In holy rapture a-bove,

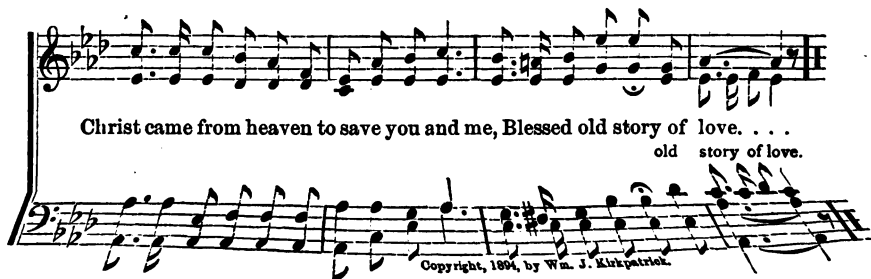


Tell it until all your heart is aglow, Filled with the pow'r from above.
No other message can make us so glad, None will such glory re-veal.
Then tell the story a brother to win, Je-sus your ef-fort will own.
Listen, while saints his salvation unfold,—Blessed old sto-ry of love!

CHORUS.



Blessed old story of love! . . . Blessed old story of love! . . .
old sto-ry of love! old sto-ry of love!




Christ came from heaven to save you and me, Blessed old story of love. . . .
old story of love.

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6 Come, Walk and Talk with Jesus.

MARTHA E. OLIVER.

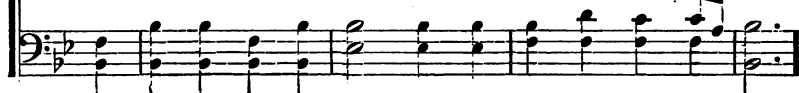
W. H. DOANE.



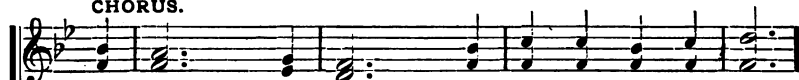
1. Come, walk and talk with Je - sus, In fel - low-ship com - plete;
 2. Come, tell your love and long - ing, And clasp your Father's hand;
 3. If doubts and cares are vex - ing, Talk with your faithful Friend;
 4. His boundless love and mer - cy Can ev - 'ry need sup - ply;
 5. When walking close to Je - sus, We see the way a - right;

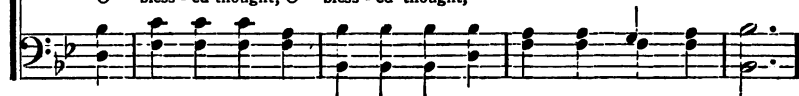

Bring all your joys and sor - rows, And lay them at his feet.
 The brok - en speech may fal - ter, But he will un - der - stand.
 Tell ev - 'ry thought to Je - sus, And on his strength de - pend.
 His dai - ly grace re - stores us, Like man - na from on high.
 And when with him we coun - sel, The dark - est hour grows bright.




CHORUS.



O bless - ed thought, It cheers the dark - est day;
 O bless - ed thought, O bless - ed thought,

To walk and talk with Je - sus, While journeying on our way.



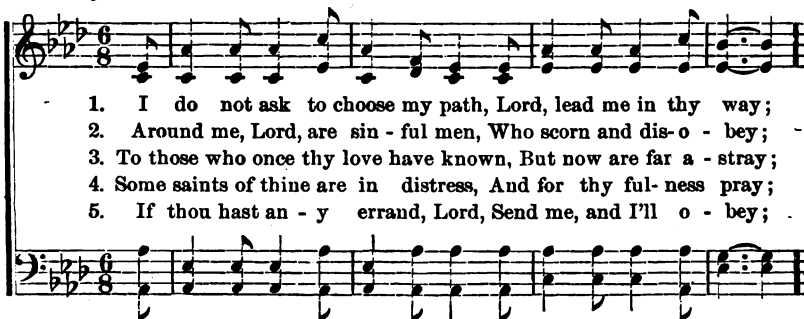
Copyright, 1894, by W. H. Doane.

Make Me a Blessing To-day.

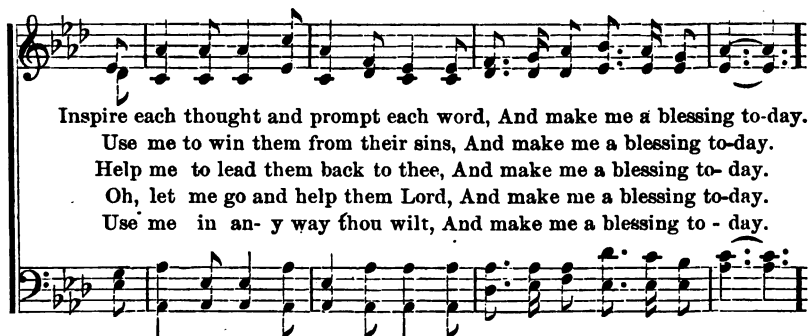
7 ✓

Rev. J. H. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

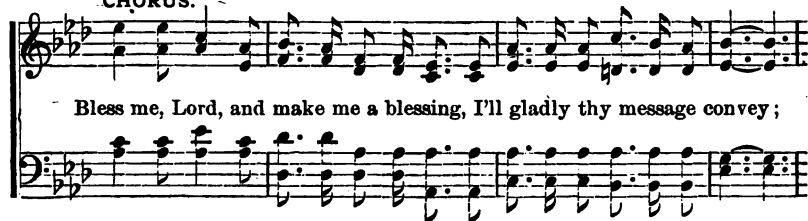


1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. Around me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of thine are in distress, And for thy ful - ness pray;
5. If thou hast an - y errand, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;

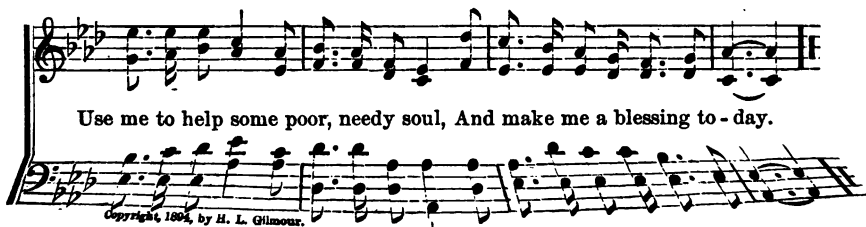


Inspire each thought and prompt each word, And make me a blessing to-day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a blessing to-day.
Help me to lead them back to thee, And make me a blessing to-day.
Oh, let me go and help them Lord, And make me a blessing to-day.
Use me in an - y way thou wilt, And make me a blessing to-day.

CHORUS.



Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll gladly thy message convey;



Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to-day.

Copyright, 1894, by H. L. Gilmour.

Resting by the River.

JENNIE WILSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When I'm resting by the riv - er, in the beau - ti - ful for - ev - er, Light will
 2. When I'm resting by the riv - er, where no sorrow cometh ev - er, I shall
 3. When I'm resting by the riv - er 'neath the healing trees that quiver In the
 4. When I'm resting by the riv - er, where fond ties are broken never, I shall

seem the cares and crosses that ap - pear so heav - y now; Then I'll
 feel that earthly darkness made more welcome heaven's light; I shall
 sweet, balm - lad - en breezes blown from hills of Par - a - dise; I shall
 find that sep - a - ra - tion made re - un - ion there more sweet; Past for

see that pathway lone - ly God marked out in kindness on - ly, When I'm
 learn how each af - fliction brought a bless - ed ben - e - diction, When I'm
 see with vis - ion clear - er loss made heaven's treasures dearer, When I'm
 aye all tears and sighing, mine shall be a joy un - dy - ing, When I'm

CHORUS.
 resting by the river, with life's crown upon my brow. Rest - - - ing by the
 resting by the river, in the land where falls no night.
 resting by the river, in the home beyond the skies.
 resting by the river, where the happy saved ones meet. Resting by the riv - er,

riv - er, Rest - ing by the riv - er,
 where the loved ones meet, Resting by the riv - er, there our friends we'll greet,

Resting by the River.—CONCLUDED.

9

By . . . the crystal riv- - er, Shining in the light of God.
Resting by the riv-er, By the crystal riv-er, Shining in the light of God.

Jesus Blessed me There.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

Genesis xxxii : 29.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. A wretched wand'rer, far from God, Just read-y to de-spair,
2. I tried to spread the news abroad, His goodness to de-clare,
3. I con-se-cra-ted all to him, His bless-ed work to share,
4. At home, I called my loved ones 'round To join in fam-ily prayer,
5. When tri-als dark up-on me came, An av-alanche of care,

Fine.

I turned and sought the mer-cy seat, And Je-sus blessed me there.
And when I as a wit-ness stood He met and blessed me there.
In ev-'ry Christian act I did He came and blessed me there.
And while I asked for need-ed grace He came and blessed me there.
I took my burd-en to the cross, He came and blessed me there.

D. S.—Whate'er I do, where'er I go, He meets and bless-es there.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Oh, praise the Lord! my cup is full, Naught can my joy im-pair;

Salvation's River.

R. KELSO CARTER.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. { Down at the cross, on Calvary's mountain, Where mer-cies flow,
When nothing in the whole cre-a-tion Could purchase peace,

I plunged in the redeem-ing fountain, Washed whiter than the snow. }
My Saviour brought his free salva-tion, Gave me complete re-lease. }

CHORUS.

Broth-ers, wont you hear the sto-ry? See the fount-ain flow!

Oh, glo-ry in the highest, glo-ry! Je-sus saves me, this I know.

2 When lost in sin, my all I squandered,
Far from the fold:
My Saviour sought me where I wandered,
Gave me his wealth untold.
All bonds of sin and Satan rending,
Christ made me whole:
I'll ne'er forget that joy transcending,
When Jesus saved my soul.

3 All round my way the sun is shining,
Darkness has fled:
On Jesus' breast I am reclining,
Daily by him I'm fed.
My Lord has cast his robe around me,
No more I'll roam;
The Shepherd of the sheep has found me,
Jesus has brought me home.

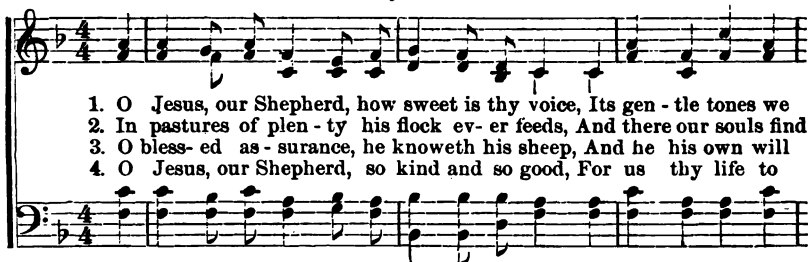
The Calleth His Sheep.

11

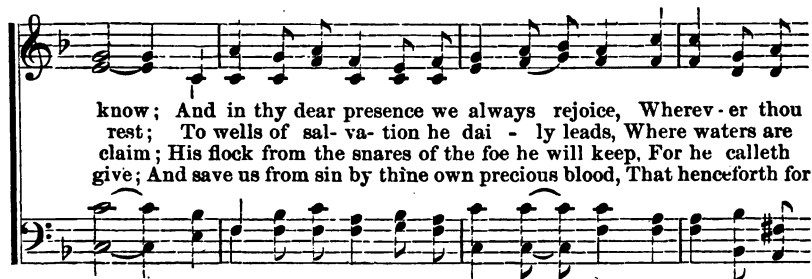
F. G. BURROUGHS.

John x.

H. D. GILMOUR.

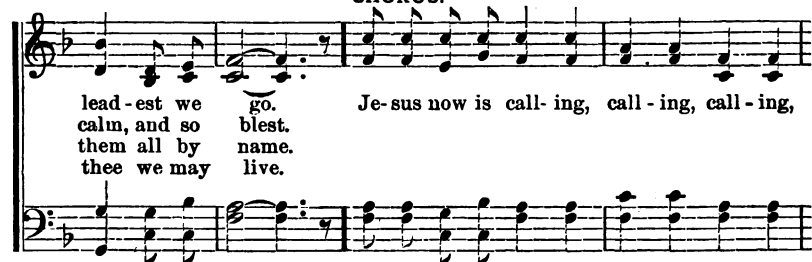


1. O Jesus, our Shepherd, how sweet is thy voice, Its gen - tle tones we
 2. In pastures of plen - ty his flock ev - er feeds, And there our souls find
 3. O bless - ed as - surance, he knoweth his sheep, And he his own will
 4. O Jesus, our Shepherd, so kind and so good, For us thy life to



know; And in thy dear presence we always rejoice, Wherev - er thou
 rest; To wells of sal - va - tion he dai - ly leads, Where waters are
 claim; His flock from the snares of the foe he will keep, For he calleth
 give; And save us from sin by thine own precious blood, That henceforth for

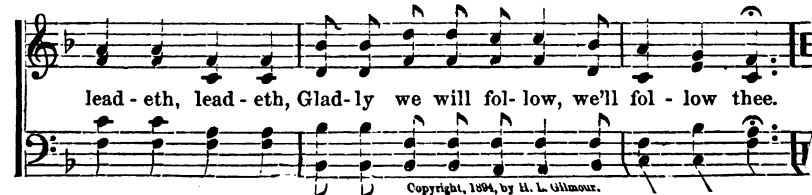
CHORUS.



lead - est we go. Je - sus now is call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,
 calm, and so blest.
 them all by name.
 thee we may live.



Je - sus now is call - ing you and me; Where the Shepherd leadeth,

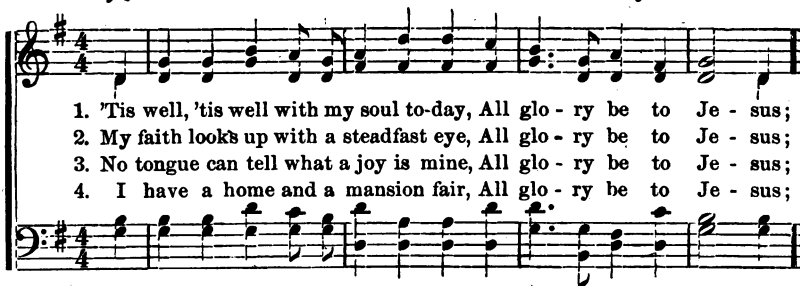


lead - eth, lead - eth, Glad - ly we will fol - low, we'll fol - low thee.

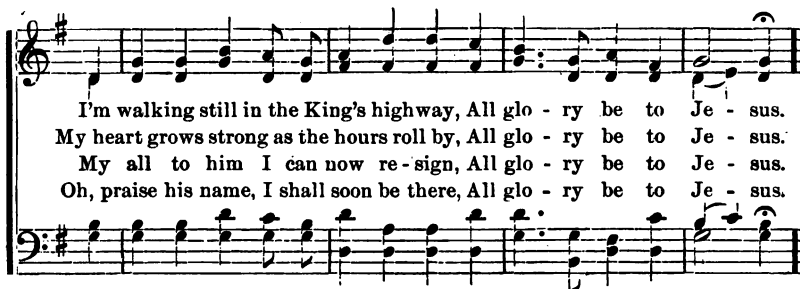
'Tis Well.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

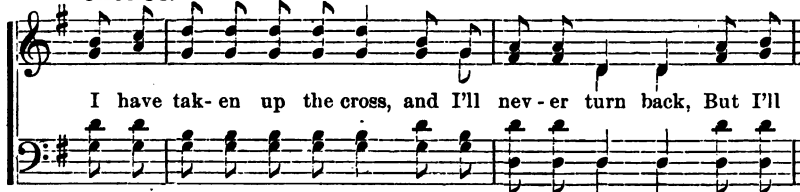


1. 'Tis well, 'tis well with my soul to-day, All glo - ry be to Je - sus;
 2. My faith looks up with a steadfast eye, All glo - ry be to Je - sus;
 3. No tongue can tell what a joy is mine, All glo - ry be to Je - sus;
 4. I have a home and a mansion fair, All glo - ry be to Je - sus;

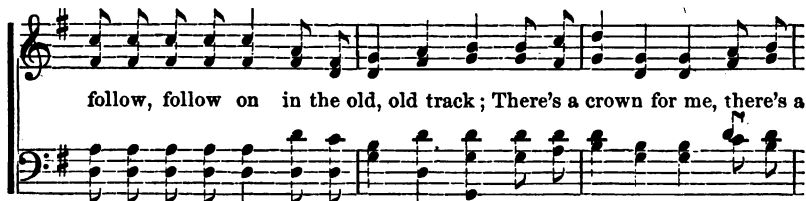


I'm walking still in the King's highway, All glo - ry be to Je - sus.
 My heart grows strong as the hours roll by, All glo - ry be to Je - sus.
 My all to him I can now re - sign, All glo - ry be to Je - sus.
 Oh, praise his name, I shall soon be there, All glo - ry be to Je - sus.

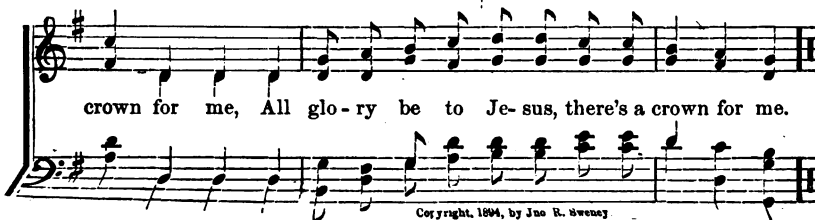
CHORUS.



I have tak - en up the cross, and I'll nev - er turn back, But I'll



follow, follow on in the old, old track; There's a crown for me, there's a



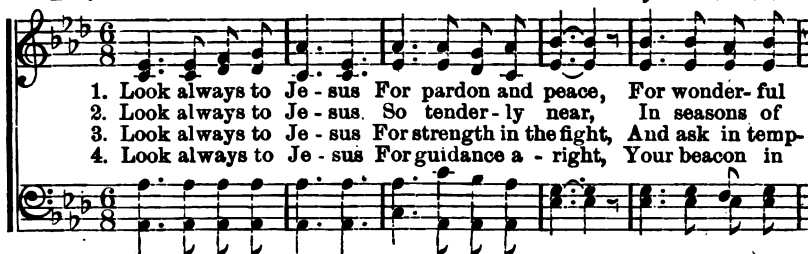
crown for me, All glo - ry be to Je - sus, there's a crown for me.

Look Always to Jesus.

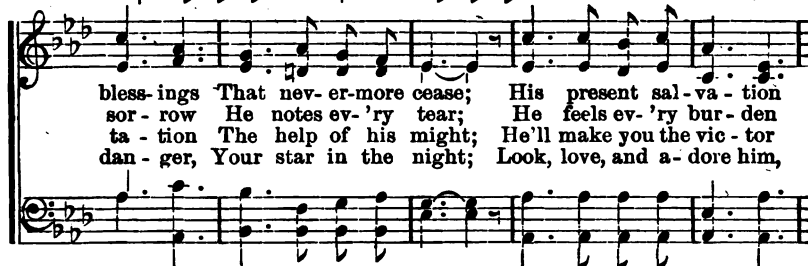
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E. E. HEWITT.

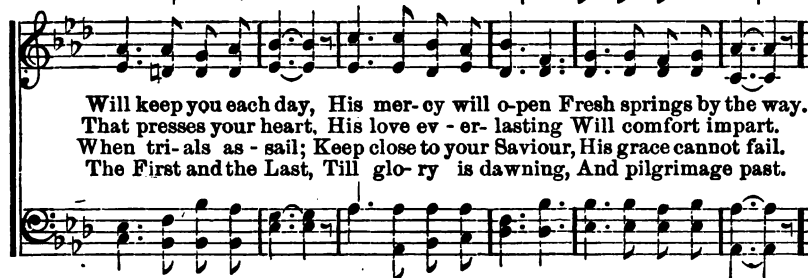
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Look always to Je - sus For pardon and peace, For wonder - ful
2. Look always to Je - sus So tender - ly near, In seasons of
3. Look always to Je - sus For strength in the fight, And ask in temp -
4. Look always to Je - sus For guidance a - right, Your beacon in

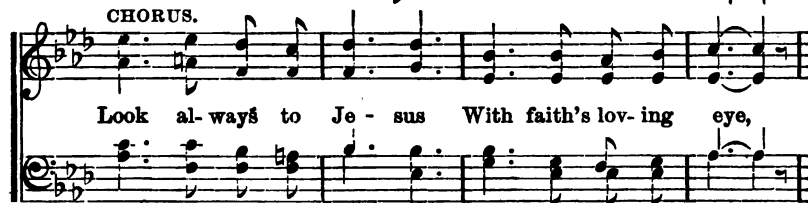


bles - sings That nev - er - more cease; His present sal - va - tion
sor - row He notes ev - 'ry tear; He feels ev - 'ry bur - den
ta - tion The help of his might; He'll make you the vic - tor
dan - ger, Your star in the night; Look, love, and a - dore him,

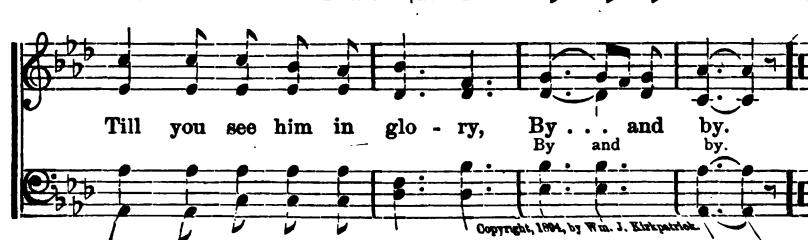


Will keep you each day, His mer - cy will o - pen Fresh springs by the way.
That presses your heart, His love ev - er - lasting Will comfort impart.
When tri - als as - sail; Keep close to your Saviour, His grace cannot fail.
The First and the Last, Till glo - ry is dawning, And pilgrimage past.

CHORUS.



Look al - ways to Je - sus With faith's lov - ing eye,

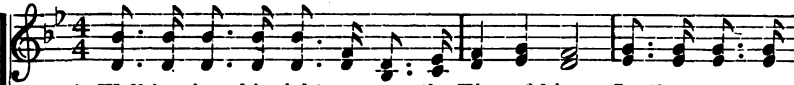


Till you see him in glo - ry, By . . . and by.
By and by.



Walking in His Righteousness.

FANNY J. CROSSY.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. Walking in his righteousness, the King of kings, Lasting as e-
 2. Walking in his righteousness, who died for me, Walking in his
 3. Walking in his righteousness, my constant guest, Liv-ing in the
 4. Walking in his righteousness, who hears my call, Walking in his



ter - ni - ty the joy it brings; Walking in his righteousness my full heart sings,
 righteousness, my on - ly plea; Still the precious burden of my soul shall be,
 consciousness of peace and rest; Walking in his righteousness my soul is blest,
 righteousness, my all in all; Walking in his righteousness I cannot fall.





CHORUS.



Walking in the righteousness of Je - sus. Walking, walking, singing all the day,
 Faithful is the righteousness of Je - sus.
 Trusting in the faithfulness of Je - sus.
 Leaning on the prom - i - ses of Je - sus.

Praying, trusting, hap - py on the way; Walking in the light

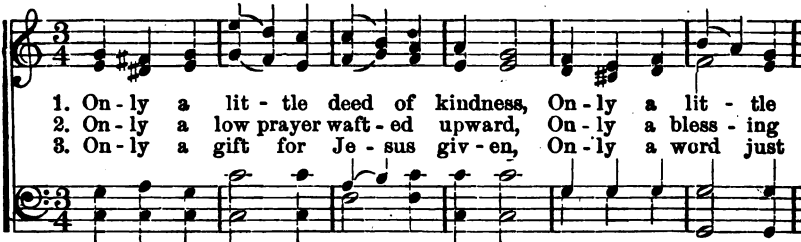
shin - ing ev - er bright, Walking in the righteousness of Je - sus



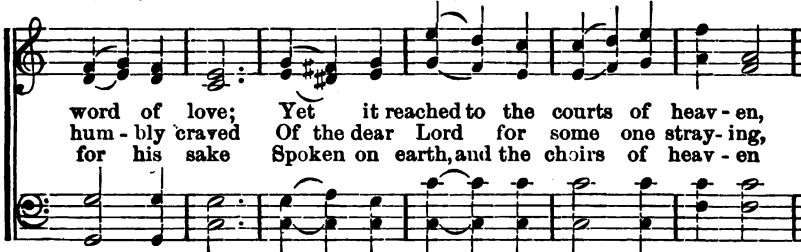
Only a Little Deed of Kindness. 15

IDA L. REED.

FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

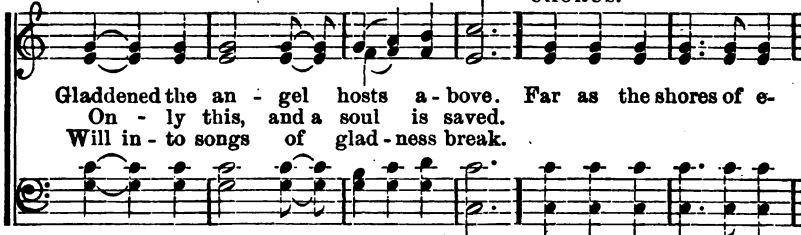


1. On - ly a lit - tle deed of kindness, On - ly a lit - tle
 2. On - ly a low prayer waft - ed upward, On - ly a bless - ing
 3. On - ly a gift for Je - sus giv - en, On - ly a word just

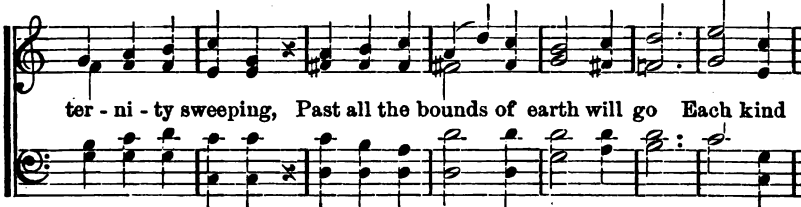


word of love; Yet it reached to the courts of heav - en,
 hum - bly craved Of the dear Lord for some one stray - ing,
 for his sake Spoken on earth, and the choirs of heav - en

CHORUS.



Gladdened the an - gel hosts a - bove. Far as the shores of e -
 On - ly this, and a soul is saved.
 Will in - to songs of glad - ness break.



ter - ni - ty sweeping, Past all the bounds of earth will go Each kind

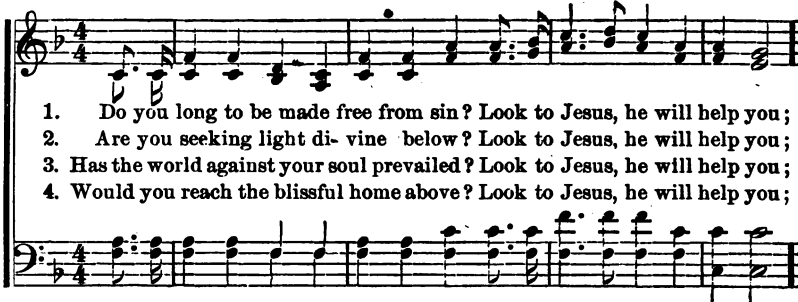


word for the Mas - ter spoken, Ev - 'ry fond, lov - ing deed be - low.

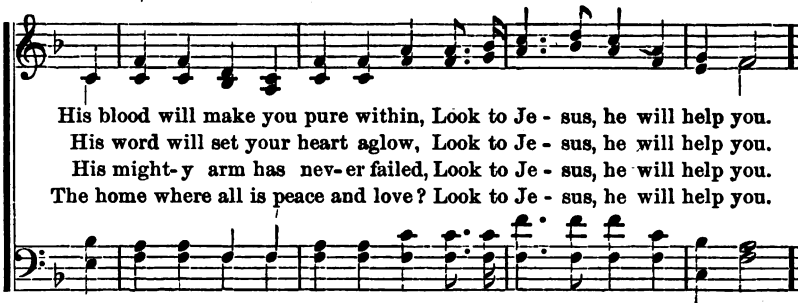
He will Help You.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

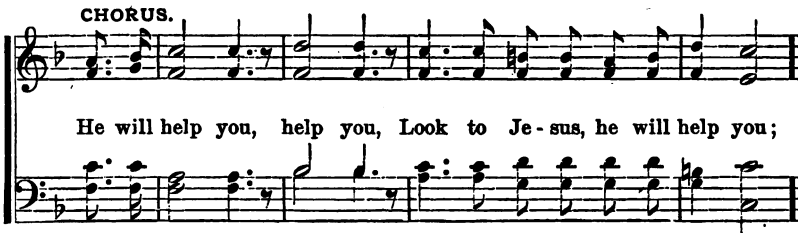


1. Do you long to be made free from sin? Look to Jesus, he will help you;
 2. Are you seeking light di- vine below? Look to Jesus, he will help you;
 3. Has the world against your soul prevailed? Look to Jesus, he will help you;
 4. Would you reach the blissful home above? Look to Jesus, he will help you;

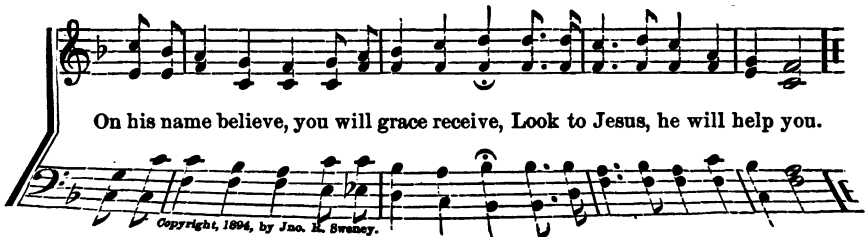


His blood will make you pure within, Look to Je - sus, he will help you.
 His word will set your heart aglow, Look to Je - sus, he will help you.
 His might- y arm has nev- er failed, Look to Je - sus, he will help you.
 The home where all is peace and love? Look to Je - sus, he will help you.

CHORUS.



He will help you, help you, Look to Je - sus, he will help you;



On his name believe, you will grace receive, Look to Jesus, he will help you.

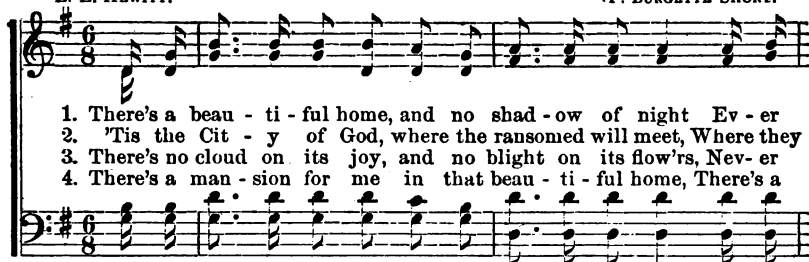
Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

Beautiful Home.

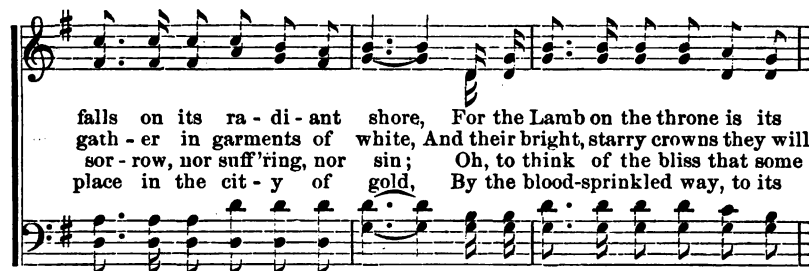
17

E. E. HEWITT.

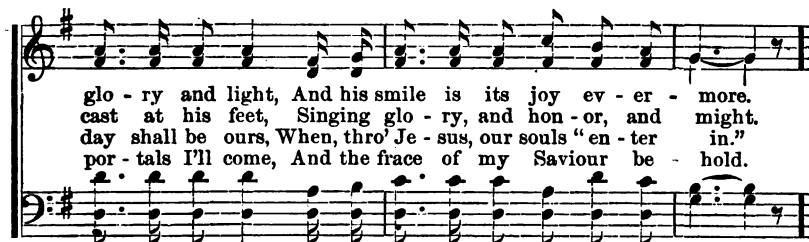
F. BURGETTE SHORT.



1. There's a beau - ti - ful home, and no shad - ow of night Ev - er
 2. 'Tis the Cit - y of God, where the ransomed will meet, Where they
 3. There's no cloud on its joy, and no blight on its flow'rs, Nev - er
 4. There's a man - sion for me in that beau - ti - ful home, There's a

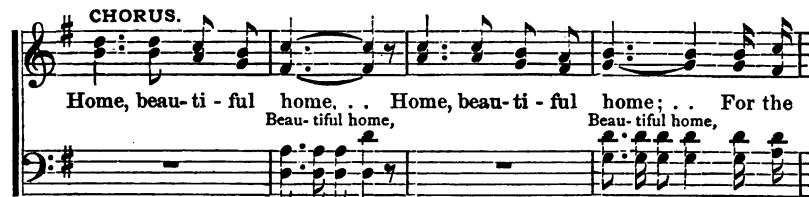


falls on its ra - di - ant shore, For the Lamb on the throne is its
 gath - er in garments of white, And their bright, starry crowns they will
 sor - row, nor suff'ring, nor sin; Oh, to think of the bliss that some
 place in the cit - y of gold, By the blood-sprinkled way, to its

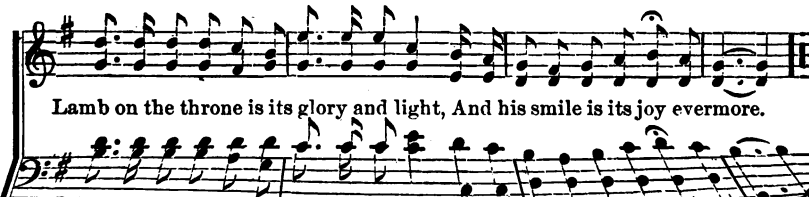


glo - ry and light, And his smile is its joy ev - er - more.
 cast at his feet, Singing glo - ry, and hon - or, and might.
 day shall be ours, When, thro' Je - sus, our souls "en - ter in."
 por - tals I'll come, And the frace of my Saviour be - hold.

CHORUS.



Home, beau - ti - ful home, . . . Home, beau - ti - ful home; . . . For the
 Beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home,



Lamb on the throne is its glory and light, And his smile is its joy evermore.

With Jesus.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Walking with Jesus, happy each day, Sweetly communing with him by the way;
 2. Walking with Jesus, holding his hand, Always obeying each loving command;
 3. Walking with Jesus, where he may lead, Looking to him for all grace that I need;
 4. Walking with Jesus, Jesus my Friend, On him for keeping, alone, I depend;

Eagerly taking his words to my heart, Knowing each lesson some joy will impart.
 Doing his pleasure whatever it be, Glad to acknowledge his goodness to me.
 Trusting the promise he made to bestow Richest of blessings upon me below.
 He is my Saviour, Redeemer and King, Here, and in glory his praises I'll sing.

CHORUS.

Walk - - - ing with Je - sus, walk - - - ing with Je - sus,
 Walking with Je - sus, walking with Jesus, Walking with Je - sus, walking with Jesus,

Hear - - - ing with glad - ness whate'er he may say; . . .
 Hearing with gladness whate'er he may say; Hearing with gladness whate'er he may say;

Ful - - - ly be - liev - ing, each . . . word re -
 Ful - ly be - liev - ing, ful - ly be - liev - ing, each word re - ceiv - ing,

ceiv - ing, Walk - - ing with Je - sus, sweet is my way.
each word receiving, Walking, yes, walking with

Keep Marching on.

J. B. MACKAY.

B. H. S.

Moderato.

1. We are marching at the call of God, On to glo - ry, on to glo - ry;
2. Marching on against the hosts of sin, On to glo - ry, on to glo - ry;
3. In the battle we shall fear no harm, On to glo - ry, on to glo - ry;
4. March till ev-'ry foe is put to flight, On to glo - ry, on to glo - ry;

CHORUS.

We have girded on the gospel sword, Soon to wear a crown. March
Be stout-hearted, we will surely win, Soon to wear a crown.
We are shielded by a mighty arm, Soon to wear a crown.
Doing battle for the truth, the right, Soon to wear a crown. Keep marching

on, And we shall about the victory; March on, And we shall gain the day.
on, Keep marching on,

Just for To-day.

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Grant us thy blessing, dear Lord, for to-day, Humbly we ask it of thee,
 2. We do not know what the morrow may bring, Only the present is ours,
 3. Grant us thy blessing, dear Lord, for to-day, Grace all-sufficient to bear,

Now for thy grace, all-sufficient, we pray, This is our hope and our plea;
 Only to-day with its joys, oh, my King, This with its thorns and its flowers;
 Each of the burdens we find on the way, Casting on thee all our care;

This is thy promise so full and so sweet, Strength for the trials we daily may meet,
 Then for each hour, as it passes away, Give us thy strength, and thy blessing, we pray,
 Light with thy love all the long, rugged way,
 Grant us thy blessing, dear Lord, for each day.

Just for to-day, just for to-day, Grace all-sufficient each moment we pray.

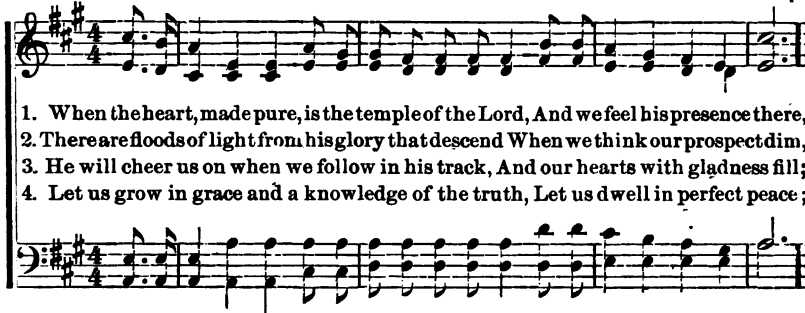
Copyright, 1904, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

He is Precious.

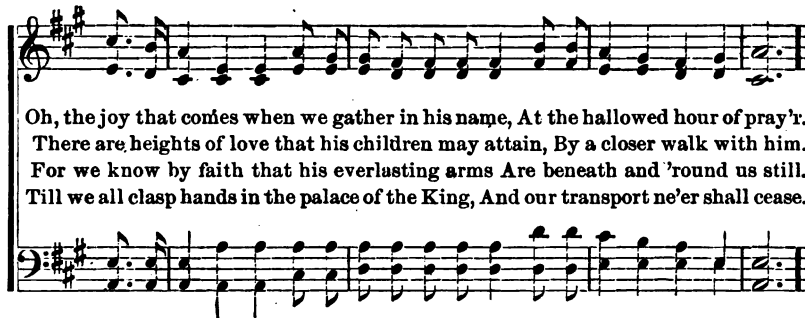
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

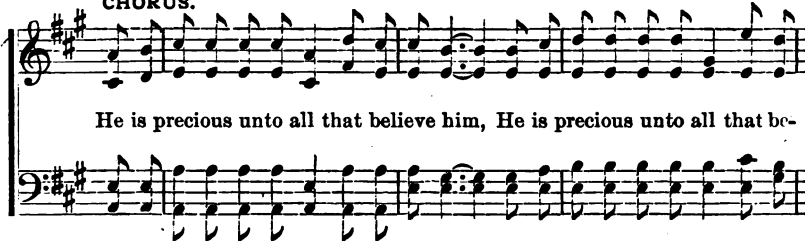


1. When the heart, made pure, is the temple of the Lord, And we feel his presence there,
2. There are floods of light from his glory that descend When we think our prospect dim,
3. He will cheer us on when we follow in his track, And our hearts with gladness fill;
4. Let us grow in grace and a knowledge of the truth, Let us dwell in perfect peace;



Oh, the joy that comes when we gather in his name, At the hallowed hour of pray'r.
There are heights of love that his children may attain, By a closer walk with him.
For we know by faith that his everlasting arms Are beneath and 'round us still.
Till we all clasp hands in the palace of the King, And our transport ne'er shall cease.

CHORUS.



He is precious unto all that believe him, He is precious unto all that be-

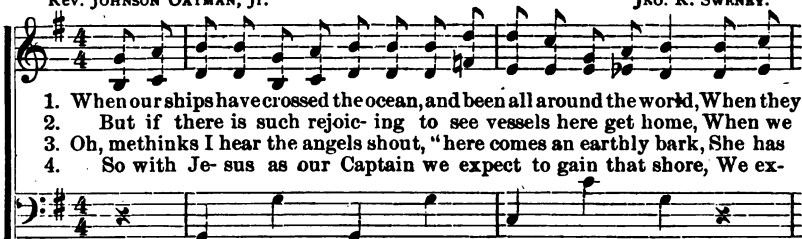


lieve him; Oh, the blessings we may claim, when we gather in his name,
For the Lord will answer prayer.

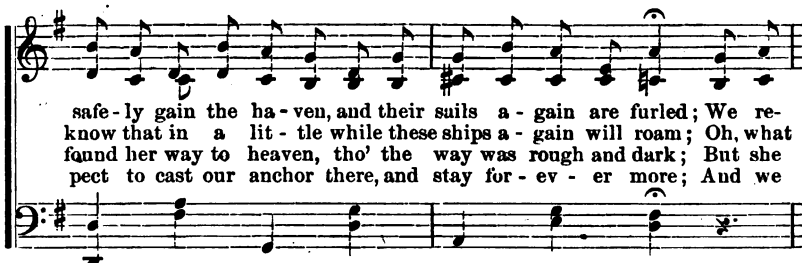
22 When our Ships come Sailing Home.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

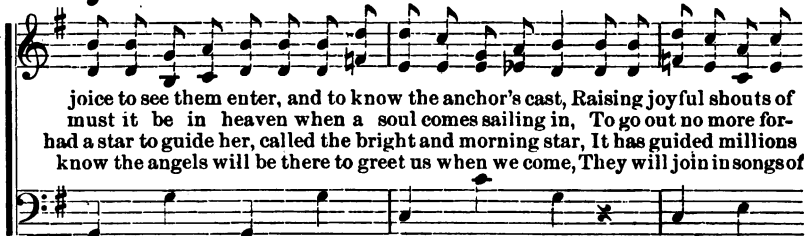
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When our ships have crossed the ocean, and been all around the world, When they
 2. But if there is such rejoicing to see vessels here get home, When we
 3. Oh, methinks I hear the angels shout, "here comes an earthly bark, She has
 4. So with Je- sus as our Captain we expect to gain that shore, We ex-

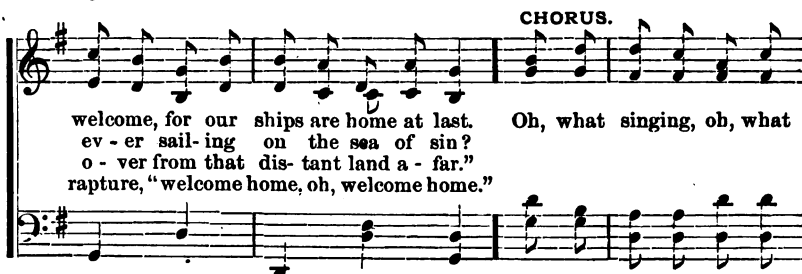


safe-ly gain the ha- ven, and their sails a- gain are furled; We re-
 know that in a lit- tle while these ships a- gain will roam; Oh, what
 found her way to heaven, tho' the way was rough and dark; But she
 pect to cast our anchor there, and stay for- ev- er more; And we

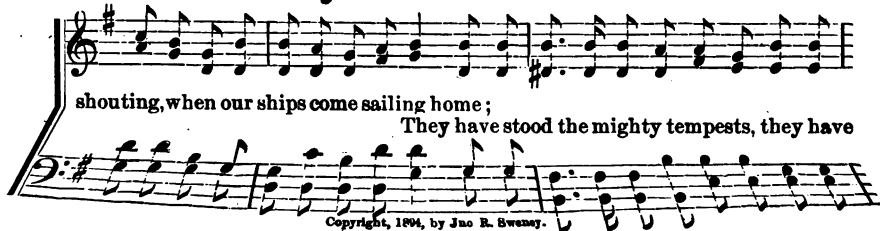


joice to see them enter, and to know the anchor's cast, Raising joyful shouts of
 must it be in heaven when a soul comes sailing in, To go out no more for-
 had a star to guide her, called the bright and morning star, It has guided millions
 know the angels will be there to greet us when we come, They will join in songs of

CHORUS.



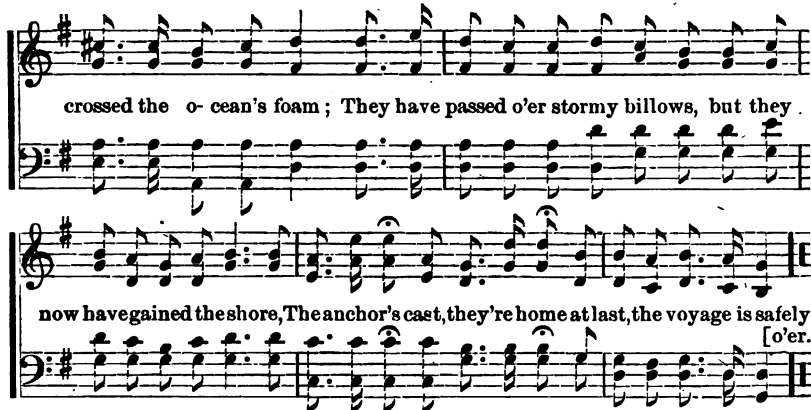
welcome, for our ships are home at last. Oh, what singing, oh, what
 ev- er sail- ing on the sea of sin? Oh, what singing, oh, what
 o- ver from that dis- tant land a- far."
 rapture, "welcome home, oh, welcome home."



shouting, when our ships come sailing home;
 They have stood the mighty tempests, they have

When our Ships, etc.—CONCLUDED.

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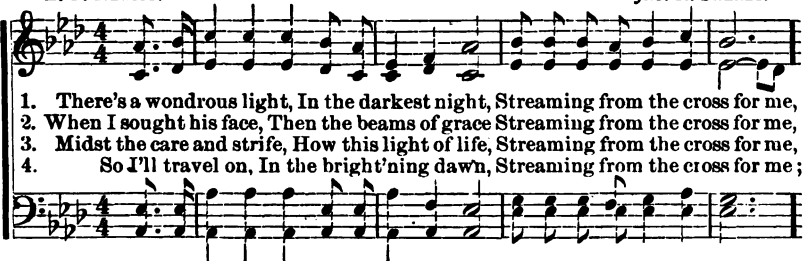


crossed the o- cean's foam ; They have passed o'er stormy billows, but they
now have gained the shore, The anchor's cast, they're home at last, the voyage is safely
[o'er.]

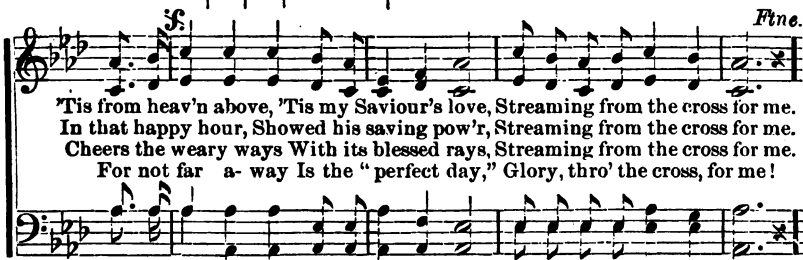
Streaming from the Cross for Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



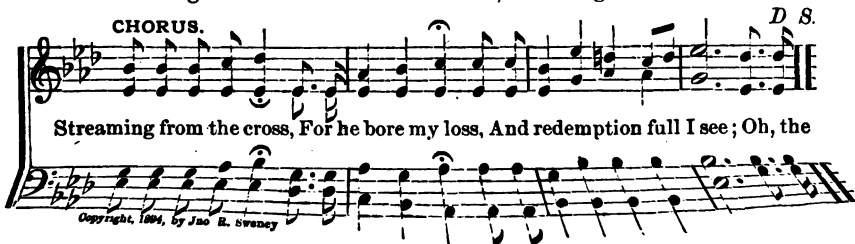
1. There's a wondrous light, In the darkest night, Streaming from the cross for me,
2. When I sought his face, Then the beams of grace Streaming from the cross for me,
3. Midst the care and strife, How this light of life, Streaming from the cross for me,
4. So I'll travel on, In the bright'ning dawn, Streaming from the cross for me ;



Fine.
'Tis from heav'n above, 'Tis my Saviour's love, Streaming from the cross for me.
In that happy hour, Showed his saving pow'r, Streaming from the cross for me.
Cheers the weary ways With its blessed rays, Streaming from the cross for me.
For not far a- way Is the "perfect day," Glory, thro' the cross, for me!

D. S.—light divine Will fore- er shine, Streaming from the cross for me.

CHORUS.



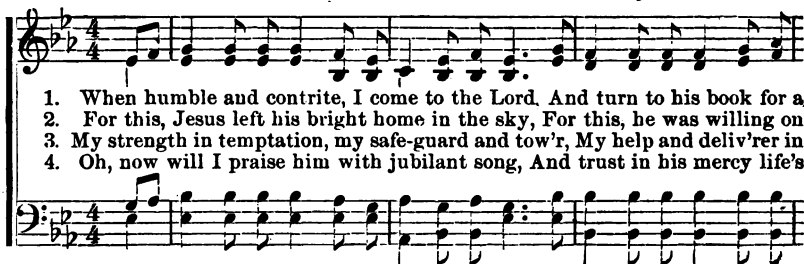
D. S.
Streaming from the cross, For he bore my loss, And redemption full I see; Oh, the

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweeney

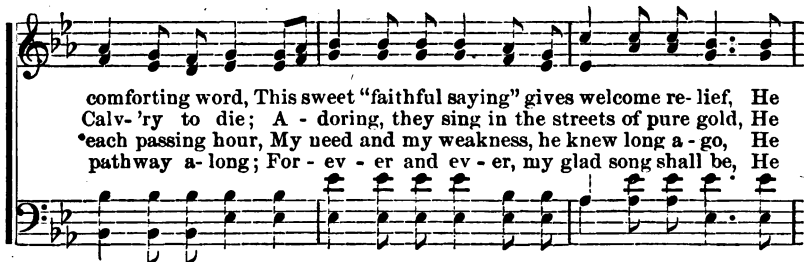
We Came to Save Sinners.

E. E. HEWITT.

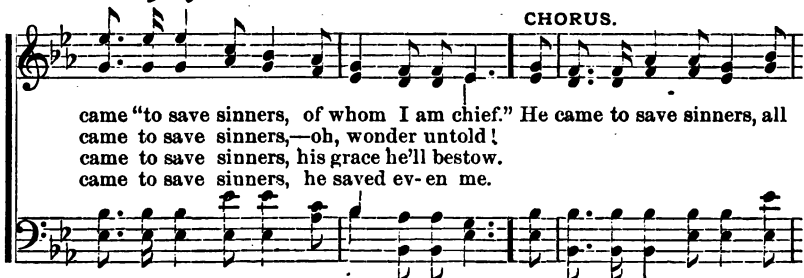
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When humble and contrite, I come to the Lord, And turn to his book for a
2. For this, Jesus left his bright home in the sky, For this, he was willing on
3. My strength in temptation, my safe-guard and tow'r, My help and deliv'rer in
4. Oh, now will I praise him with jubilant song, And trust in his mercy life's

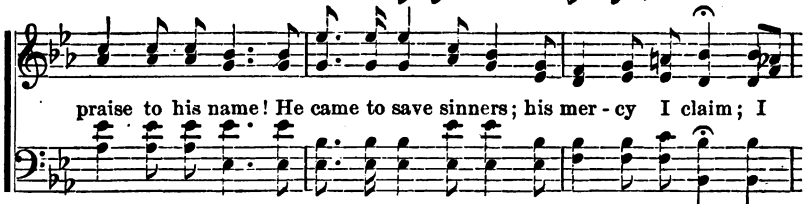


comforting word, This sweet "faithful saying" gives welcome re- lief, He
Calv-'ry to die; A - doring, they sing in the streets of pure gold, He
each passing hour, My need and my weakness, he knew long a - go, He
pathway a - long; For - ev - er and ev - er, my glad song shall be, He

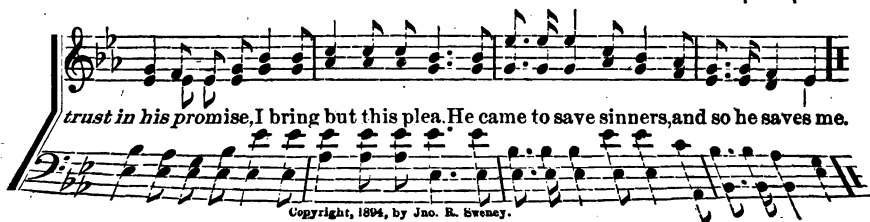


CHORUS.

came "to save sinners, of whom I am chief." He came to save sinners, all
came to save sinners,—oh, wonder untold!
came to save sinners, his grace he'll bestow.
came to save sinners, he saved ev-en me.



praise to his name! He came to save sinners; his mer - cy I claim; I



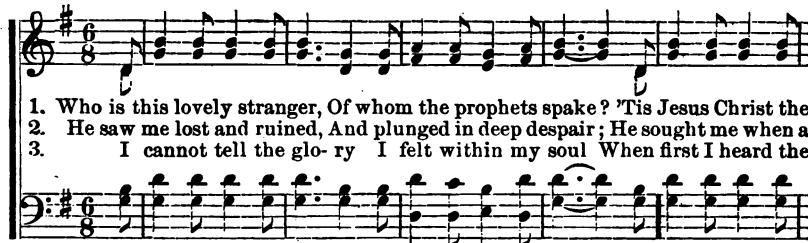
trust in his promise, I bring but this plea. He came to save sinners, and so he saves me.

Behold the Friend of Sinners.

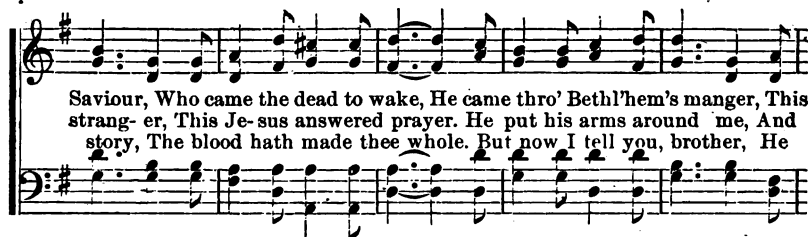
25

H. WHITE.

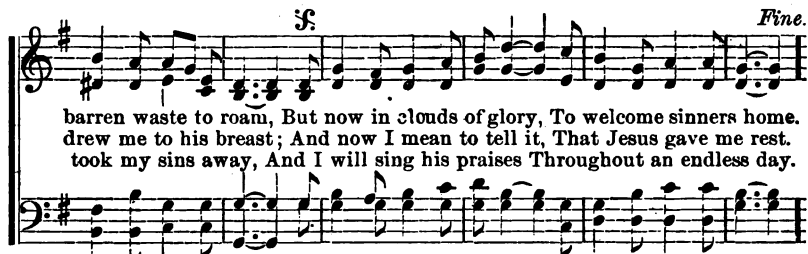
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Who is this lovely stranger, Of whom the prophets spake? 'Tis Jesus Christ the
2. He saw me lost and ruined, And plunged in deep despair; He sought me when a
3. I cannot tell the glo-ry I felt within my soul When first I heard the



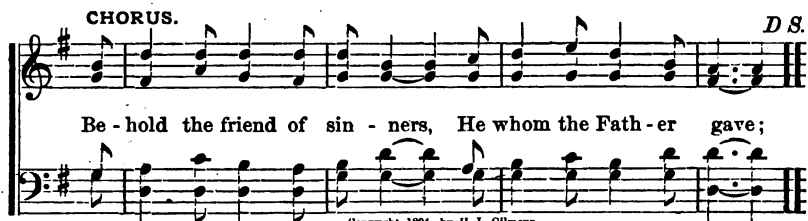
Saviour, Who came the dead to wake, He came thro' Bethl'hem's manger, This
strang-er, This Je-sus answered prayer. He put his arms around me, And
story, The blood hath made thee whole. But now I tell you, brother, He



barren waste to roam, But now in clouds of glory, To welcome sinners home.
drew me to his breast; And now I mean to tell it, That Jesus gave me rest.
took my sins away, And I will sing his praises Throughout an endless day.

D. S.—King o- ver all vic- torious, And mighty still to save.

CHORUS.



Be- hold the friend of sin - ners, He whom the Fath- er gave;

Copyright, 1894, by H. L. Gilmour.

4 Come, sinners, now behold him,
His hands, his feet, his side;
For you his wounds were opened,
For you he bled and died.
He rose in mighty triumph,
And conquered ev'ry foe,
And built for you a mansion
That hell can't overthrow.

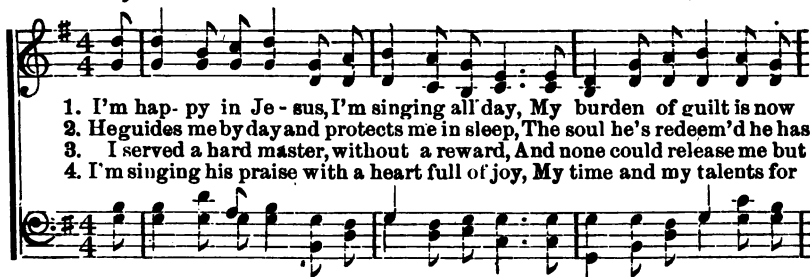
5 Come now, unlock your bosom,
Give up the keys of sin;
And open wide your heart's door
To let this Jesus in;
He longs to be your Saviour,
And in your heart to dwell;
Prepare your soul for heaven,
And triumph over hell.

Jesus is Mighty to Save.

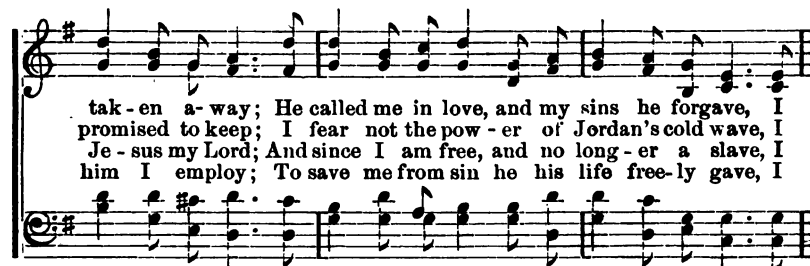
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Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

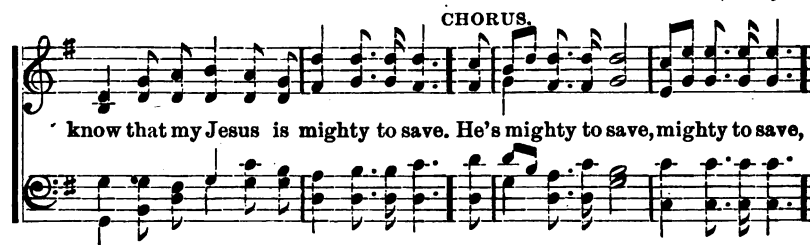


1. I'm hap- py in Je- sus, I'm singing all day, My burden of guilt is now
2. He guides me by day and protects me in sleep, The soul he's redeem'd he has
3. I served a hard master, without a reward, And none could release me but
4. I'm singing his praise with a heart full of joy, My time and my talents for

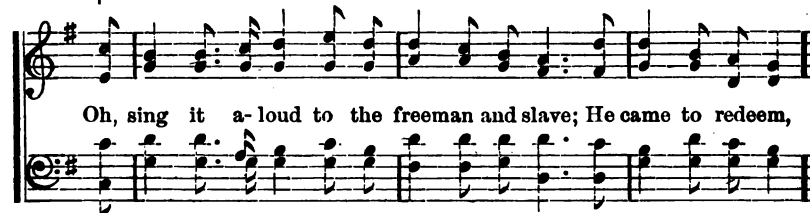


tak- en a- way; He called me in love, and my sins he forgave, I
promised to keep; I fear not the pow- er of Jordan's cold wave, I
Je- sus my Lord; And since I am free, and no long- er a slave, I
him I employ; To save me from sin he his life free- ly gave, I

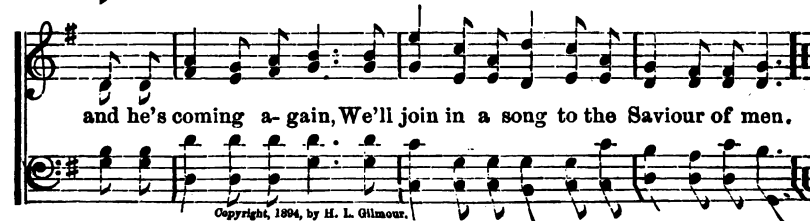
CHORUS.



know that my Jesus is mighty to save. He's mighty to save, mighty to save,



Oh, sing it a- loud to the freeman and slave; He came to redeem,

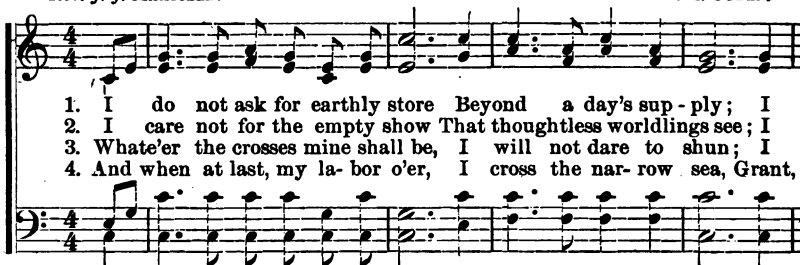


and he's coming a- gain, We'll join in a song to the Saviour of men.

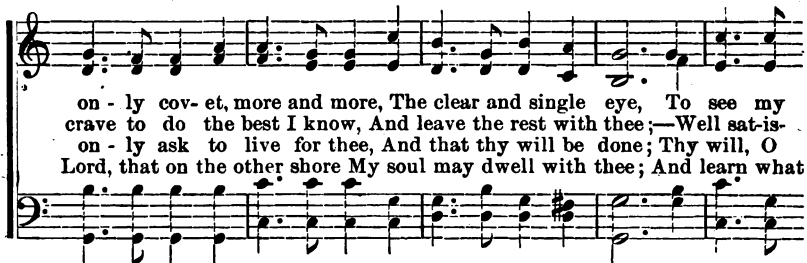
The Eye of Faith.

Rev. J. J. MAXFIELD.

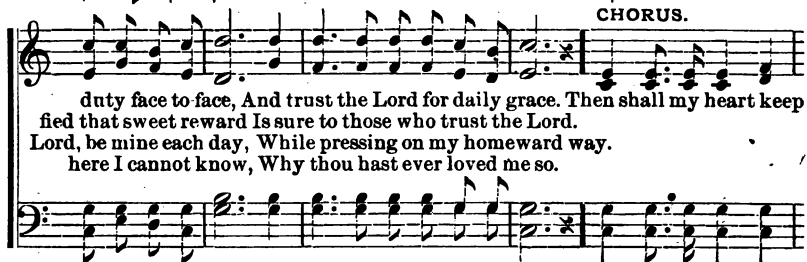
W. A. OGDEN.



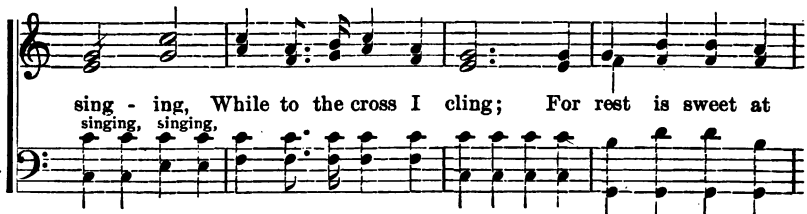
1. I do not ask for earthly store Beyond a day's sup- ply; I
 2. I care not for the empty show That thoughtless worldlings see; I
 3. Whate'er the crosses mine shall be, I will not dare to shun; I
 4. And when at last, my la- bor o'er, I cross the nar- row sea, Grant,



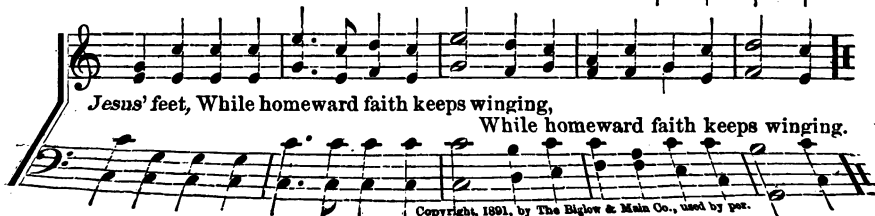
on - ly cov- et, more and more, The clear and single eye, To see my
 crave to do the best I know, And leave the rest with thee;—Well sat-is-
 on - ly ask to live for thee, And that thy will be done; Thy will, O
 Lord, that on the other shore My soul may dwell with thee; And learn what



CHORUS.
 duty face to face, And trust the Lord for daily grace. Then shall my heart keep
 fied that sweet reward Is sure to those who trust the Lord.
 Lord, be mine each day, While pressing on my homeward way.
 here I cannot know, Why thou hast ever loved me so.



sing - ing, While to the cross I cling; For rest is sweet at
 singing, singing,



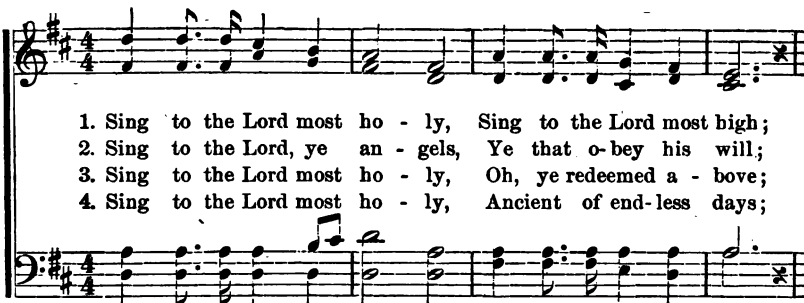
Jesús' feet, While homeward faith keeps winging,
 While homeward faith keeps winging.

Lo, He is God Alone.

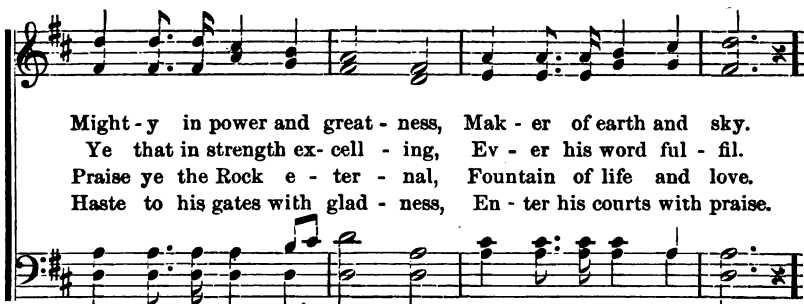
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

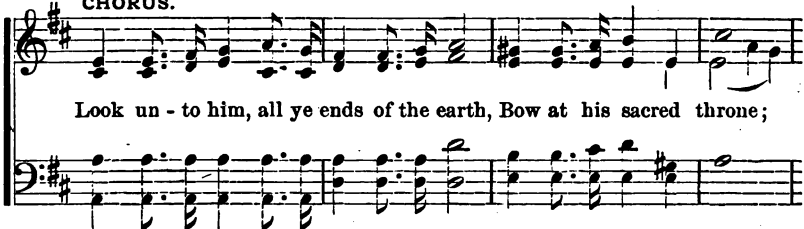


1. Sing to the Lord most ho - ly, Sing to the Lord most high;
2. Sing to the Lord, ye an - gels, Ye that o-bey his will;
3. Sing to the Lord most ho - ly, Oh, ye redeemed a - bove;
4. Sing to the Lord most ho - ly, Ancient of end-less days;

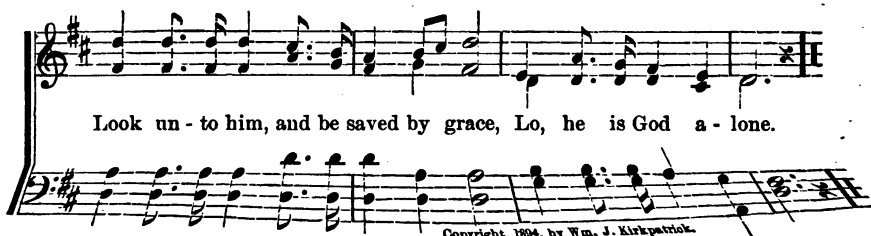


Might-y in power and great - ness, Mak - er of earth and sky.
Ye that in strength ex - cell - ing, Ev - er his word ful - fil.
Praise ye the Rock e - ter - nal, Fountain of life and love.
Haste to his gates with glad - ness, En - ter his courts with praise.

CHORUS.



Look un - to him, all ye ends of the earth, Bow at his sacred throne;



Look un - to him, and be saved by grace, Lo, he is God a - lone.

Hold Fast to Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When round thee, soul, temptations rise, Hold fast to Je - sus;
 2. Sometimes they must - er bold and strong, Hold fast to Je - sus;
 3. Thou need st not fear ten thousand foes, Hold fast to Je - sus;
 4. Though heart be faint and hands be weak, Hold fast to Je - sus;

Though oft they wear a bright disguise, Hold fast to Je - sus.
 With cru - el might they press a - long, Hold fast to Je - sus.
 His might - y power sin o - verthrows, Hold fast to Je - sus.
 He'll give new strength to all who seek, Hold fast to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Hold fast to Je - sus, Hold fast to Je - sus; In

darkness, dan - ger, doubt, or fear, Hold fast to Je - sus.

Copyright, 1901, by Wm J Kirkpatrick.


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5 Though angry billows swell and roll,
 Hold fast to Jesus;
 He'll be an anchor to the soul,
 Hold fast to Jesus.</p> | <p>7 When called to walk death's dark de-
 Hold fast to Jesus; [file,
 We'll find it lighted by his smile,
 Hold fast to Jesus.</p> |
| <p>6 He'll keep thee safely in his grasp,
 Hold fast to Jesus; [clasp,
 And naught shall break that loving
 Hold fast to Jesus,</p> | <p>8 Then trust in him till time shall cease,
 Hold fast to Jesus;
 Till strife shall end in rest and peace,
 Hold fast to Jesus.</p> |

Looking to Jesus the Light.

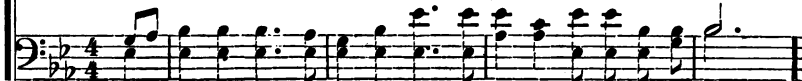

"I am the Light of the World."—John viii: 12.

WINFIELD S. DAVIS.


JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When doubts distress and fears dismay, And throw their shadows on thy way;
2. When sore-ly tried by wicked foes, And blast on blast from Satan blows;
3. When tempted to let go the prize Of life e-ternal in the skies;
4. Dread not the end of life's short race, Press forward with uplifted face;

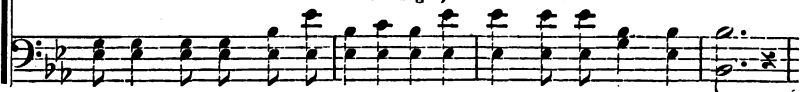

When darkness quenches ev-'ry ray, Look to Je-sus the Light.
 When earth and hell thy march op-pose, Look to Je-sus the Light.
 With faith un-wavering lift thine eyes, Look to Je-sus the Light.
 Re-joice in nev-er-dy-ing grace, Look to Je-sus the Light.




CHORUS.



Looking to Je-sus the Light, The shadows are cast be-hind;
 the Light,

Looking to Jesus, the Light of the World, The shadows are cast be-hind.



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Be at Rest, My Soul.

33

ALEXANDER THOMAS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Be at rest, my soul, and cease thy sighing, Brightly gleams the distant
 2. Hark, oh, hark, how sweet the saints are singing, Lo, the weary journey's
 3. Stay, my soul! such joy and love and gladness Soon will rise before thy

heav'n - ly shore; Sweetest strains to thee are now re - plying,
 al - most o'er; Sweet - ly now the heavenly ech - oes ringing,
 rap - tured sight; Soon thou'lt stand before the King, for - ev - er

D. S.—Soon we'll see its radiant light and glo - ry,

Fine. CHORUS.

Sor - row cometh nev - er, nev - er more. Oh, how fair the
 Greet us as we near the gold - en shore.
 Liv - ing, lov - ing, walking in the light.

For the welcome morning draw - eth near.

D. S.

golden land of promise, Oh, how beauti - ful its gates ap - pear;

S. of Love and Praise—C

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See the Gospel Army.

M. A. WHITAKER.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Not too fast.

1. See the gos-pel arm - y mov - ing, Forward march, forward march,
 2. Hark! their glad, inspiring voic - es, Singing on, singing on;
 3. Look! the ranks are pressing near us, Marching on, marching on;
 4. Yes, in Christ made one for - ev - er, In his name, in his name;
 5. Are we watching, are we read - y? On they come, on they come;

* Left, ✕ left,

Fine.

Soldiers true, their courage prov - ing, As they forward march.
 How that strain the heart re-joic - es, While they're singing on;
 Shout your welcome, they will hear us, Marching, marching on;
 Owning bonds that none can sev - er, In his bless - ed name;
 With that cheerful step, so stead - y, On - ward still they come:

Holding up the cross be - fore them, Seeking lost ones to re-store them,
 Youths and maidens, grandsires hoary, Children—list the grand old sto-ry,
 Quick their step—the moments fleeting, Soon our hands will clasp in greeting,
 Je-sus our great King a - dor - ing, We will dare, his aid implor - ing,
 Do we dare to stand be-side them In the fight, whate'er betide them?

Use first four lines as chorus. D. C.

Ho - ly angels bend - ing o'er them, As they onward march.
 Sing with them that song of glo - ry, Sing - ing, sing - ing on.
 Joyful there will be our meet - ing, Marching, marching on.
 Battle for the world's re - stor - ing, In his bless - ed name.
 Passing thro' the fires that tried them, On - ward still they come.

* Sung by bass voices in chorus only.

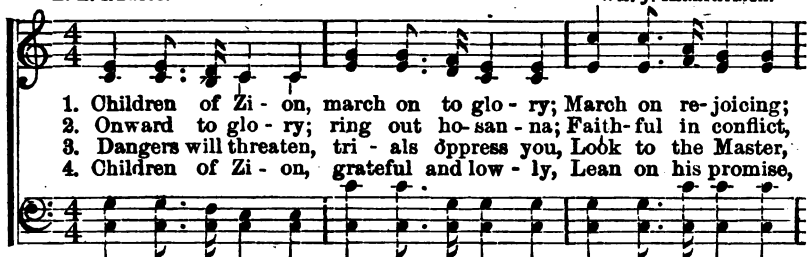
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March on to Glory.

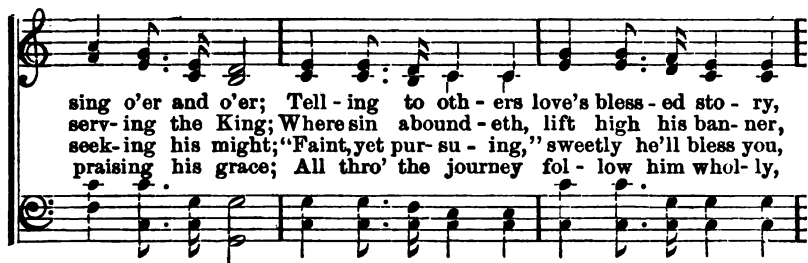
35

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

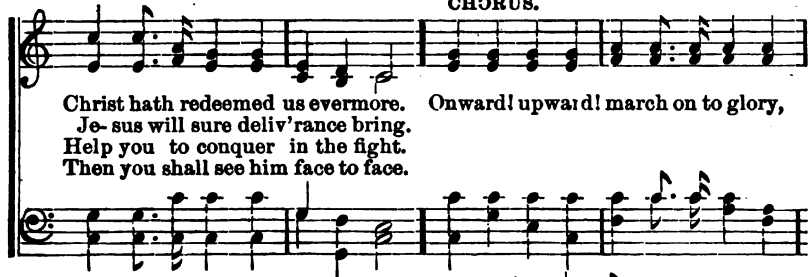


1. Children of Zi - on, march on to glo - ry; March on re-joicing;
 2. Onward to glo - ry; ring out ho-san-na; Faith-ful in conflict,
 3. Dangers will threaten, tri - als oppress you, Look to the Master,
 4. Children of Zi - on, grateful and low - ly, Lean on his promise,

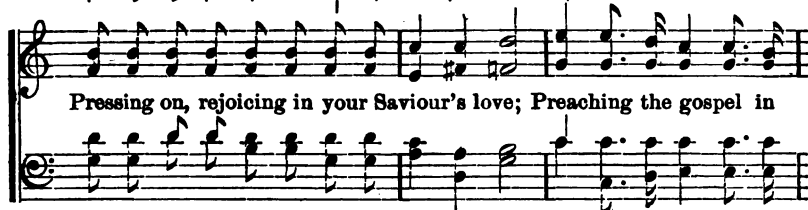


sing o'er and o'er; Tell - ing to oth - ers love's bless - ed sto - ry,
 serv - ing the King; Wheresin abound - eth, lift high his ban - ner,
 seek - ing his might; "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," sweetly he'll bless you,
 praising his grace; All thro' the journey fol - low him whol - ly,

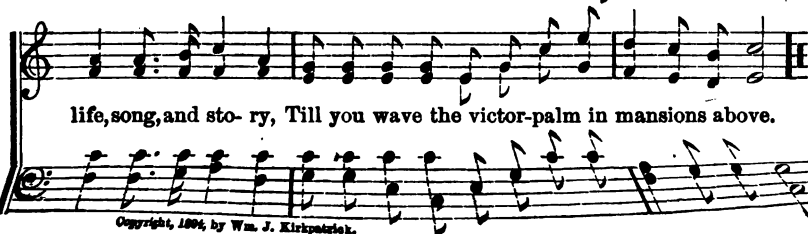
CHORUS.



Christ hath redeemed us evermore. Onward! upward! march on to glory,
 Je - sus will sure deliv'rance bring.
 Help you to conquer in the fight.
 Then you shall see him face to face.



Pressing on, rejoicing in your Saviour's love; Preaching the gospel in



life, song, and sto - ry, Till you wave the victor-palm in mansions above.

No Power can Divide.

FANNY J. CROSBY

B. HILLYARD SWENEY.

1. In constant communion, O Saviour, with thee, My spirit is joyful as
 2. Should sorrow o'ertake me, or trials befall, Yet grace thou wilt give me suf-
 3. My faith climbs the mountain of blessing to-day, And swift as an eagle it
 4. Oh, soon shall I enter, with rapture untold, The portals of glory, the

joy-ful can be; Thy promise assures me, and there I a-bide, The
 fi-cient for all; With-in thy pa-vilion my soul thou wilt hide, The
 bears me a-way To Eden, dear Eden, where close to thy side, The
 cit-y of gold; And there by the river whose waves gently glide, The

D.S.—thee, my Redeemer, where'er I may go, There's

Fine. CHORUS.

bonds that u-nite us no pow'r can divide. I dwell in thy presence, and
 no sep-a-ration, thy word tells me so.

feast on thy love, My heart and its treasures are garnered above; From

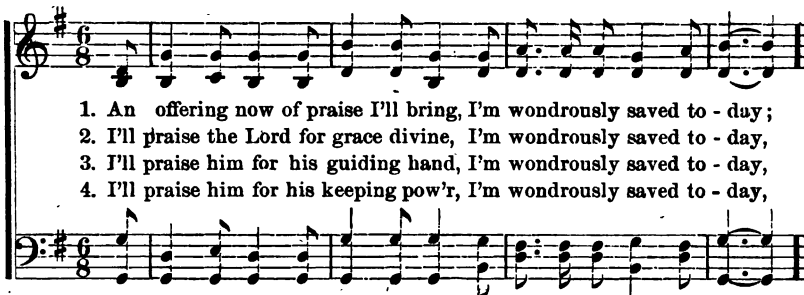
D.S.

Wondrously Saved.

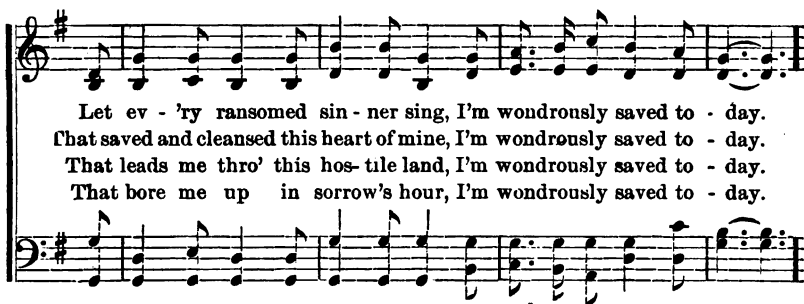
37

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

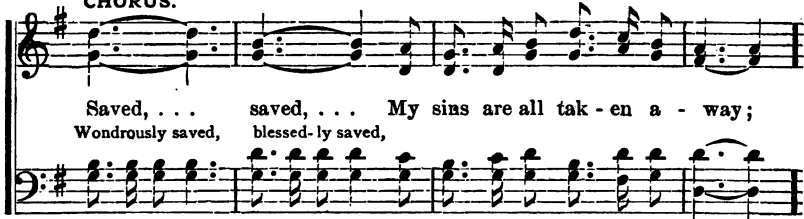


1. An offering now of praise I'll bring, I'm wondrously saved to - day;
 2. I'll praise the Lord for grace divine, I'm wondrously saved to - day,
 3. I'll praise him for his guiding hand, I'm wondrously saved to - day,
 4. I'll praise him for his keeping pow'r, I'm wondrously saved to - day,



Let ev - 'ry ransomed sin - ner sing, I'm wondrously saved to - day.
 That saved and cleansed this heart of mine, I'm wondrously saved to - day.
 That leads me thro' this hos-tile land, I'm wondrously saved to - day.
 That bore me up in sorrow's hour, I'm wondrously saved to - day.

CHORUS.



Saved, . . . saved, . . . My sins are all tak - en a - way;
 Wondrously saved, blessed-ly saved,



I'm washed in the blood, all glory to God, I'm wondrously saved to-day.

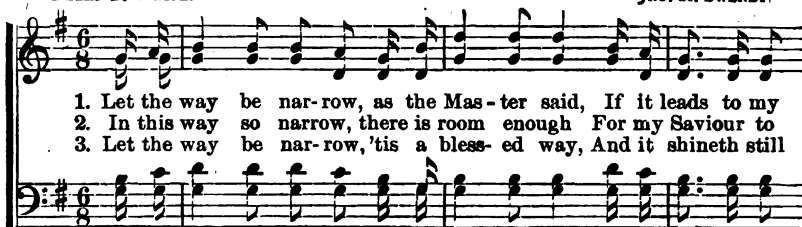
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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5 I'll praise him with my dying breath,
 I'm wondrously saved to-day,
 Who saved from Satan, sin and death,
 I'm wondrously saved to-day.</p> | <p>6 And then I'll praise him up in heav'n,
 I'm wondrously saved to-day, [giv'n,
 Where blood-washed robes and harps are
 I'm wondrously saved to-day.</p> |
|--|---|

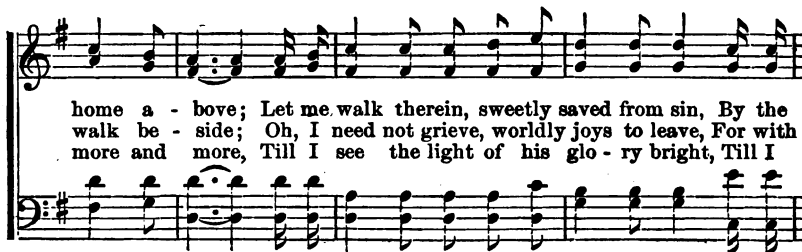
38 I've Taken the Narrow Way.

DELIA T. WHITE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Let the way be nar-row, as the Mas-ter said, If it leads to my
2. In this way so narrow, there is room enough For my Saviour to
3. Let the way be nar-row, 'tis a bless-ed way, And it shineth still



home a - bove; Let me walk therein, sweetly saved from sin, By the
walk be - side; Oh, I need not grieve, worldly joys to leave, For with
more and more, Till I see the light of his glo - ry bright, Till I

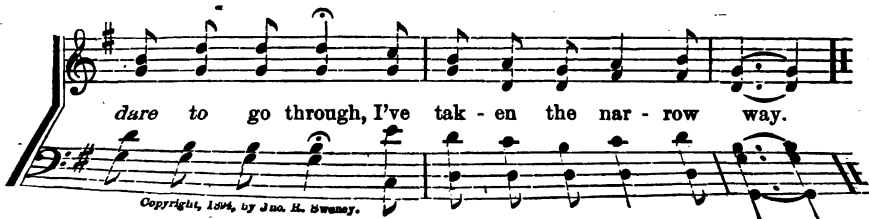
CHORUS.



might of re-deem-ing love. I've tak-en the nar-row way, I've
Je-sus, I'm sat-is-fied.
sing on the gold-en shore.



tak-en the nar-row way; With the res-o-lute few, who



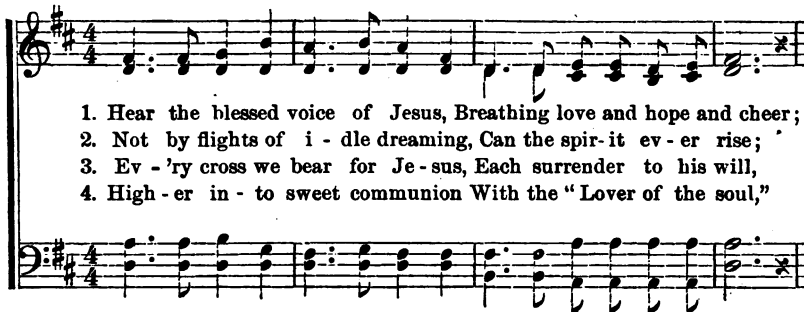
dare to go through, I've tak-en the nar-row way.

Come Up Higher.

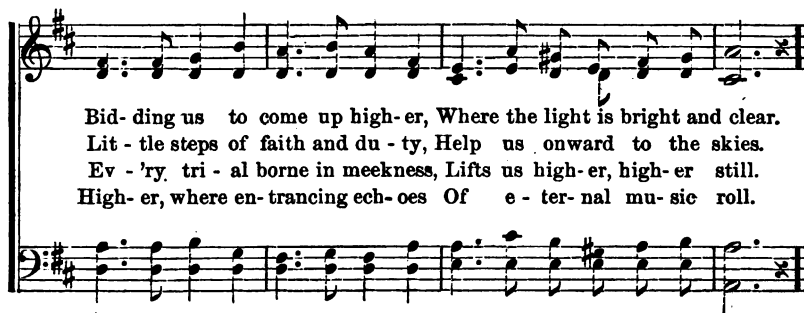
39

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

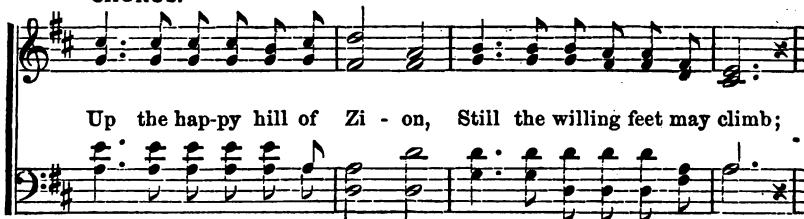


1. Hear the blessed voice of Jesus, Breathing love and hope and cheer;
2. Not by flights of i - dle dreaming, Can the spir-it ev - er rise;
3. Ev - 'ry cross we bear for Je - sus, Each surrender to his will,
4. High - er in - to sweet communion With the "Lover of the soul,"

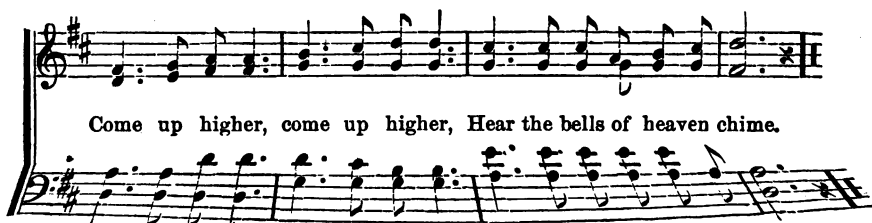


Bid - ding us to come up high - er, Where the light is bright and clear.
Lit - tle steps of faith and du - ty, Help us onward to the skies.
Ev - 'ry tri - al borne in meekness, Lifts us high - er, high - er still.
High - er, where en - trancing ech - oes Of e - ter - nal mu - sic roll.

CHORUS.



Up the hap - py hill of Zi - on, Still the willing feet may climb;



Come up higher, come up higher, Hear the bells of heaven chime.

We are Sowing Far and Near.

Dr. I. L. MITCHELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are sowing far and near, In the field of life each year, And we
 2. We are sowing, sowing still, With a read-y hand and will, Lit-tle
 3. As we sow then let us pray, Tho' some fall beside the way, That the

know the harvest time is coming on; Did we give his word good heed, As we
 knowing what the harvest has in store; Ev'ry seed we drop will grow, We must
 husbandman will gather in the yield; And will bless the fertile soil, As with

CHORUS.

scattered out the seed, In the furrows of the days that now are gone? Sow - ing,
 reap whate'er we sow, In the furrows of the days that lie before.
 willing hands we toil In the furrows of to-day, in life's broad field. Sowing, we are sowing,

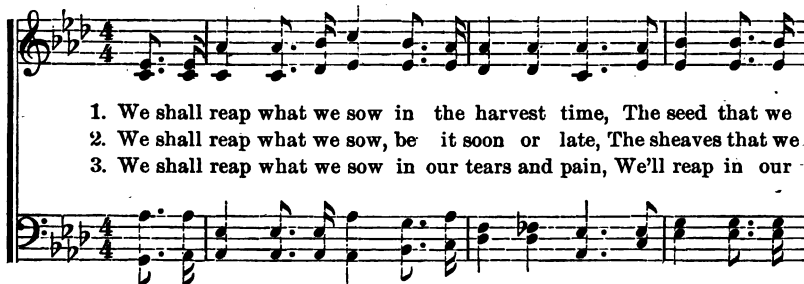
sowing as we go, Ev'ry word and action, Ev'ry thought will grow; Tho' within our

hearts our secrets we may keep, Whatsoe'er we're sowing, We shall also reap.

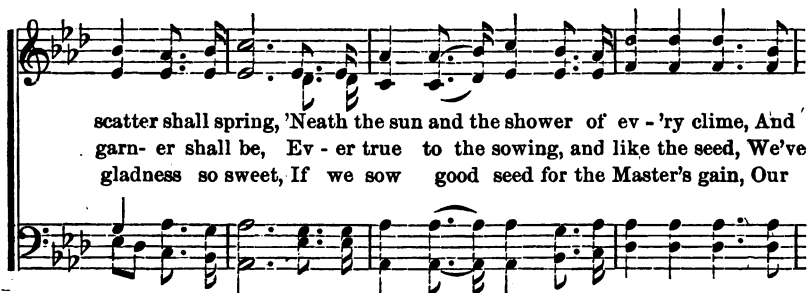
We Shall Reap what We Sow. 41

IDA L. REED.

H. L. GILMOUR.

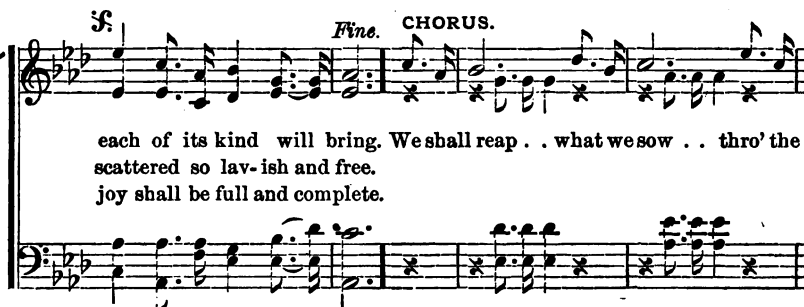


1. We shall reap what we sow in the harvest time, The seed that we
 2. We shall reap what we sow, be it soon or late, The sheaves that we
 3. We shall reap what we sow in our tears and pain, We'll reap in our



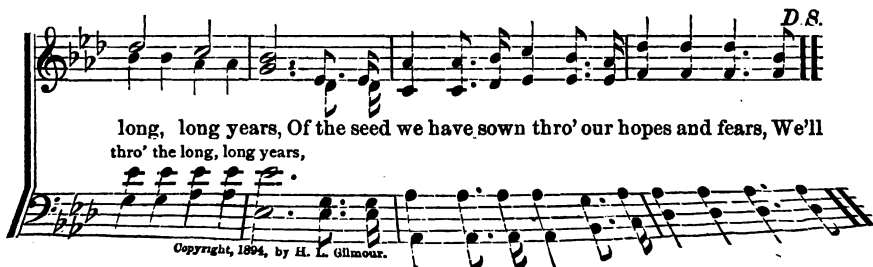
scatter shall spring, 'Neath the sun and the shower of ev - 'ry clime, And
 garn - er shall be, Ev - er true to the sowing, and like the seed, We've
 gladness so sweet, If we sow good seed for the Master's gain, Our

Fine. CHORUS.



each of its kind will bring. We shall reap . . what we sow . . thro' the
 scattered so lav - ish and free.
 joy shall be full and complete.

D. S.—reap at the har - vest time.



D. S.
 long, long years, Of the seed we have sown thro' our hopes and fears, We'll
 thro' the long, long years,

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A Better Way I See.

C. B. STOUT.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I've wandered far from peace and rest, And from my father's God,
 2. I've tried this vain world's empty joys, They can-not fill the heart;
 3. I'm wea - ry of the ways of sin, I yearn for love and peace;

To find my sin - ful soul un - blest Beneath af - fliction's rod.
 Its pleasures are but gild - ed toys, And leave a bit - ter smart.
 Thy fold I seek, Lord, take me in, And grant a glad re - lease.

But now a bet - ter way I see, 'Tis all for Christ, and Christ for me.
 Now this my whole heart's earnest plea, All, all for Christ, and Christ for me.
 Hear this, my fixed, my fi - nal plea, Still all for Christ, and Christ for me.

But now a bet - ter way I see, 'Tis all for Christ, and Christ for me.
 Now this my whole heart's earnest plea, All, all for Christ, and Christ for me.
 Hear this, my fixed, my fi - nal plea, Still all for Christ, and Christ for me.

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Scattering Precious Seed.

43

W. A. OGDEN.

Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter-ing
 2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter-ing
 3. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, doubt-ing nev - er, Scat-ter-ing

pre-cious seed by the hill - side; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed
 pre-cious seed, free-ly sow - ing; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed,
 pre-cious seed, trust-ing ev - er; Sowing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way.
 trust-ing, know - ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 and en-deav - or, Trust-ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - ing at the
 Sow - ing in the eve - ning,
 Sowing the pre-cious seed, Sowing the pre-cious seed, Sowing the seed at noon-tide,

noon - tide; Sowing the pre-cious seed by the way. . . .
 Sowing the pre-cious seed; by the way.

Wonderful Rest.

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Rest from thy sorrow he'll give thee, Rest from thy toiling and care;
2. Rest for thy spir-it o'er-lad - en, Rest from thy doubt and thy fear;
3. Rest from thy tears and thy sorrow, Rest in his own perfect love;
4. Rest, O the thought is so cheering, Rest when this earth-life is o'er;



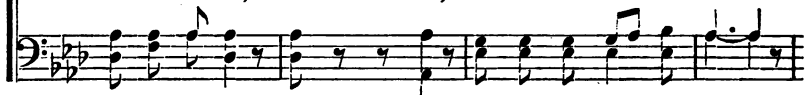
Rest from the storms that assail thee, Go thou and find it in prayer.
 Rest from the griefs that o'ertake thee, While thou art tarry-ing here.
 Je-sus is waiting to give thee Rest in the mansions a - bove.
 Rest, sweetest rest, up in heav-en, Where we shall toil nev-er - more.



CHORUS.



Rest, rest, wonder-ful rest, Rest in his boundless love;
 Won-der-ful rest, sweet rest,



Rest, rest, wonder-ful rest, Rest in his home a - bove.
 Won-Jer-ful rest,



The Love of Christ.

45

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. So great, so wondrous is the love That Jesus brought me from above,
 2. The duty that might irksome seem, The cross I might too heavy deem,
 3. How sweet the service when its spring Is con-se-cra-tion to our King;
 4. O let it be, each step I take, The work I do, the choice I make,

O that my grateful song might be, The love of Christ constraineth me!
 Transformed and beau-ti-ful shall be, The love of Christ constraining me.
 When his unfathomed grace I see, O then his love constraineth me.
 Shall be attuned to this sweet key, The love of Christ constraineth me.

CHORUS.

Love, won-der-ful love! Love, glo-ri-ous love!
 won-der-ful love! glo-ri-ous love!

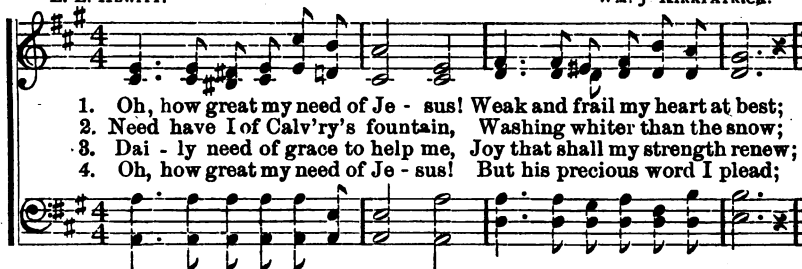
Be this . . . my song, . . . life's way . . . a-long, . . .
 Be this my song, be this my song, life's way a-long, life's way a-long,

The love, the love of Christ . . con-strain-eth me.
 The love of Christ con-straineth me,

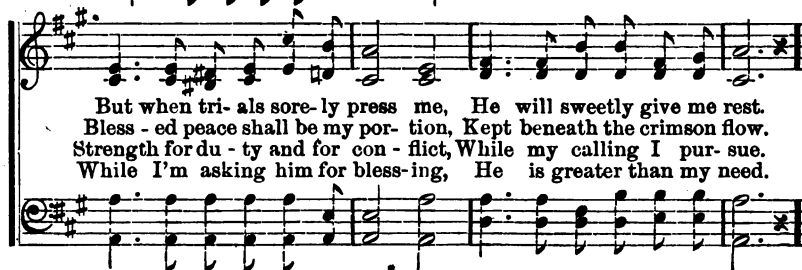
My Need of Jesus.

E. E. HAWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

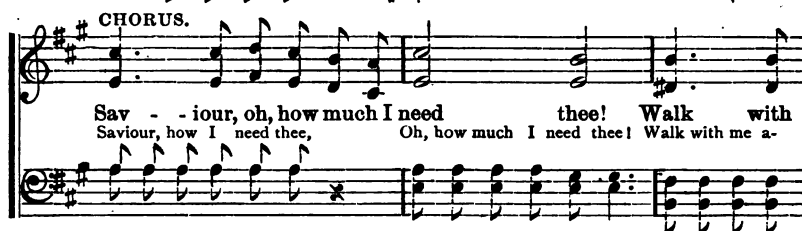


1. Oh, how great my need of Je - sus! Weak and frail my heart at best;
 2. Need have I of Calv'ry's fountain, Washing whiter than the snow;
 3. Dai - ly need of grace to help me, Joy that shall my strength renew;
 4. Oh, how great my need of Je - sus! But his precious word I plead;



But when tri - als sore - ly press me, He will sweetly give me rest.
 Bless - ed peace shall be my por - tion, Kept beneath the crimson flow.
 Strength for du - ty and for con - flict, While my calling I pur - sue.
 While I'm asking him for bless - ing, He is greater than my need.

CHORUS.



Sav - iour, oh, how much I need thee! Walk with
 Saviour, how I need thee, Oh, how much I need thee! Walk with me a -



me life's way a - long; Take my hand and gently
 long, all life's way a - long; Take my hand and lead me,



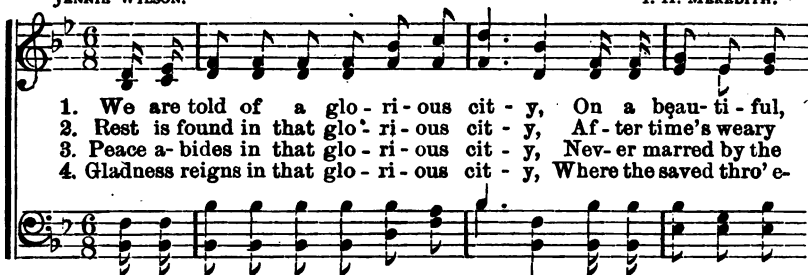
lead me, Come, and fill my soul with song.
 lead me, gently lead me, Come, and fill with song, fill my soul with song.

That Glorious City.

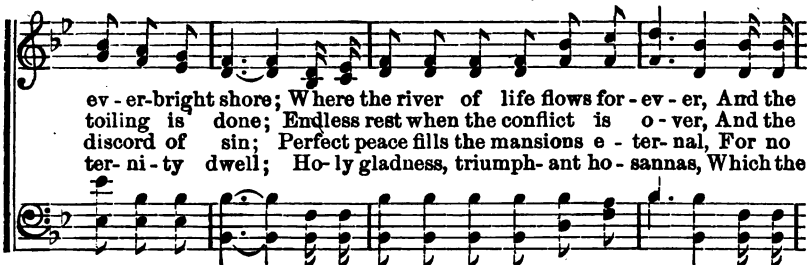
47

JENNIE WILSON.

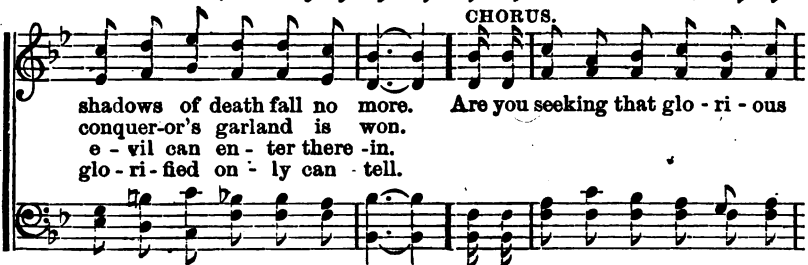
I. H. MEREDITH.



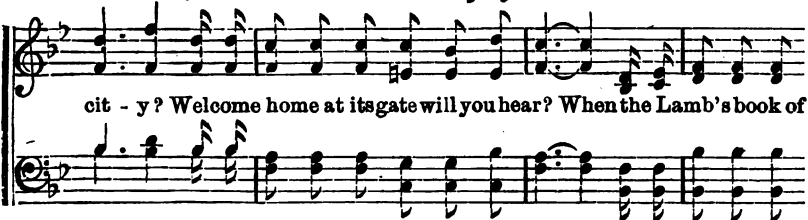
1. We are told of a glo - ri - ous cit - y, On a beau - ti - ful,
 2. Rest is found in that glo - ri - ous cit - y, Af - ter time's weary
 3. Peace a - bides in that glo - ri - ous cit - y, Nev - er marred by the
 4. Gladness reigns in that glo - ri - ous cit - y, Where the saved thro' e -



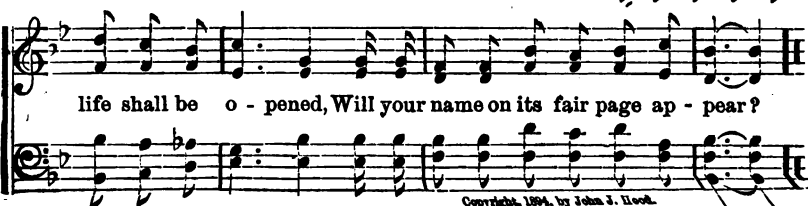
ev - er - bright shore; Where the river of life flows for - ev - er, And the
 toiling is done; Endless rest when the conflict is o - ver, And the
 discord of sin; Perfect peace fills the mansions e - ter - nal, For no
 ter - ni - ty dwell; Ho - ly gladness, triumph - ant ho - sannas, Which the



CHORUS.
 shadows of death fall no more. Are you seeking that glo - ri - ous
 conquer - or's garland is won.
 e - vil can en - ter there - in.
 glo - ri - fied on - ly can - tell.



cit - y? Welcome home at its gate will you hear? When the Lamb's book of



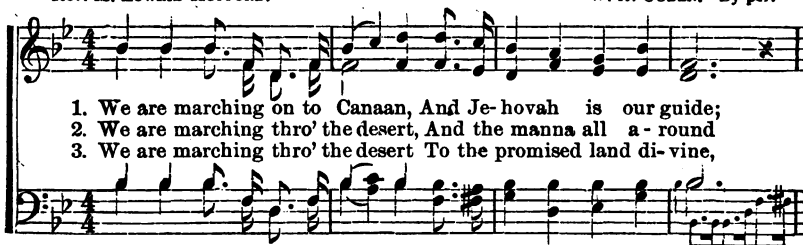
life shall be o - pened, Will your name on its fair page ap - pear?

Marching on to Canaan.

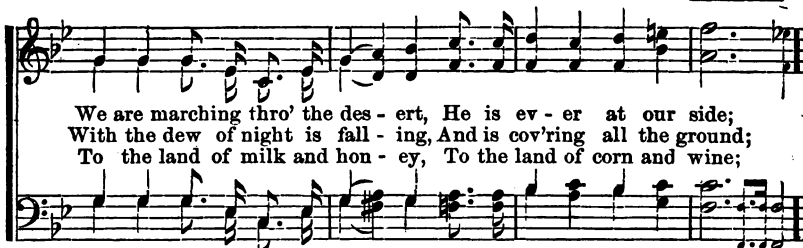
"They shall march with an army."—Jer. xlv: 22.

Rev. M. LOWRIS HOFFORD.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

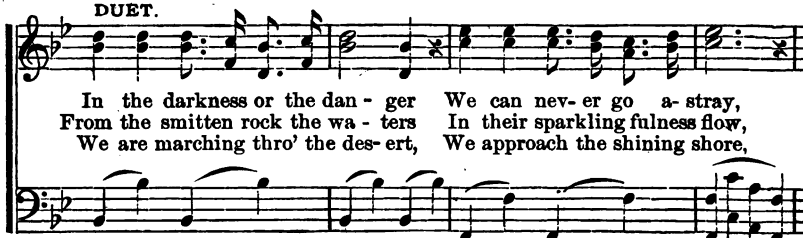


1. We are marching on to Canaan, And Je-hovah is our guide;
2. We are marching thro' the desert, And the manna all a-round
3. We are marching thro' the desert To the promised land di-vine,

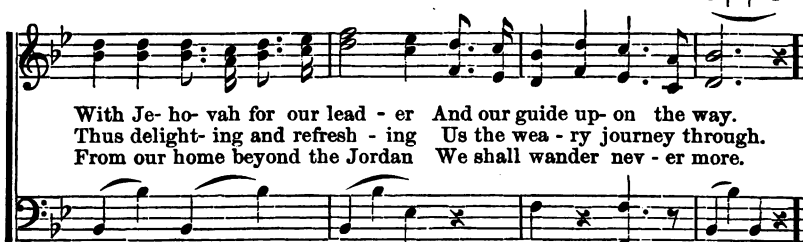


We are marching thro' the des-ert, He is ev-er at our side;
With the dew of night is fall-ing, And is cov'ring all the ground;
To the land of milk and hon-ey, To the land of corn and wine;

DUET.

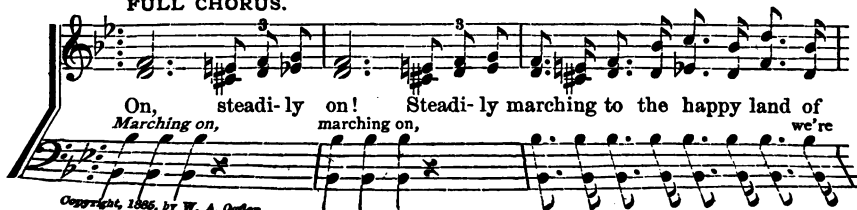


In the darkness or the dan-ger We can nev-er go a-stray,
From the smitten rock the wa-ters In their sparkling fulness flow,
We are marching thro' the des-ert, We approach the shining shore,



With Je-ho-vah for our lead-er And our guide up-on the way.
Thus delight-ing and refresh-ing Us the wea-ry journey through.
From our home beyond the Jordan We shall wander nev-er more.

FULL CHORUS.



On, steady-ly on! Steady-ly marching to the happy land of
Marching on, marching on, we're

Marching on to Canaan.—CONCLUDED. 49

Ca - naan; On, steady-ly on! { Veri-ly guid-ed by Je-
marching on, Marching on, marching on, { Steadily marching to the

1st. *2d.*

hovah's hand are we, (guided are we). hap - py land we go. (marching home).

Sing Again.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sing a - gain, O heart of mine, What the Lord hath done for thee;
2. Sing a - gain the words so dear, Words that faith delights to sing;
3. Sing a - gain, O sing a - gain Pard'ning grace and mer - cy free;
4. Sing a - gain of rest and love, Per - fect rest from ev - ry care,

Fine.

Sing a - gain his love di - vine, More than all the world to me.
Now their mu - sic let me hear, "Sim - ply to the cross I cling."
Sing with this thy sweet refrain, "Near - er, O my God, to thee."
In the Christian's home a - bove, In the fields of E - den fair!

D. S.—"Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, -Let me to thy bo - som fly."

CHORUS.

D. S.

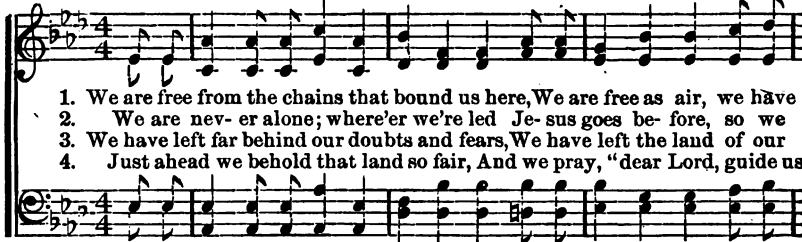
Sing a - mid the waves that roll, Till I lift my voice and cry,—

50 On our Way to the Promised Land.

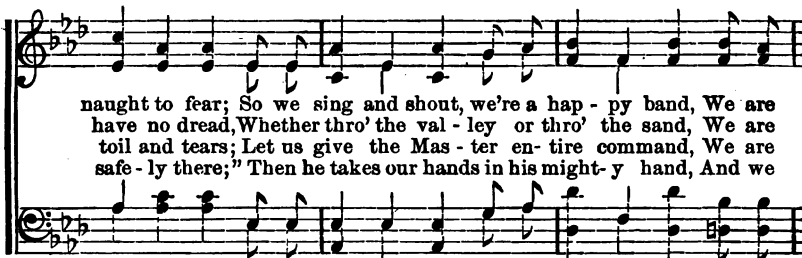
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Num. x: 29.

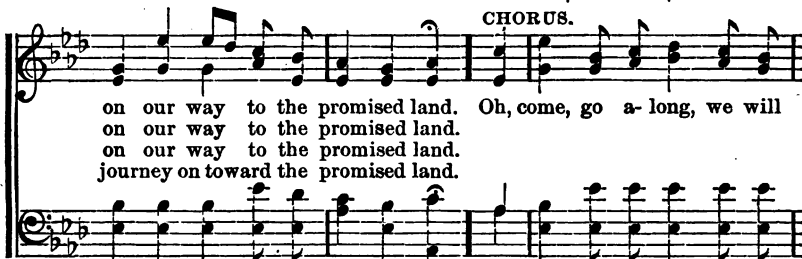
JNO. R. SWRNEY.



1. We are free from the chains that bound us here, We are free as air, we have
2. We are nev-er alone; where'er we're led Je-sus goes be-fore, so we
3. We have left far behind our doubts and fears, We have left the land of our
4. Just ahead we behold that land so fair, And we pray, "dear Lord, guide us



naught to fear; So we sing and shout, we're a hap-py band, We are
have no dread, Whether thro' the val-ley or thro' the sand, We are
toil and tears; Let us give the Mas-ter en-tire command, We are
safe-ly there;" Then he takes our hands in his might-y hand, And we

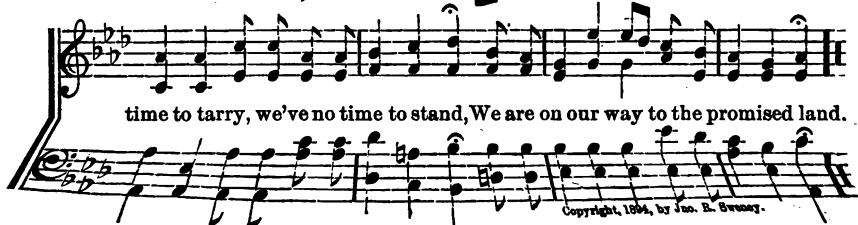


CHORUS.

on our way to the promised land. Oh, come, go a-long, we will
on our way to the promised land.
on our way to the promised land.
journey on toward the promised land.



do you good, We're fed on the way with the Lord's own food; We've no



time to tarry, we've no time to stand, We are on our way to the promised land.

Shout Aloud His Praises.

51

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. As you feel the Saviour's pow'r, Shout aloud his praises, As he keeps you
 2. Now your sweetest anthem sing, Shout aloud his praises, Let your hal- le-
 3. Wondrous grace to you is given, Shout aloud his praises, Sons of God and
 4. All who know the Saviour's love, Shout aloud his praises, With the ransomed

hour by hour, Shout aloud his praises; His own blood has saved from sin, And his
 lujahs ring, Shout aloud his praises; For his pardon full and free, For the
 heirs of heav'n, Shout aloud his praises For the priv- i- lege of prayer, For a
 ones above, Shout aloud his praises, Praise the One who for us died, Heaven's

fulness dwells within, Now your grateful song begin, Shout aloud his praises.
 grace of pur - i - ty, Freely given to you and me, Shout aloud his praises.
 mind that's free from care, For his blessings ev'rywhere, Shout aloud his praises.
 gate to o - pen wide, Safely he our steps will guide, Shout aloud his praises.

CHORUS.

Shout aloud, . . . shout aloud his praises, Shout aloud . . . his praises;
 Shout aloud, Shout aloud

Praise his name, the blessed Saviour's name, Shout aloud, shout aloud his praises.
 Praise his name.

Precious Blood.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. From a riv - en side it floweth, Precious blood, precious blood, For a
 2. For the law that sin hath broken, Precious blood, precious blood, Of the
 3. For our cleansing see it flowing, Precious blood, precious blood, Life and

debt that each one ow - eth, Precious blood, . precious blood; Dropping
 grace of God the tok - en, Precious blood, . precious blood; From the
 lib - er - ty be - stowing, Precious blood, . precious blood; It hath

from a thorn-pierced brow, Where the sacred head doth bow, From the nail wounds [see it
 cross he must endure, From a heart unstained and pure, Flows, our ransom to se-
 won the mansions bright, It hath purchased robes of white, Opened up a path of

CHORUS.

flow, Precious blood. Precious blood! 'twas precious blood
 cure, Precious blood. That hath brought us nigh to
 light, Precious blood.

God! From a love divine it floweth, Precious blood, precious blood.

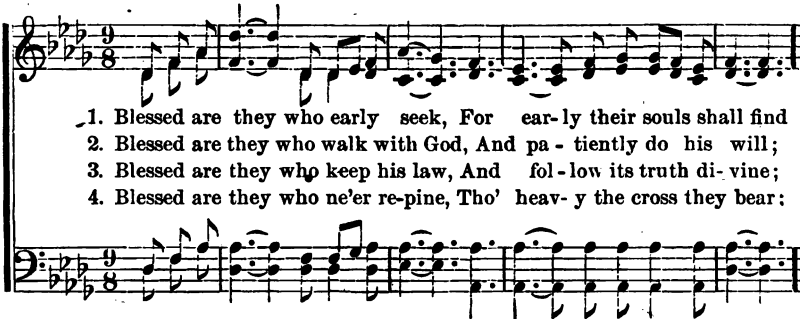
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Joy Unspeakable.

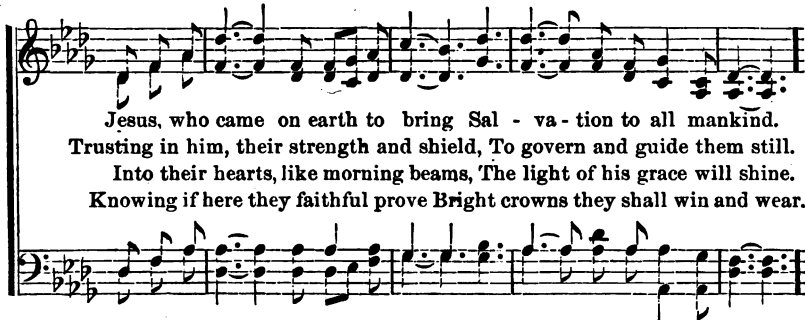
53

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

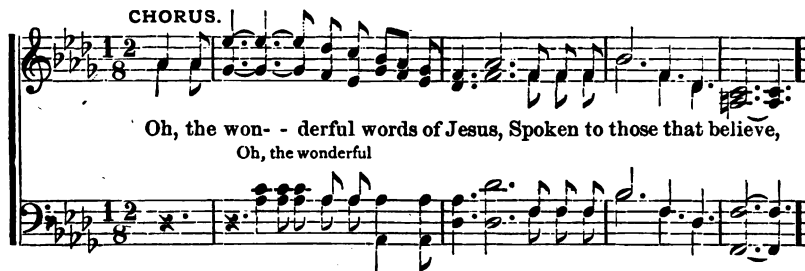


1. Blessed are they who early seek, For ear-ly their souls shall find
2. Blessed are they who walk with God, And pa-tiently do his will;
3. Blessed are they who keep his law, And fol-low its truth di-vine;
4. Blessed are they who ne'er re-pine, Tho' heav-y the cross they bear:

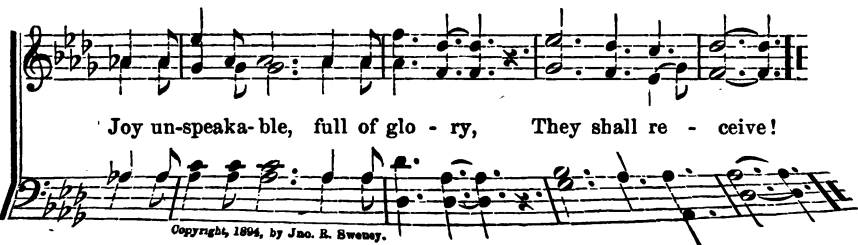


Jesus, who came on earth to bring Sal-va-tion to all mankind.
Trusting in him, their strength and shield, To govern and guide them still.
Into their hearts, like morning beams, The light of his grace will shine.
Knowing if here they faithful prove Bright crowns they shall win and wear.

CHORUS.



Oh, the won-derful words of Jesus, Spoken to those that believe,
Oh, the wonderful



Joy un-speak-a-ble, full of glo-ry, They shall re-ceive!

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At Jesus' Feet.

ANALUSIA BARNARD.

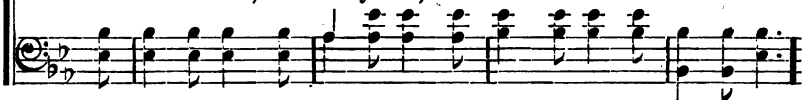
FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.



1. Come un-to me, all ye opprest, Come un-to me, ye shall find rest ;
2. Come un-to me, all ye who fear, The load of sin your heart will sear ;
3. To him I'll go, oh, wondrous Friend, And I will serve him to the end ;



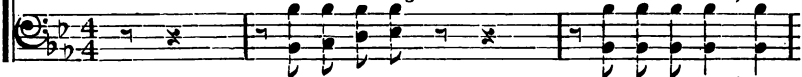
Lay all your cares, your burdens down, For I will bear them as my own.
Come un-to me, your soul shall live, And ev - 'ry good ye shall receive.
Come weal or woe, he is my own, And he will raise me to his throne.



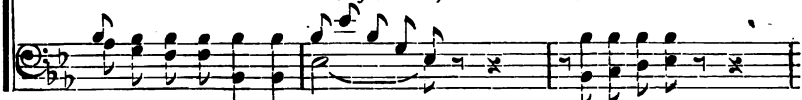
REFRAIN.



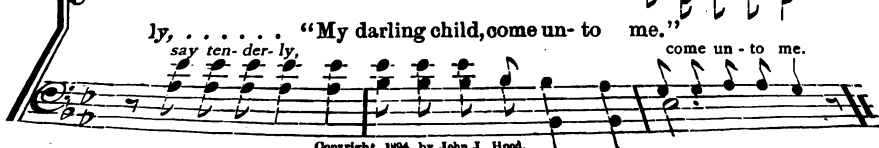
Of all the things to me most sweet, I
Of all the things to me most sweet,



love to sit at Je-sus' feet, And hear his voice say tender-
at Jesus' feet, And hear his voice



ly, "My darling child, come un-to me."
say ten-der-ly, come un-to me.

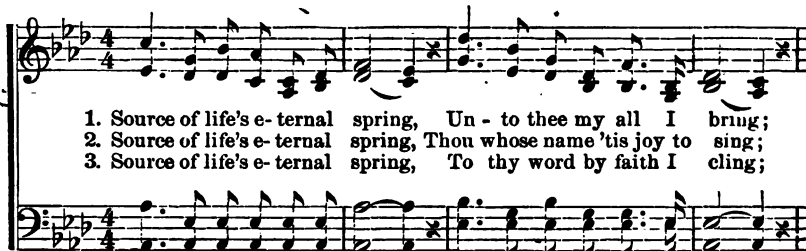


Hide My Soul.

55

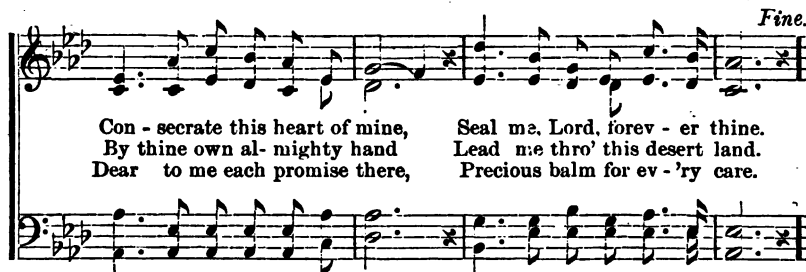
FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



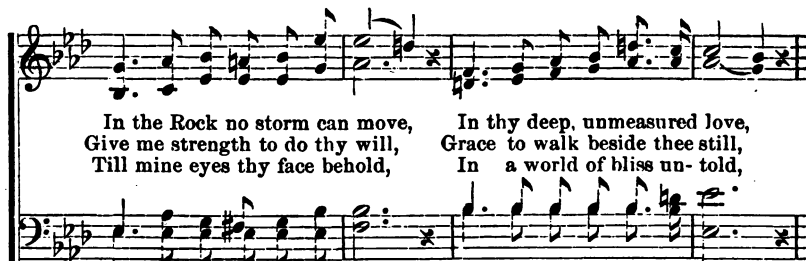
1. Source of life's e-ternal spring, Un - to thee my all I bring;
 2. Source of life's e-ternal spring, Thou whose name 'tis joy to sing;
 3. Source of life's e-ternal spring, To thy word by faith I cling;

Chor.—Where temptation cannot harm me, Nor the tempter's pow'r a-larm me;



Con - secrate this heart of mine, Seal me, Lord, forev - er thine.
 By thine own al- mighty hand, Lead me thro' this desert land.
 Dear to me each promise there, Precious balm for ev - 'ry care.

From the waves that darkly roll, In thy light, O hide my soul.



In the Rock no storm can move, In thy deep, unmeasured love,
 Give me strength to do thy will, Grace to walk beside thee still,
 Till mine eyes thy face behold, In a world of bliss un- told,

D C. Chorus.



From the waves that darkly roll, In thy light, O hide my soul.
 In thine own appointed way, Trusting on from day to day.
 Till the bells of time shall cease, Keep me, Lord, in perfect peace.

Anything that Jesus Wishes.

E. E. HSWITT.

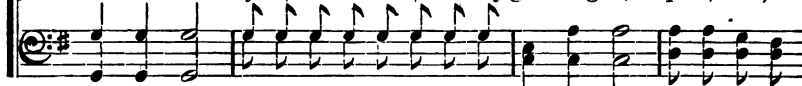
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Anything that Jesus wishes me to *do*, May my heart be ready with an
2. Anything that Jesus wishes me to *say*, Take my lips and fill them; help me
3. Anywhere that Jesus wishes me to *go*, Where his light is shining with its
4. Anything that Jesus wishes me to *be*, Oh, to have his image ful-ly



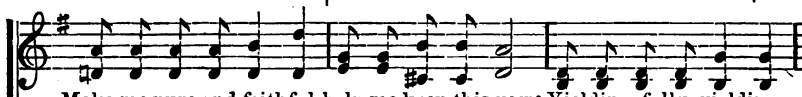
answer true; Laying down my burdens at his pierced feet, Heart and hands sur-
to o- bey; Telling thy salvation, speaking to thy praise, Gladly leading
heav'nly glow; May my feet be willing in his paths to tread, By his Ho-ly
formed in me! Carry on, dear Saviour, what thy grace begun, Keep me, Lord, and



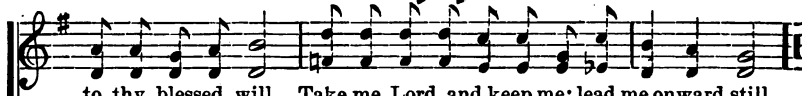
CHORUS.



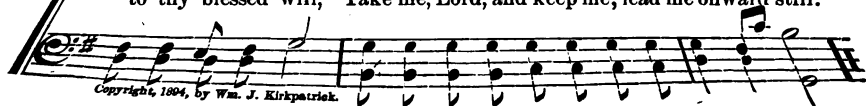
rendered for his service sweet. Anything, anything, Saviour, help me now;
others in thy blessed ways.
Spirit safely, sweetly led.
use me, till the work is done.



Make me pure and faithful, help me keep this vow; Yielding, fully yielding



to thy blessed will, Take me, Lord, and keep me; lead me onward still.

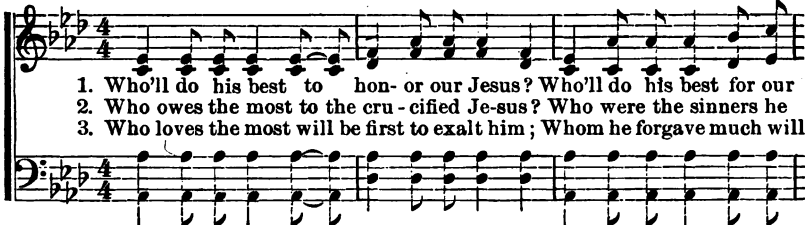


Who'll Do His Best?

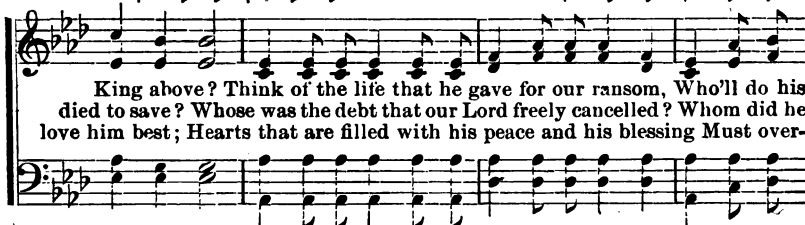
57

F. G. BURROUGHS.

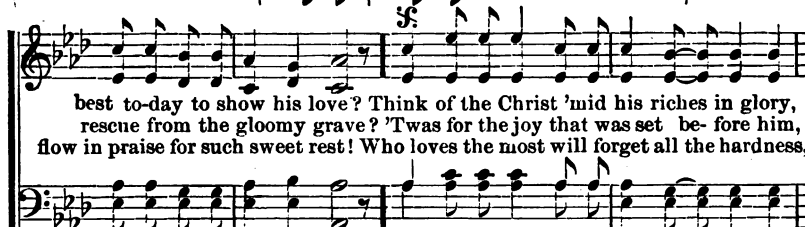
ADAM GRIBEL.



1. Who'll do his best to hon-or our Je-sus? Who'll do his best for our
2. Who owes the most to the cru-cified Je-sus? Who were the sinners he
3. Who loves the most will be first to exalt him; Whom he forgave much will

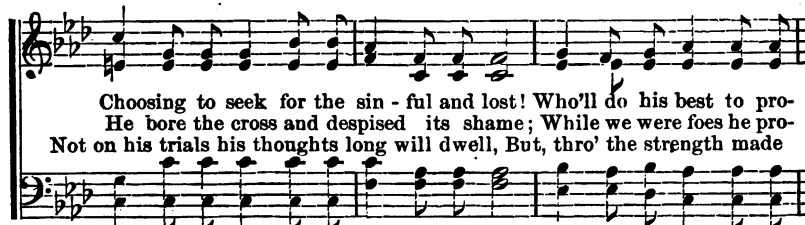


King above? Think of the life that he gave for our ransom, Who'll do his
died to save? Whose was the debt that our Lord freely cancelled? Whom did he
love him best; Hearts that are filled with his peace and his blessing Must over-



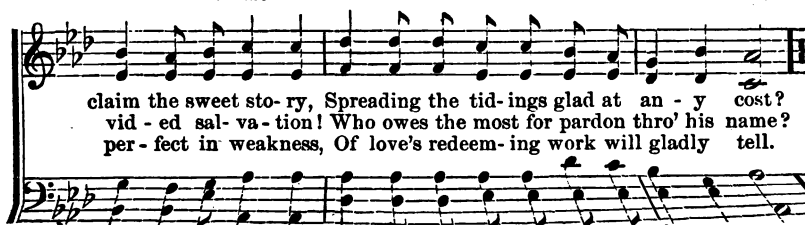
best to-day to show his love? Think of the Christ 'mid his riches in glory,
rescue from the gloomy grave? 'Twas for the joy that was set be-fore him,
flow in praise for such sweet rest! Who loves the most will forget all the hardness,

Cho.—Who'll do his best for the low-ly Je-sus?



Choosing to seek for the sin-ful and lost! Who'll do his best to pro-
He bore the cross and despised its shame; While we were foes he pro-
Not on his trials his thoughts long will dwell, But, thro' the strength made

Who'll do his best for the God we love? Who now in deed and in



claim the sweet sto-ry, Spreading the tid-ings glad at an-y cost?
vid-ed sal-va-tion! Who owes the most for pardon thro' his name?
per-fect in weakness, Of love's redeem-ing work will gladly tell.

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truth will confess him? Who by his dai-ly life God's goodness prove?

Sowing to the Spirit.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sowing to the Spir - it, Sowing day by day, Dropping seeds of
 2. Sowing to the Spir - it, Praying as we go, From the seed we
 3. Sowing to the Spir - it, Tho' our faith be small, Sowing in our

kind - ness All a - long the way; Sowing to the Spir - it,
 scat - ter Soon the blade will grow; Sowing, and be - liev - ing,
 weak - ness, Tho' the tears may fall; Sowing late and ear - ly,

Trusting in the Lord, Sweet will be our la - bor, Blessed our reward.
 God will send the rain, We shall see, be - fore us, Fields of golden grain.
 Till our work is o'er, Then will come the reaping, Joy for - ev - ermore.

CHORUS.

Sow - - ing, till in beau - ty Fades the set - ting
 Sowing, till in beau - ty, sowing, till in beau - ty Fades the setting sun;

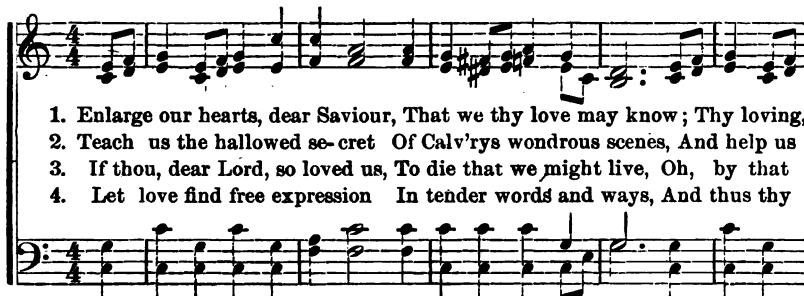
sun;
 Fades the setting sun; Weary not, nor fal - ter, Till the work is done.

Love Overflowing.

59

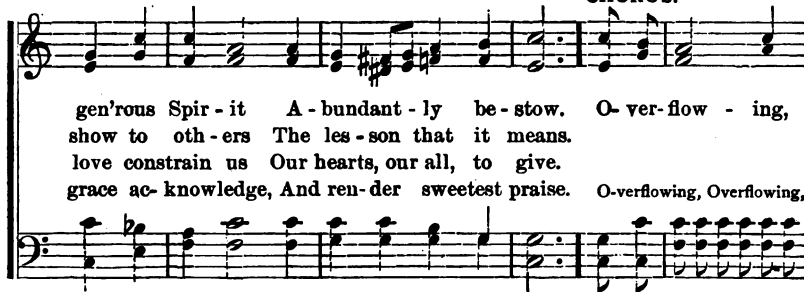
E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Enlarge our hearts, dear Saviour, That we thy love may know; Thy loving,
2. Teach us the hallowed se-cret Of Calv'rys wondrous scenes, And help us
3. If thou, dear Lord, so loved us, To die that we might live, Oh, by that
4. Let love find free expression In tender words and ways, And thus thy

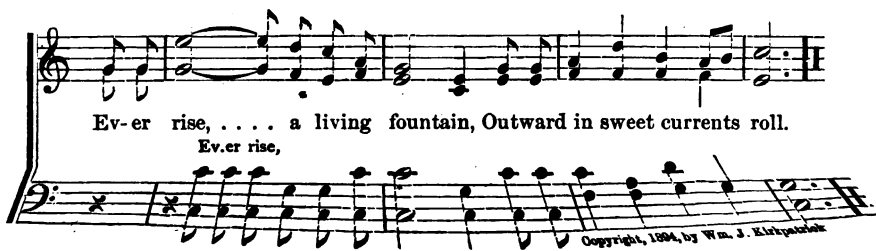
CHORUS.



gen'rous Spir-it A-bundant-ly be-stow. O-ver-flow-ing,
show to oth-ers The les-son that it means.
love constrain us Our hearts, our all, to give.
grace ac-knowledge, And ren-der sweetest praise. O-verflowing, Overflowing,



o-ver-flow-ing; May thy love, with-in the soul,
Al-ways o-ver-flow-ing;

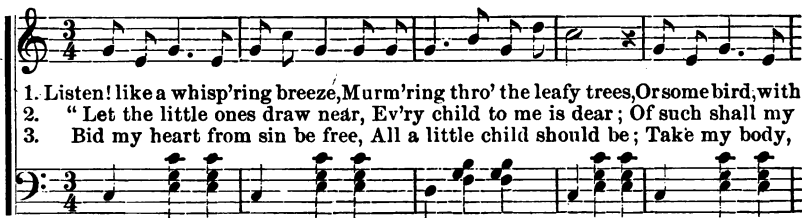


Ev-er rise, a living fountain, Outward in sweet currents roll.
Ev-er rise,

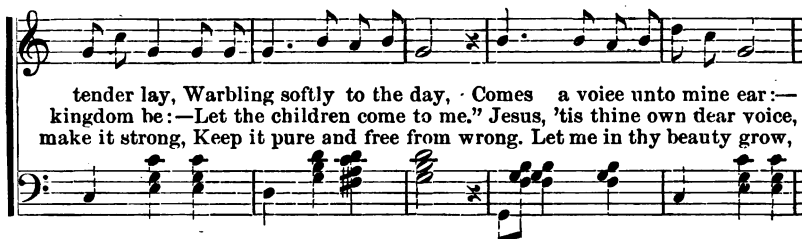
Come, O Come to Me.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

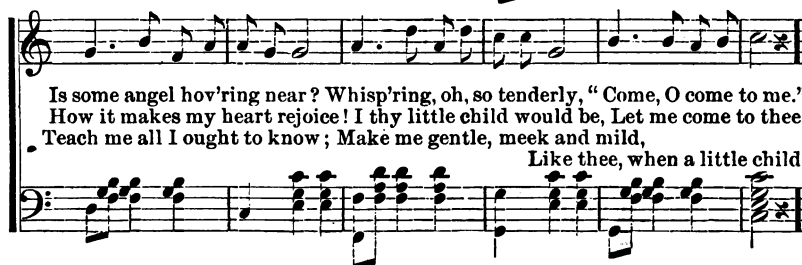
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Listen! like a whisp'ring breeze, Murm'ring thro' the leafy trees, Or some bird, with
 2. "Let the little ones draw near, Ev'ry child to me is dear; Of such shall my
 3. Bid my heart from sin be free, All a little child should be; Take my body,

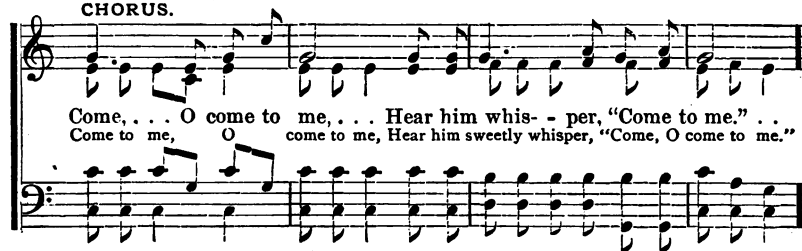


tender lay, Warbling softly to the day, Comes a voice unto mine ear:—
 kingdom be:—Let the children come to me." Jesus, 'tis thine own dear voice,
 make it strong, Keep it pure and free from wrong. Let me in thy beauty grow,

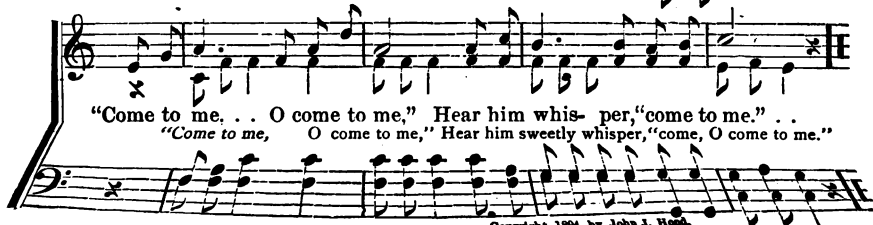


Is some angel hov'ring near? Whisp'ring, oh, so tenderly, "Come, O come to me."
 How it makes my heart rejoice! I thy little child would be, Let me come to thee.
 Teach me all I ought to know; Make me gentle, meek and mild,
 Like thee, when a little child.

CHORUS.



Come, . . . O come to me, . . . Hear him whis- - per, "Come to me." . . .
 Come to me, O come to me, Hear him sweetly whisper, "Come, O come to me."



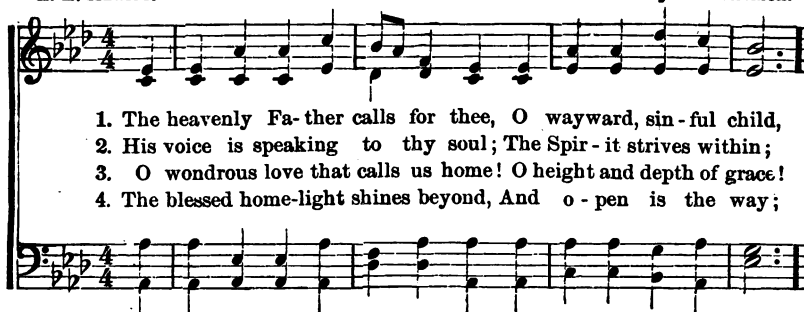
"Come to me. . . O come to me," Hear him whis- per, "come to me." . . .
 "Come to me, O come to me," Hear him sweetly whisper, "come, O come to me."

Calling Thee.

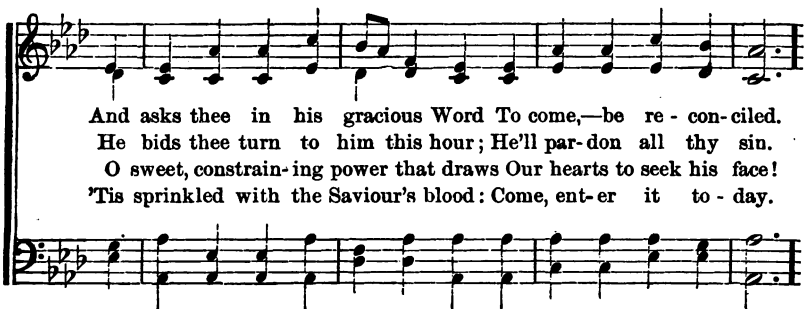
61

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

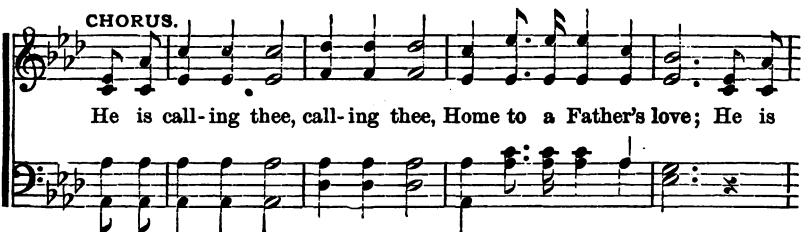


1. The heavenly Fa-ther calls for thee, O wayward, sin-ful child,
 2. His voice is speaking to thy soul; The Spir-it strives within;
 3. O wondrous love that calls us home! O height and depth of grace!
 4. The blessed home-light shines beyond, And o-pen is the way;

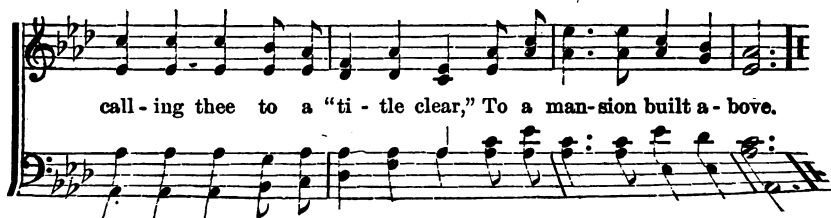


And asks thee in his gracious Word To come,—be re-con-ciled.
 He bids thee turn to him this hour; He'll par-don all thy sin.
 O sweet, constrain-ing power that draws Our hearts to seek his face!
 'Tis sprinkled with the Saviour's blood: Come, ent-er it to-day.

CHORUS.



He is call-ing thee, call-ing thee, Home to a Father's love; He is

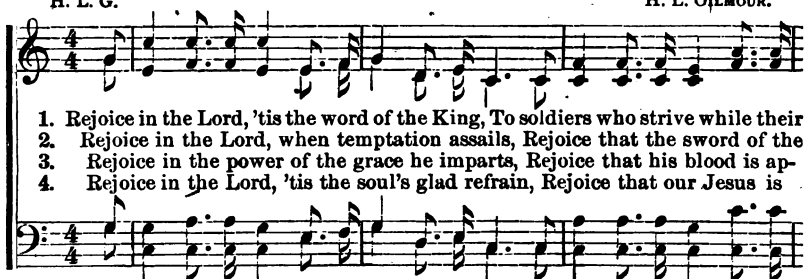


call-ing thee to a "ti-tle clear," To a man-sion built a-bove.

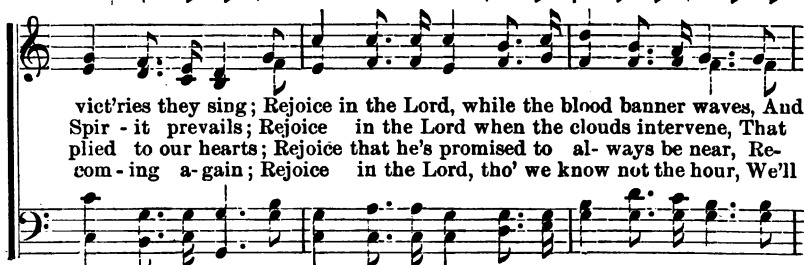
Our Watchword.

H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

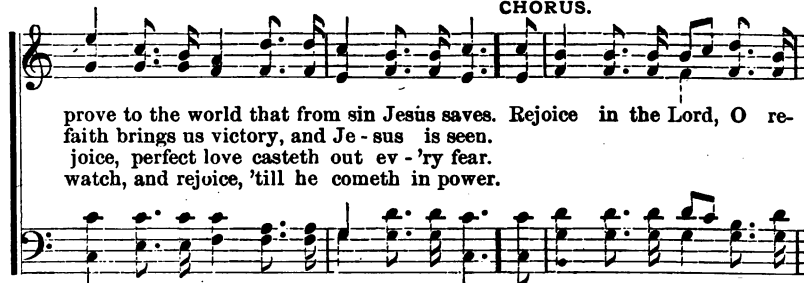


1. Rejoice in the Lord, 'tis the word of the King, To soldiers who strive while their
2. Rejoice in the Lord, when temptation assails, Rejoice that the sword of the
3. Rejoice in the power of the grace he imparts, Rejoice that his blood is ap-
4. Rejoice in the Lord, 'tis the soul's glad refrain, Rejoice that our Jesus is

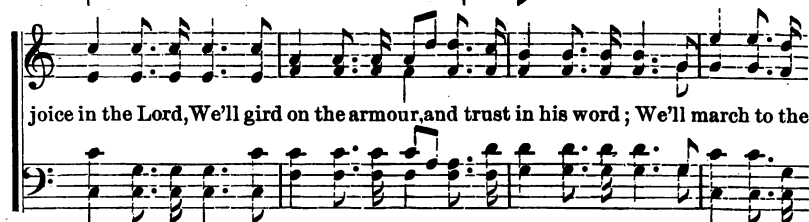


vict'ries they sing; Rejoice in the Lord, while the blood banner waves, And
Spir - it prevails; Rejoice in the Lord when the clouds intervene, That
plied to our hearts; Rejoice that he's promised to al- ways be near, Re-
com - ing a - gain; Rejoice in the Lord, tho' we know not the hour, We'll

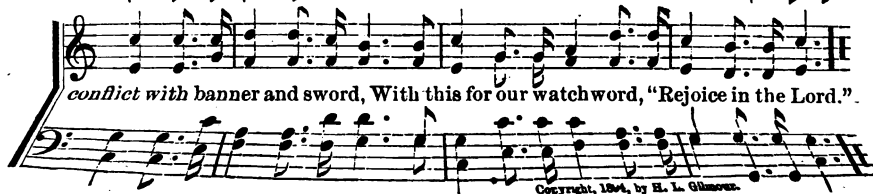
CHORUS.



prove to the world that from sin Jesus saves. Rejoice in the Lord, O re-
faith brings us victory, and Je - sus is seen.
joice, perfect love casteth out ev - 'ry fear.
watch, and rejoice, 'till he cometh in power.



joice in the Lord, We'll gird on the armour, and trust in his word; We'll march to the



conflict with banner and sword, With this for our watchword, "Rejoice in the Lord."

Put on the Glorious Armor.

63

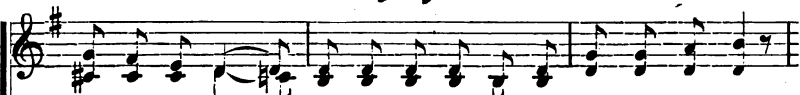
JENNIE WILSON.

Rom. xiii: 12.

I. H. MEREDITH.



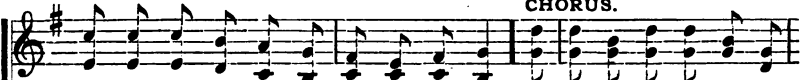
1. Put on the glo - ri - ous arm - or of light, Day is approaching, far
2. Put on the glo - ri - ous arm - or of light, See helmet, breast-plate and
3. Put on the glo - ri - ous arm - or of light, Foes of our King stand ar-
4. Wearing the God-giv - en arm - or of light, Press on to vic - to - ry's



spent is the night, Hark to the message the day's heralds bring,
shield gleaming bright, Us - ing no weapon but truth's mighty sword,
rayed in their might, Fol - lowing Christ, meet the arm-y of sin,
glory-crowned height, Then with the battles for Je - sus all won,



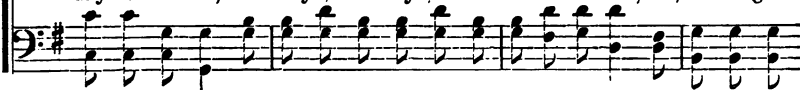
CHORUS.



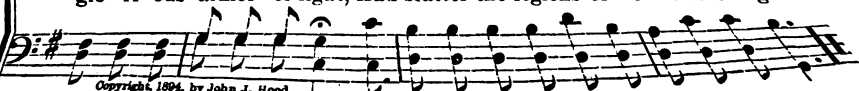
"March forth to bat - tle for Je - sus our King." Arouse ye, arouse ye, the
Valiant - ly fight in the ranks of the Lord.
Fear not nor falt - er, the righteous shall win.
Hear from his lips the glad plaudit, "well done."



day is at hand, Arouse ye, arouse ye, 'tis Jesus' command; Go, wearing the



glo - ri - ous armor of light, And scatter the legions of e - vil and night.



Filled with Christ.

D. LEE AULTMAN.

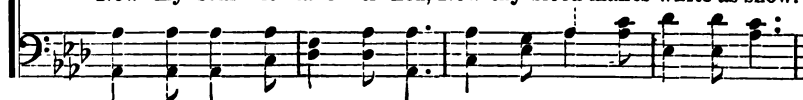
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Je - sus, come and fill my soul, Fill it with thyself divine;
2. Let me know thee as thou art, Let me feel thy blood applied;
3. Now I've reached the crimson tide, All thy ful-ness now I know;



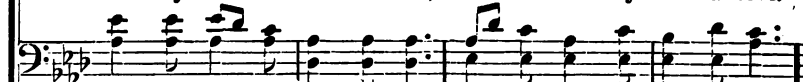
Come and make me pure and whole, Let me be a child of thine.
 Let thy blood now cleanse my heart, As it flows fresh from thy side.
 Now my soul is sanc - ti - fied, Now thy blood makes white as snow.



Let me know that I am blest, Fill me with thy dy - ing love;
 Let me love thee more and more, Let me all thy ful-ness know;
 From this day my life shall be Full of faith, and hope, and love;



Give my soul the per - fect rest, Like to that in heav'n a - bove.
 Thro' the cross my Mas - ter bore, Let me con - quer ev - 'ry foe.
 Till my Saviour sends for me, Takes me to my home a - bove.

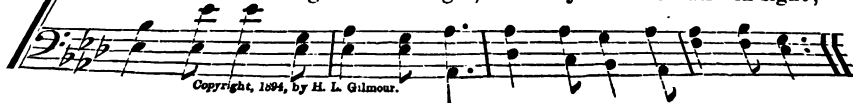


D. S.—Washed and cleansed from ev'ry sin, Christ the Lord enthroned within.

CHORUS.



I am walking in the light, With my Saviour full in sight;



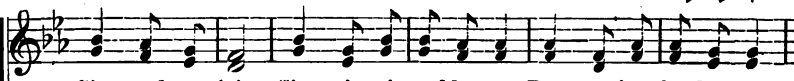
Sing and Rejoice.

65

FANNY J. CROSBY (May be sung as a Duet or Duet and Chorus). WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sing when the morning light, Down from the mountain height,
Makes hill and valley bright,
2. Sing when the shadows glide, Sing at the eventide, Firm in thy faith abide,
3. Sing when the autumn blast Trails o'er the summer past, Spring will return at last,



Sing and re-joice; Sing when its golden ray Parts ev-'ry cloud a-way,
Sing and re-joice; Sing tho' the night may be Dark over land and sea,
Sing and re-joice; Sing in the morning light, Sing in the noonday bright,



Then till the close of day Sing and rejoice; Sing when the gentle flow'rs,
All will be well with thee, Sing and rejoice; What tho' the stars decline,
Songs in the dew-y night Sing, and rejoice; Sing when the fading sun



CHORUS.

Touched by the vernal show'rs, Bloom in their native bow'rs,
Sing and re-joice. Still with a
What tho' they cease to shine, One fadeless beam is thine, Sing and rejoice.
Tells of thy labor done, Then of thy vict'ry won Sing, and rejoice.



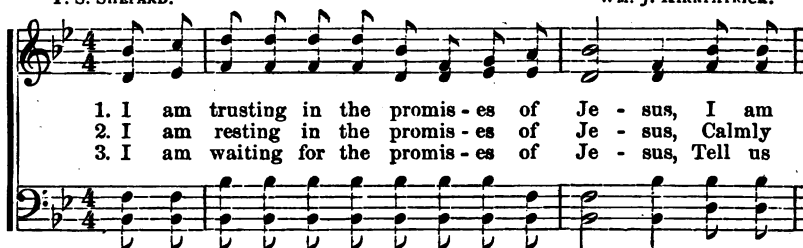
spirit free, Still with a trusting heart, If on the Rock thou art, Sing and rejoice.



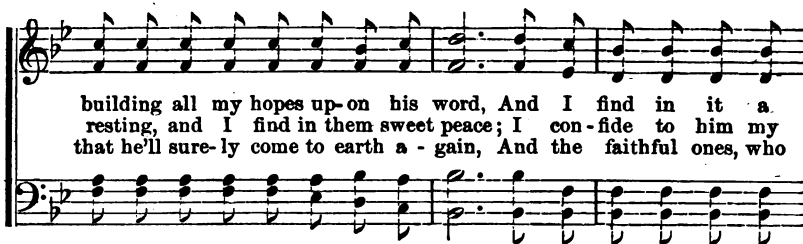
66 Trusting in the Promises of Jesus.

T. S. SHEPARD.

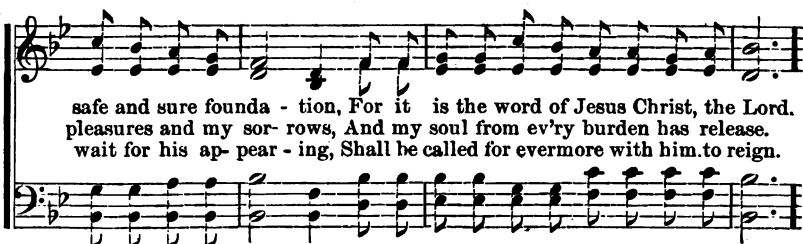
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am trusting in the promis-es of Je-sus, I am
 2. I am resting in the promis-es of Je-sus, Calmly
 3. I am waiting for the promis-es of Je-sus, Tell us



building all my hopes up-on his word, And I find in it a
 resting, and I find in them sweet peace; I con-fide to him my
 that he'll sure-ly come to earth a - gain, And the faithful ones, who



safe and sure founda - tion, For it is the word of Jesus Christ, the Lord.
 pleasures and my sor-rows, And my soul from ev'ry burden has release.
 wait for his ap-pear - ing, Shall be called for evermore with him to reign.

CHORUS.



I am trust - ing, I am trust - ing, I am trusting in the promises that
 Trusting, I am trusting, trusting, I am trusting,



never, never fail; I am trust-ing, sweetly trusting, Faith will e'er prevail.
 trusting, sweetly trusting, trusting, sweetly trusting,

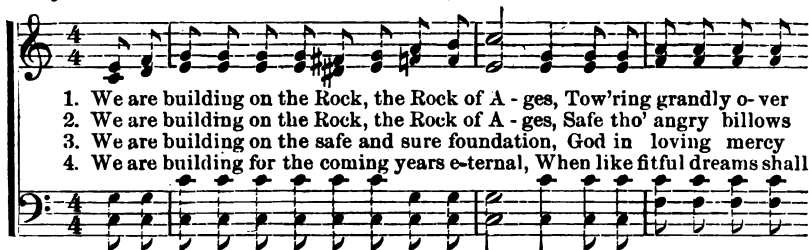
We are Building on the Rock.

67

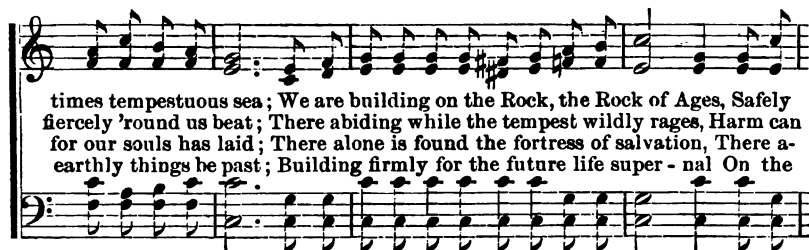
JENNIE WILSON.

Luke vi : 48.

I. H. MEREDITH.

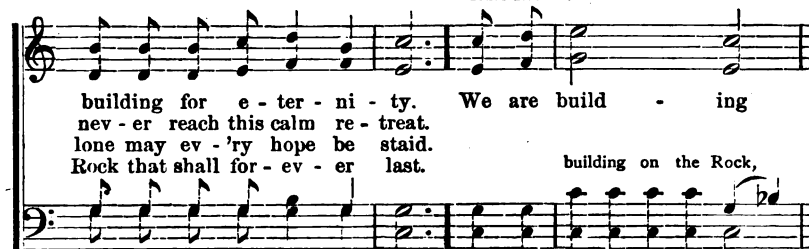


1. We are building on the Rock, the Rock of A - ges, Tow'ring grandly o - ver
 2. We are building on the Rock, the Rock of A - ges, Safe tho' angry billows
 3. We are building on the safe and sure foundation, God in loving mercy
 4. We are building for the coming years e - ternal, When like fitful dreams shall

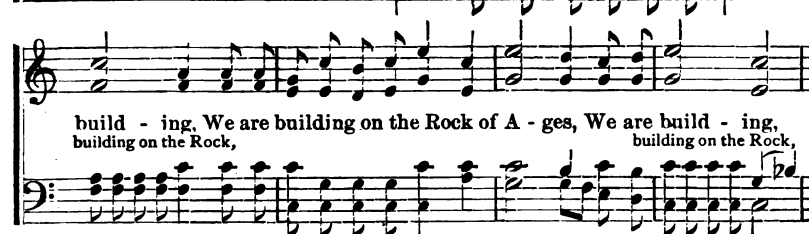


times tempestuous sea ; We are building on the Rock, the Rock of Ages, Safely
 fiercely 'round us beat ; There abiding while the tempest wildly rages, Harm can
 for our souls has laid ; There alone is found the fortress of salvation, There a -
 earthly things be past ; Building firmly for the future life super - nal On the

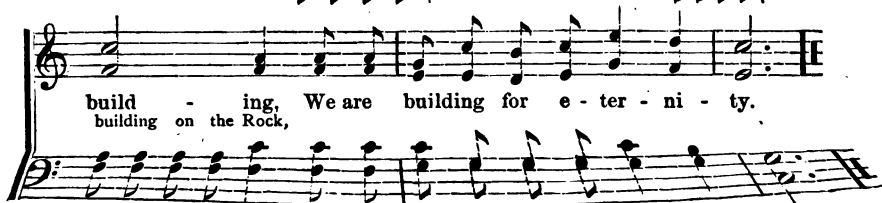
REFRAIN.



building for e - ter - ni - ty. We are build - ing
 nev - er reach this calm re - treat.
 lone may ev - 'ry hope be staid.
 Rock that shall for - ev - er last. building on the Rock,



build - ing, We are building on the Rock of A - ges, We are build - ing,
 building on the Rock, building on the Rock,

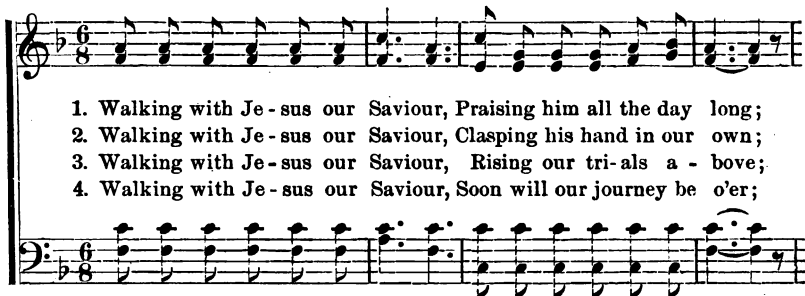


build - ing, We are building for e - ter - ni - ty.
 building on the Rock,

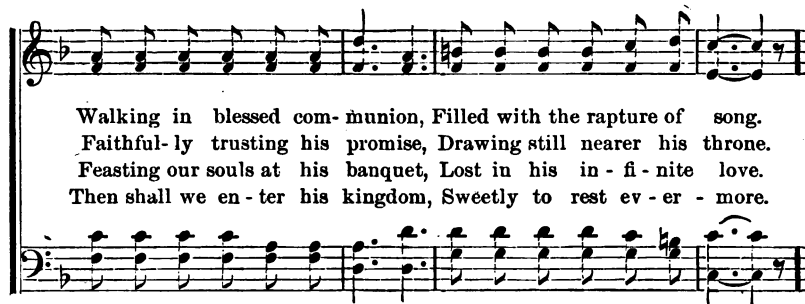
All the Day Long.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

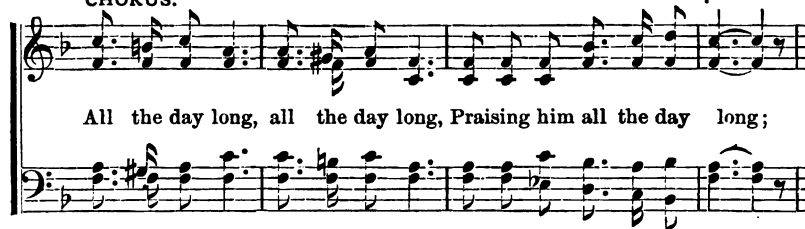


1. Walking with Je-sus our Saviour, Praising him all the day long;
 2. Walking with Je-sus our Saviour, Clasp ing his hand in our own;
 3. Walking with Je-sus our Saviour, Rising our tri-als a - bove;
 4. Walking with Je-sus our Saviour, Soon will our journey be o'er;

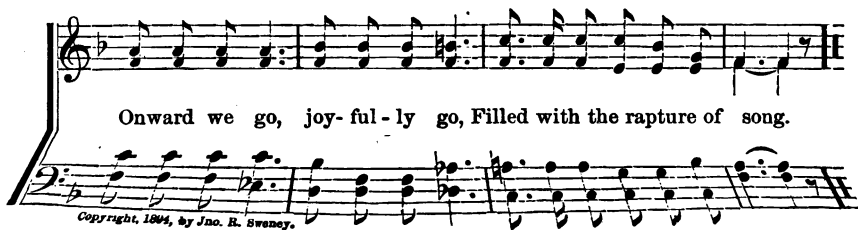


Walking in blessed com-munion, Filled with the rapture of song.
 Faithful-ly trusting his promise, Drawing still nearer his throne.
 Feasting our souls at his banquet, Lost in his in-fi-nite love.
 Then shall we en-ter his kingdom, Sweetly to rest ev-er - more.

CHORUS.



All the day long, all the day long, Praising him all the day long;



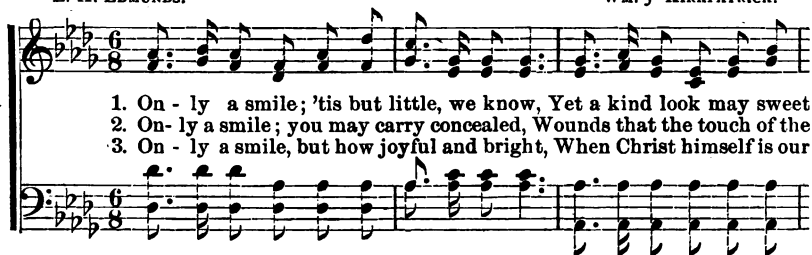
Onward we go, joy-ful-ly go, Filled with the rapture of song.

Like a Bright Sunbeam.

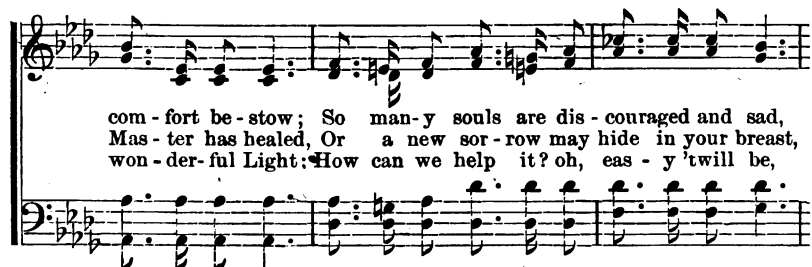
69

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

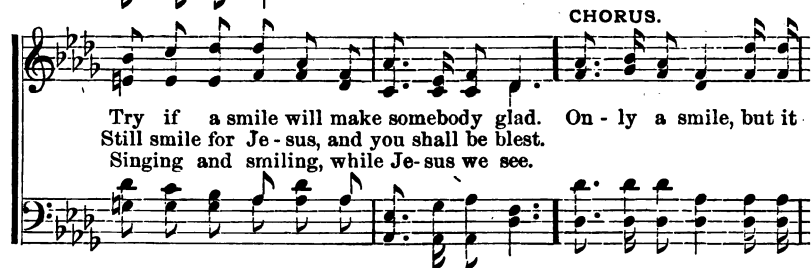


1. On - ly a smile; 'tis but little, we know, Yet a kind look may sweet
 2. On - ly a smile; you may carry concealed, Wounds that the touch of the
 3. On - ly a smile, but how joyful and bright, When Christ himself is our

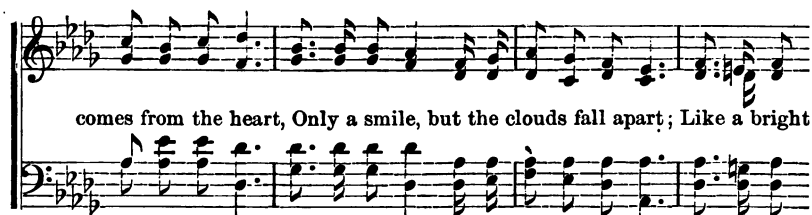


com - fort be - stow; So man - y souls are dis - couraged and sad,
 Mas - ter has healed, Or a new sor - row may hide in your breast,
 won - der - ful Light; How can we help it? oh, eas - y 'twill be,

CHORUS.



Try if a smile will make somebody glad. On - ly a smile, but it
 Still smile for Je - sus, and you shall be blest.
 Singing and smiling, while Je - sus we see.



comes from the heart, Only a smile, but the clouds fall apart; Like a bright

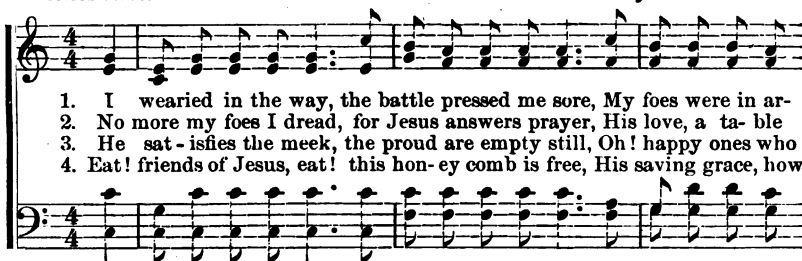


sunbeam of heaven - ly gold, Winning a soul to the Shepherd's own fold.

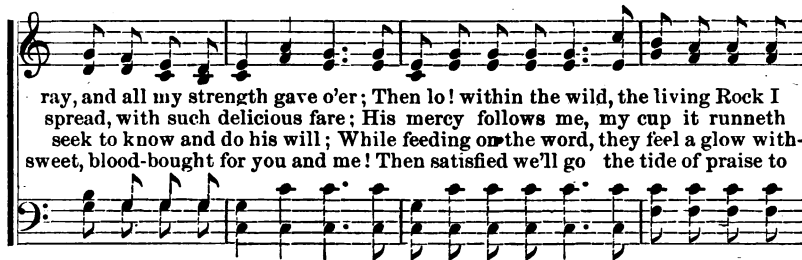
Honey From the Rock.

ABBIE MILLS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

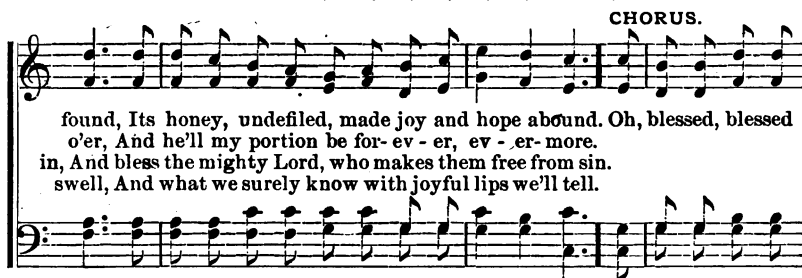


1. I wearied in the way, the battle pressed me sore, My foes were in ar-
 2. No more my foes I dread, for Jesus answers prayer, His love, a ta-ble
 3. He sat - is - fies the meek, the proud are empty still, Oh! happy ones who
 4. Eat! friends of Jesus, eat! this hon-ey comb is free, His saving grace, how

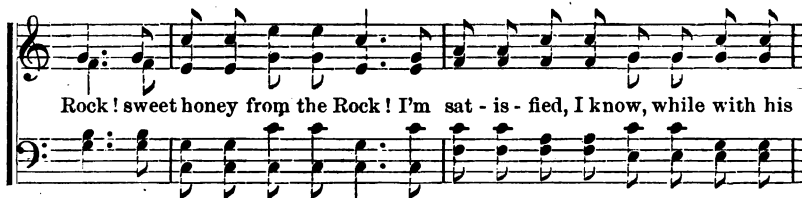


ray, and all my strength gave o'er; Then lo! within the wild, the living Rock I
 spread, with such delicious fare; His mercy follows me, my cup it runneth
 seek to know and do his will; While feeding on the word, they feel a glow with-
 sweet, blood-bought for you and me! Then satisfied we'll go the tide of praise to

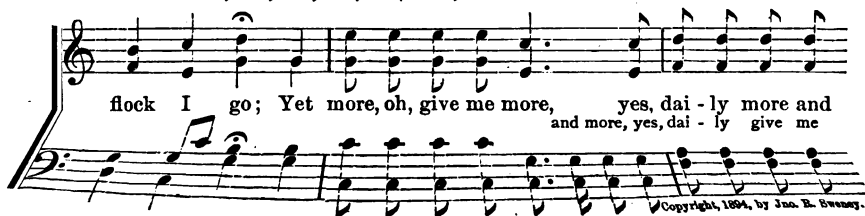
CHORUS.



found, Its honey, undefiled, made joy and hope abound. Oh, blessed, blessed
 o'er, And he'll my portion be for- ev - er, ev - er - more.
 in, And bless the mighty Lord, who makes them free from sin.
 swell, And what we surely know with joyful lips we'll tell.



Rock! sweet honey from the Rock! I'm sat - is - fied, I know, while with his



flock I go; Yet more, oh, give me more, yes, dai - ly more and
 and more, yes, dai - ly give me

Money From the Rock.—CONCLUDED. 71

more, Sweet hon-ey from the Rock, the ev - er - last - ing Rock.
more and more,

I'm Saved, I Know I am.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

JNO. S. ROBSON.

1. With sin's heav-y burden my heart was oppressed, But, coming to
2. Be - holding the fountain that cleanseth from sin, I praised my Re-
3. The streams of sal - va - tion a - bundant-ly roll, And light ev - er-
4. Re-joic - ing in Je - sus, I'll sing by the way, He cleanseth, he

CHORUS.

Je - sus, he gave me sweet rest. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Halle-
deem - er, and free - ly stepped in.
last - ing hath entered my soul.
saves me, he keeps me to - day.

lu - jah to the Lamb, My sins are all forgiv - en, I'm saved, I know I am.

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

5 Oh, that all the world my Redeemer
might know,
And wash in the fountain that mak-
eth like snow!

6 Dear friend, come to Jesus, and find
in his love
A foretaste, sweet foretaste of glory
above.

Rest, Quiet Rest.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On - ly a look from my Sav - iour, On - ly a clasp of his hand,
 2. On - ly a look from my Sav - iour, When I am laden with care,
 3. On - ly a look from my Sav - iour, On - ly a sense of his love,

On - ly to watch for his bid - ding, On - ly to wait his command;
 On - ly a message of mer - cy, Whispered in an - swer to prayer;
 Drawing me near - er and near - er, Home to his kingdom a - bove;

On - ly to fol - low him ev - er, Aid - ing the poor and oppressed,
 On - ly to gath - er the wea - ry In - to the fold of the blest,
 On - ly to work for his glo - ry, Faith - ful - ly do - ing my best,

Af - ter the lab - or is end - ed, Shall come qui - et rest.

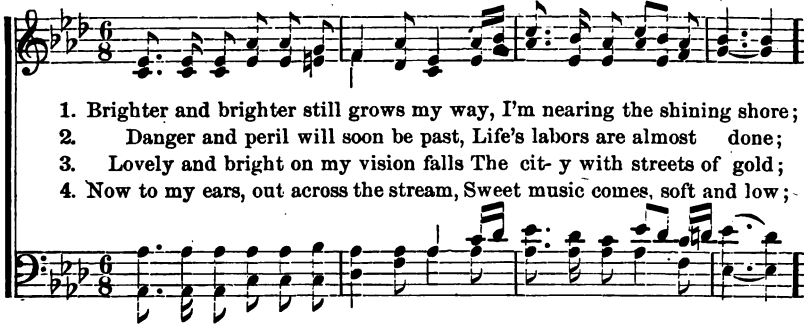
Almost Home.

73

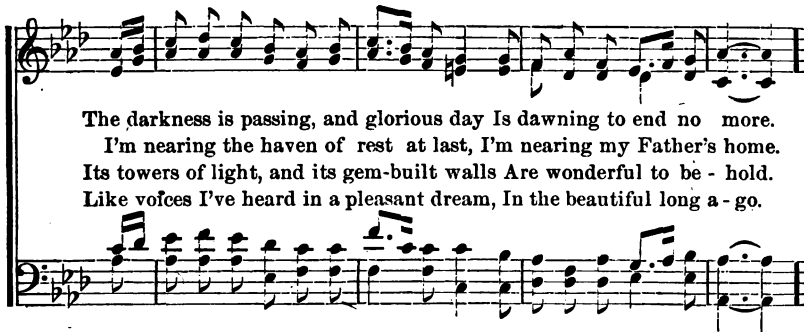
"And will come home at the day appointed."—Prov. vii : 20.

Mrs. M. A. CATO.

Mrs. WILLIAM V. BAKER.



1. Brighter and brighter still grows my way, I'm nearing the shining shore;
2. Danger and peril will soon be past, Life's labors are almost done;
3. Lovely and bright on my vision falls The city with streets of gold;
4. Now to my ears, out across the stream, Sweet music comes, soft and low;



The darkness is passing, and glorious day Is dawning to end no more.
 I'm nearing the haven of rest at last, I'm nearing my Father's home.
 Its towers of light, and its gem-built walls Are wonderful to behold.
 Like voices I've heard in a pleasant dream, In the beautiful long ago.

CHORUS.



In snowy garments the loved ones stand, And sweetly beckon me o'er;



Oh, soon shall I rest on the golden strand, Where sorrow can come no more.

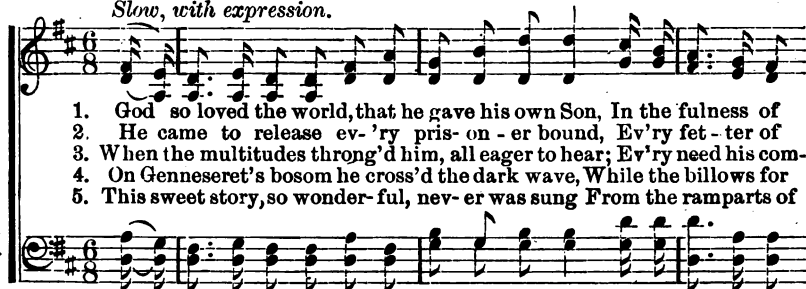
74 The Story of Wonderful Love.

H. L. GILMOUR.

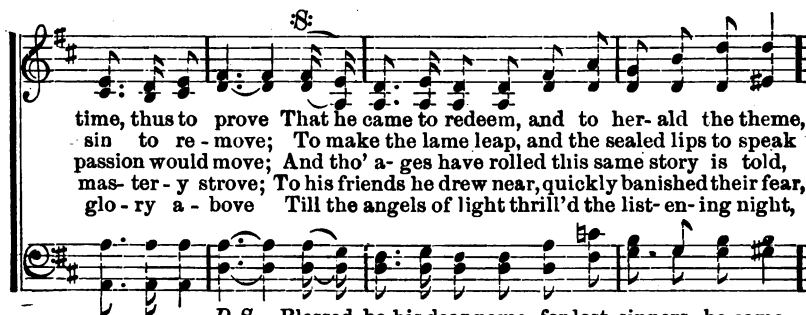
John 3: 16.

Arr. by H. L. G.

Slow, with expression.



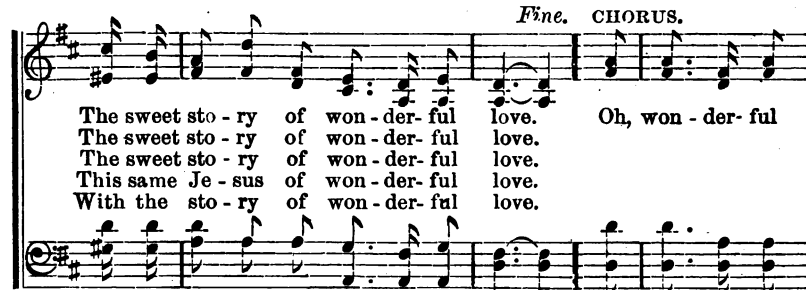
1. God so loved the world, that he gave his own Son, In the fulness of
2. He came to release ev-'ry pris-on - er bound, Ev'ry fet - ter of
3. When the multitudes throng'd him, all eager to hear; Ev'ry need his com-
4. On Genneseret's bosom he cross'd the dark wave, While the billows for
5. This sweet story, so wonder-ful, nev-er was sung From the ramparts of



time, thus to prove That he came to redeem, and to her-ald the theme,
sin to re - move; To make the lame leap, and the sealed lips to speak
passion would move; And tho' a - ges have rolled this same story is told,
mas - ter - y strove; To his friends he drew near, quickly banished their fear,
glo - ry a - bove Till the angels of light thrill'd the list-en-ing night,

D.S.—Blessed be his dear name, for lost sinners he came,

Fine. CHORUS.



The sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love. Oh, won - der - ful
The sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love.
The sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love.
This same Je - sus of won - der - ful love.
With the sto - ry of won - der - ful love.

With the sto - ry of won - der - ful love.

D.S.



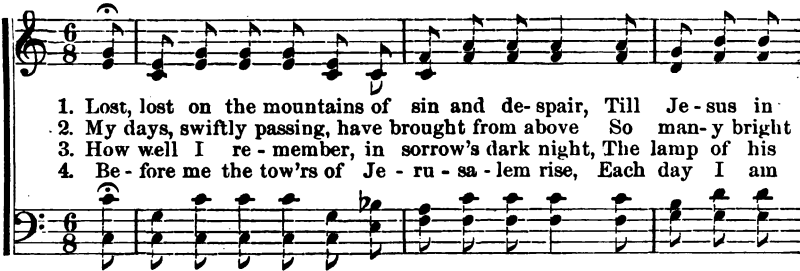
love! such won - der - ful love! Far surpassing our thoughts to conceive;

Shall I Turn Back?

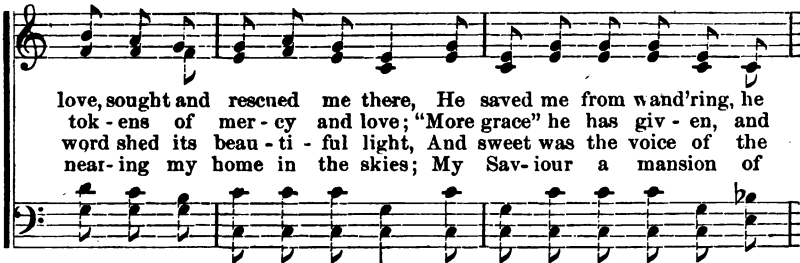
75

E. E. Hewitt.

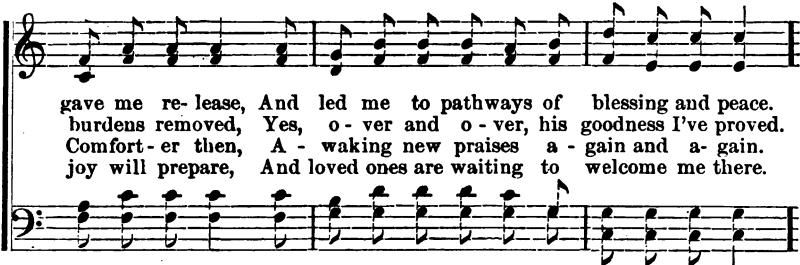
Arr. by J. J. H.



1. Lost, lost on the mountains of sin and de-spair, Till Je-sus in-
 2. My days, swiftly passing, have brought from above So man-y bright
 3. How well I re-mem-ber, in sorrow's dark night, The lamp of his
 4. Be-fore me the tow'rs of Je - ru - sa - lem rise, Each day I am

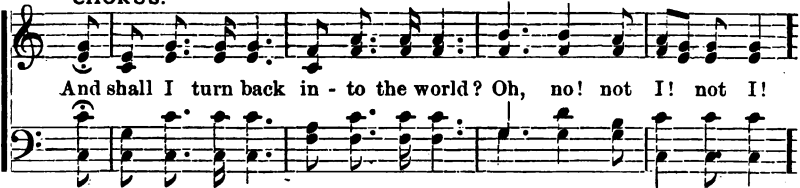


love, sought and rescued me there, He saved me from wand'ring, he
 tok - ens of mer - cy and love; "More grace" he has giv - en, and
 word shed its beau - ti - ful light, And sweet was the voice of the
 near-ing my home in the skies; My Sav-iour a mansion of

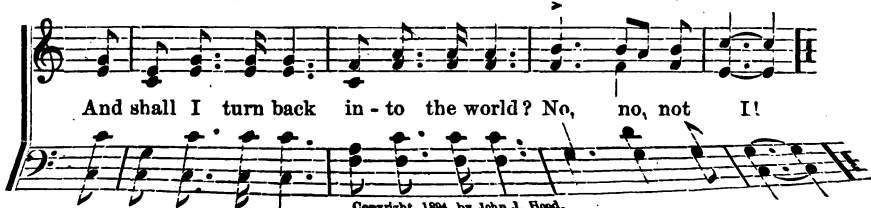


gave me re-lease, And led me to pathways of blessing and peace.
 burdens removed, Yes, o - ver and o - ver, his goodness I've proved.
 Comfort-er then, A - waking new praises a - gain and a - gain.
 joy will prepare, And loved ones are waiting to welcome me there.

CHORUS.



And shall I turn back in - to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I!



And shall I turn back in - to the world? No, no, not I!

Well Done.

Dr. I. L. MITCHELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Precious jewels God has giv-en us to keep, Gems of glo-ry for that
 2. Do we know a fall-en brother an-ywhere? Then to us the Master
 3. From the byways and the highways comes the cry, "Tell, oh, tell us of this
 4. Are we do-ing all we can to save the lost? Are we taking them to

kingdom o'er the way; If we love him we must feed his wand'ring sheep,
 points a du-ty clear; We may glo-ri-fy the crown we soon shall wear,
 Je-sus and his love;" 'Tis a call from him, the risen Lamb on high,
 Je-sus in our prayer; When we see a sinking brother tempest-tossed,

CHORUS.
 For he watches o-ver us from day to day. [done,"
 If we lift him up, his fainting heart to cheer. } Then the Master's words—"well
 Bidding us to point the souls of men above. } And we know there waits a crown,
 We can make the burden light for him to bear.

1st.
 Like the brightness of the sun, Will our hearts with joyous music set a-
 When we lay our armor down; . . . hearts with

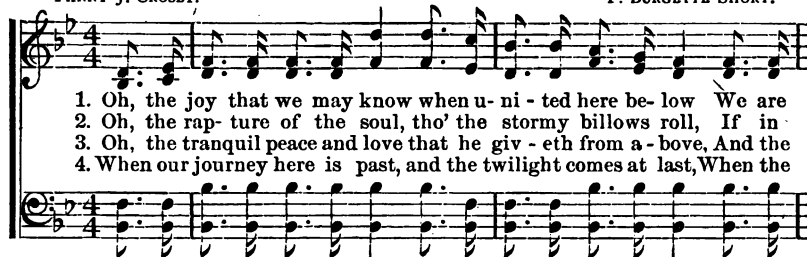
2d.
 glow;
 mu-sic set aglow; Where the Saviour waits his blessings to bestow. . . .
 waits his blessings to bestow.

The Happy Song.

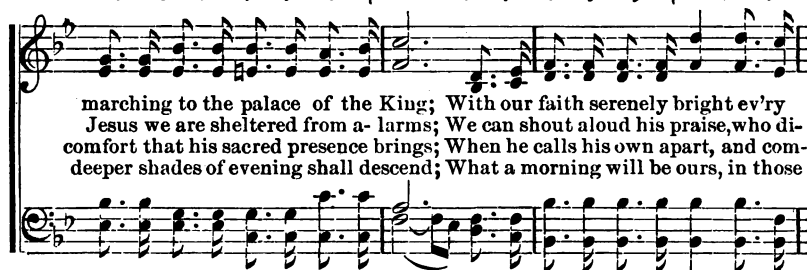
77

FANNY J. CROSBY.

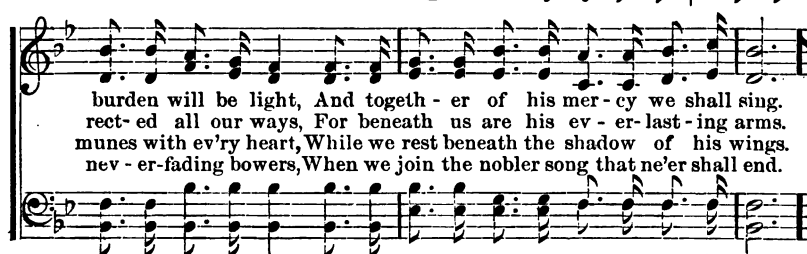
F. BURGETTE SHORT.



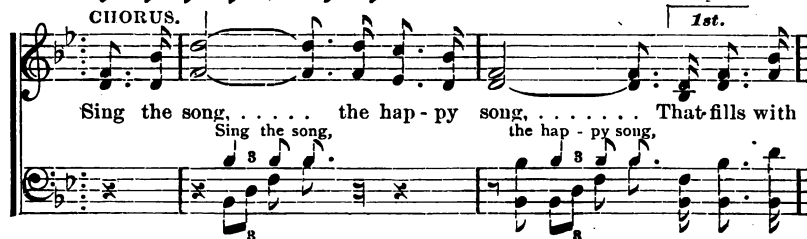
1. Oh, the joy that we may know when u-ni-ted here be-low We are
 2. Oh, the rap-ture of the soul, tho' the stormy billows roll, If in
 3. Oh, the tranquil peace and love that he giv-eth from a-bove, And the
 4. When our journey here is past, and the twilight comes at last, When the



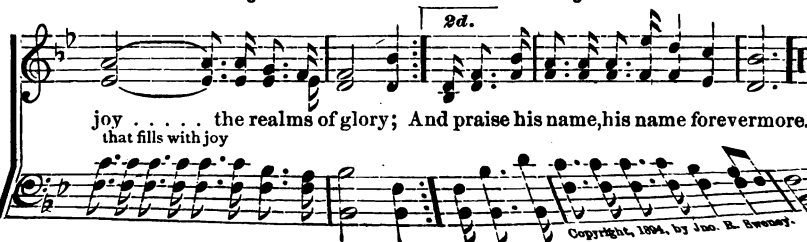
marching to the palace of the King; With our faith serenely bright ev'ry
 Jesus we are sheltered from a-larms; We can shout aloud his praise, who di-
 comfort that his sacred presence brings; When he calls his own apart, and com-
 deeper shades of evening shall descend; What a morning will be ours, in those



burden will be light, And togeth-er of his mer-cy we shall sing.
 rect-ed all our ways, For beneath us are his ev-er-last-ing arms.
 munes with ev'ry heart, While we rest beneath the shadow of his wings.
 nev-er-fading bowers, When we join the nobler song that ne'er shall end.



CHORUS. 1st.
 Sing the song, the hap-py song, That fills with
 Sing the song, the hap-py song,
 3 8



2d.
 joy the realms of glory; And praise his name, his name forevermore.
 that fills with joy

Gathering out of Tears.

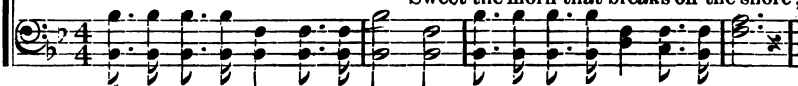
FANNY J. CROSBY

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



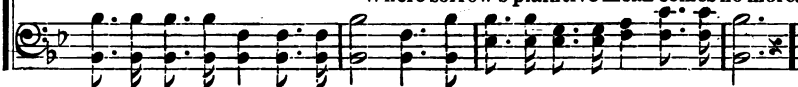
1. Steer our bark away to the homeland, Spread the sails of hope o'er the sea;
2. Steer our bark away to the homeland, On without a fear let us go;
3. Bright and fair the hills of the homelaud, Clad in all the bloom of the spring;
4. Soft the winds that blow from the homeland,

Sweet the morn that breaks on the shore;



Think of all the friends that await us, When anchored safely there we shall be.
 When the port of peace we are nearing, The blessed harbor lights we shall know.
 There to him who loved and redeemed us, Our joyful, joyful praise we will sing.
 Soon we'll meet again our beloved ones,

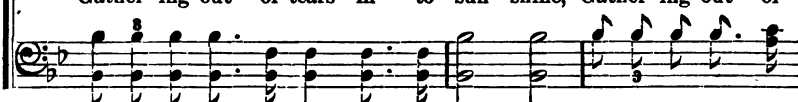
Where sorrow's plaintive moan comes no more.



CHORUS.

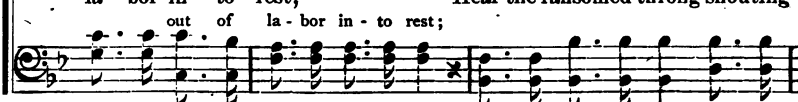


Gather-ing out of tears in - to sun - shine, Gather-ing out of



la - bor in - to rest;

Hear the ransomed throng shouting

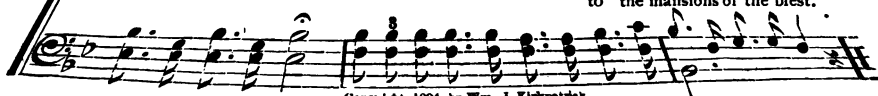


out of la - bor in - to rest;



forth their joy in song, Gathering to the mansions of the blest.

to the mansions of the blest.



Calling You Home.

79

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sinner, O why do you heedless-ly stray, Farther and farther from
 2. Out in the desert so lonely and drear, While you've been wand'ring for
 3. Though you have always been wayward and wild, Your loving Father still
 4. Though in- to sin you have wandered afar, Though on your heart there is

heav- en a- way? O hear the voice of the Sav- iour to- day,
 man- y a year, Je- sus has ev- er been lov- ing- ly near,
 calls you his child; Now is the Sav- iour, in tones sweet and mild,
 man- y a scar; Je- sus is call- ing you, just as you are,

CHORUS.
 Tender-ly calling you home. Calling you home, sinner, calling you home;

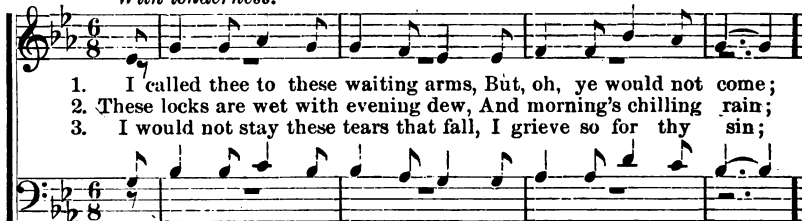
Je- sus the Saviour is call- ing you home; Come and abide with him,

nev- er to roam, Je- sus is ten- der- ly call- ing you home.

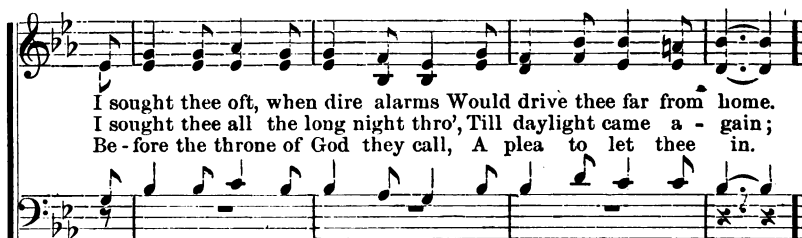
Ye Would Not Come.

"How often would I have gathered thee . . . but ye would not."—Matt. xxiii : 37.
T. S. Mrs. TINA SPENCER.

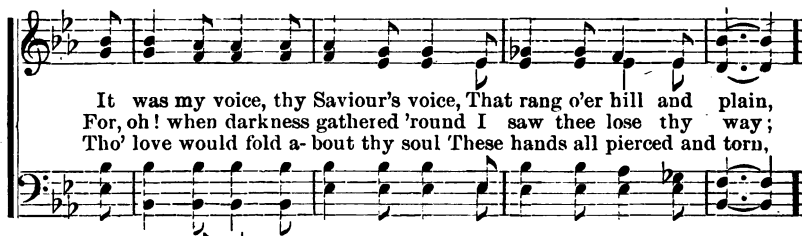
With tenderness.



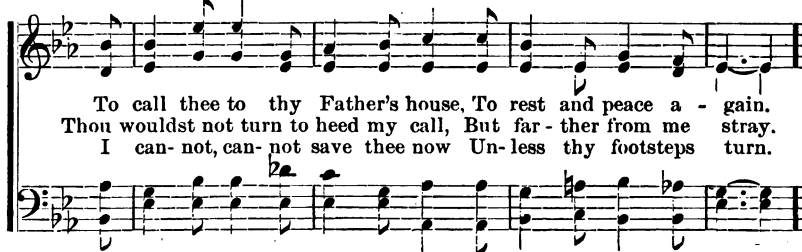
1. I called thee to these waiting arms, But, oh, ye would not come;
2. These locks are wet with evening dew, And morning's chilling rain;
3. I would not stay these tears that fall, I grieve so for thy sin;



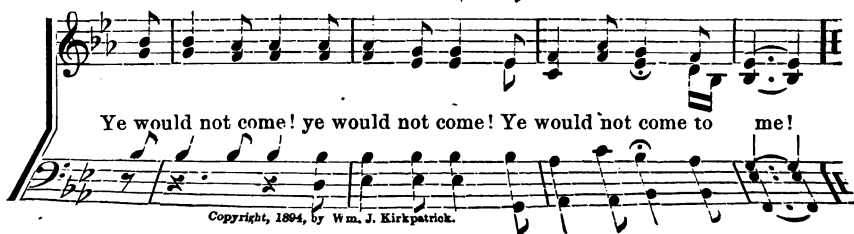
I sought thee oft, when dire alarms Would drive thee far from home.
I sought thee all the long night thro', Till daylight came a - gain;
Be - fore the throne of God they call, A plea to let thee in.



It was my voice, thy Saviour's voice, That rang o'er hill and plain,
For, oh! when darkness gathered 'round I saw thee lose thy way;
Tho' love would fold a - bout thy soul These hands all pierced and torn,



To call thee to thy Father's house, To rest and peace a - gain.
Thou wouldst not turn to heed my call, But far - ther from me stray.
I can - not, can - not save thee now Un - less thy footsteps turn.



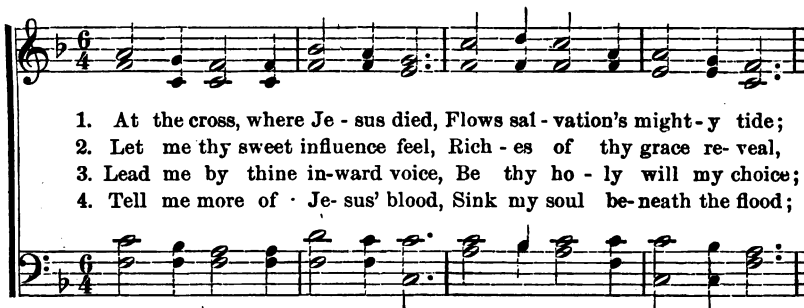
Ye would not come! ye would not come! Ye would not come to me!

Cleanse Me Now.

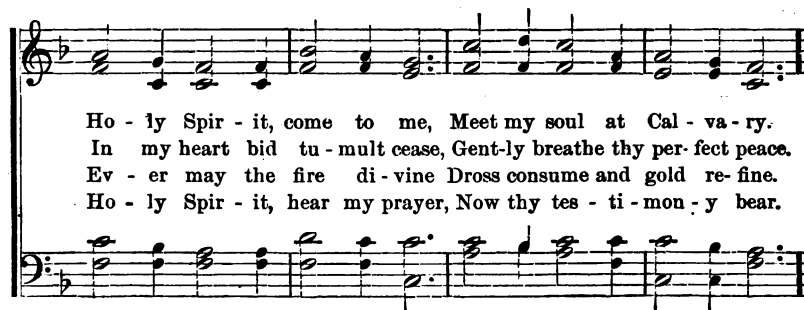
81

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

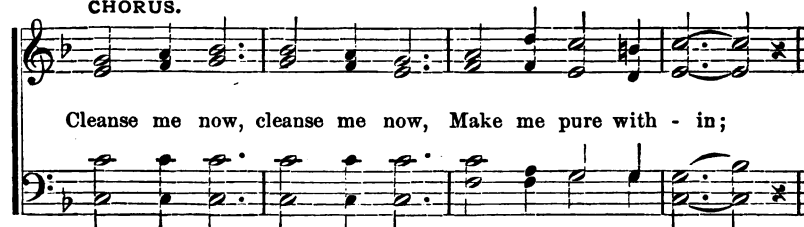


1. At the cross, where Je - sus died, Flows sal - vation's might - y tide;
 2. Let me thy sweet influence feel, Rich - es of thy grace re - veal,
 3. Lead me by thine in - ward voice, Be thy ho - ly will my choice;
 4. Tell me more of Je - sus' blood, Sink my soul be - neath the flood;

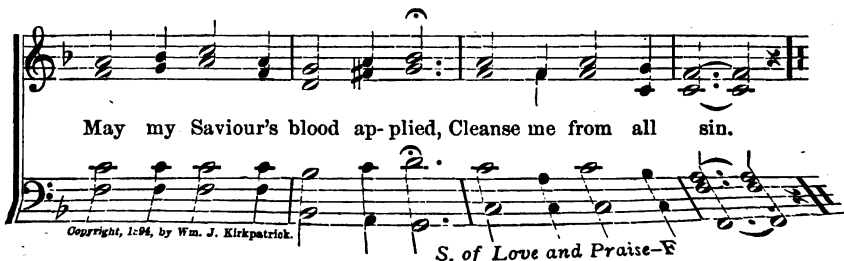


Ho - ly Spir - it, come to me, Meet my soul at Cal - va - ry.
 In my heart bid tu - mult cease, Gent - ly breathe thy per - fect peace.
 Ev - er may the fire di - vine Dross consume and gold re - fine.
 Ho - ly Spir - it, hear my prayer, Now thy tes - ti - mon - y bear.

CHORUS.



Cleanse me now, cleanse me now, Make me pure with - in;



May my Saviour's blood ap - plied, Cleanse me from all sin.


Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

S. of Love and Praise-F

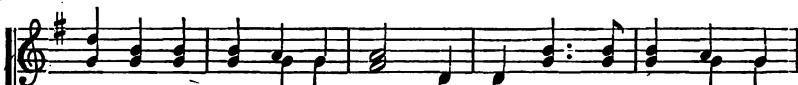
Come Now to Jesus.

H. L. GILMOUR.


E. S. U. Arr. by H. L. G.



1. Comenow to Je-sus, He's pres-ent to bless, Still off-'ring sal-
 2. Comenow to Je-sus, for still there is room, The Spir-it in-
 3. Comenow to Je-sus, His prom-ise still claim; The wa-ters are
 4. Comenow to Je-sus, to Cal-va-ry flee, His blood is the
 5. Comenow to Je-sus, why long-er re-fuse? The terms of sal-



va-tion from sin and dis-tress; O turn not a-way from His
 vites "who-so-ev-er will come;" The rich-est—the poor-est—the
 trou-bled, O now en-ter in, By faith ven-ture in—to the
 ran-som, He paid on the tree, The mock-ing, the scour-ing, and
 va-tion, O do not a-buse; Be-lieve, and re-ceive Him, why



love, full and free, But come now to Je-sus, He's waiting for thee.
 free-man—the slave, He came thro' the man-ger, to seek and to save,
 sin-cleansing flood, O, come now to Je-sus, get un-der the blood.
 cru-el in-sult, He bore for the sin-ner, to save him from guilt.
 lin-ger and wait? Re-ject not His mer-cy, un-til 'tis too late.

CHORUS.



Come now to Je-sus, Comenow to Je-sus, Mer-cy is of-fered so free,



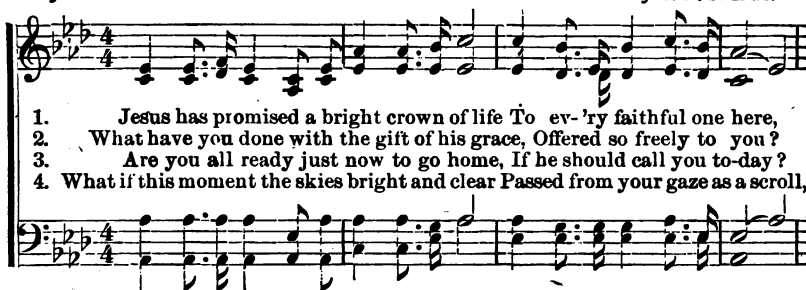
Come now to Je-sus, Comenow to Je-sus, Cal-vary's flowing for thee.

Oh, are You Ready Now?

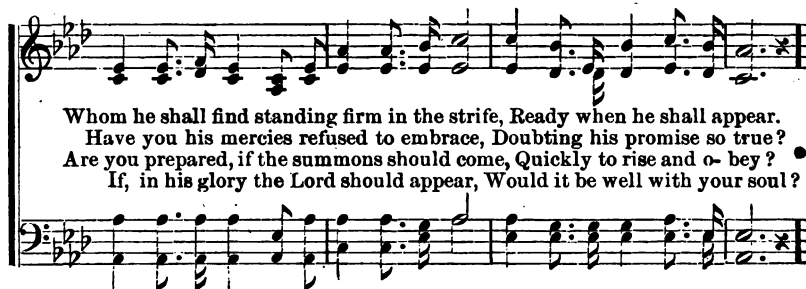
83

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

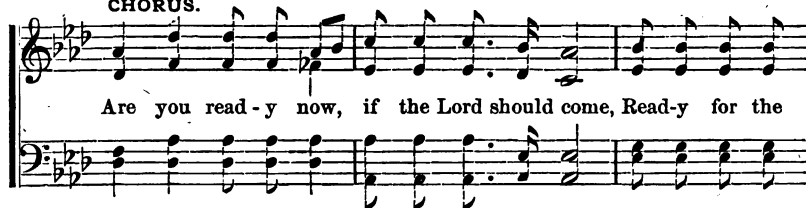


1. Jesus has promised a bright crown of life To ev-'ry faithful one here,
2. What have you done with the gift of his grace, Offered so freely to you?
3. Are you all ready just now to go home, If he should call you to-day?
4. What if this moment the skies bright and clear Passed from your gaze as a scroll,

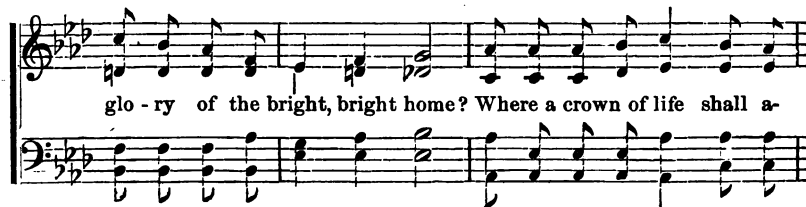


Whom he shall find standing firm in the strife, Ready when he shall appear.
Have you his mercies refused to embrace, Doubting his promise so true?
Are you prepared, if the summons should come, Quickly to rise and o- bey?
If, in his glory the Lord should appear, Would it be well with your soul?

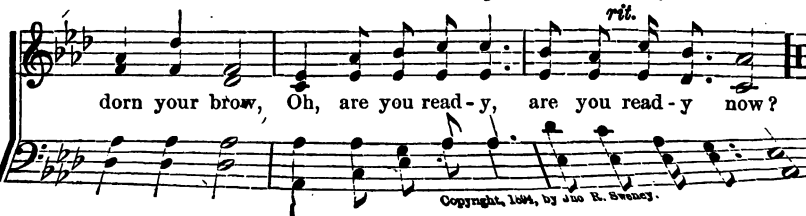
CHORUS.



Are you read - y now, if the Lord should come, Read - y for the



glo - ry of the bright, bright home? Where a crown of life shall a-

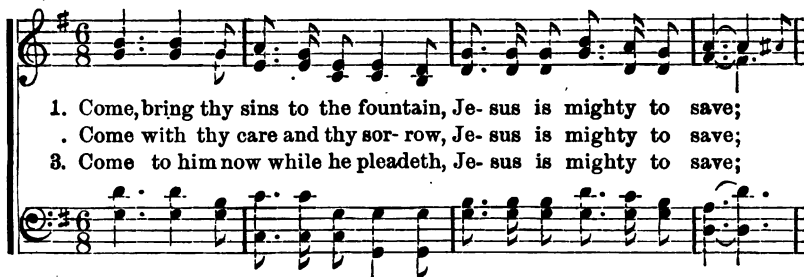


dorn your brow, Oh, are you read - y, are you read - y now?

84 Bring thy Sins to the Fountain.

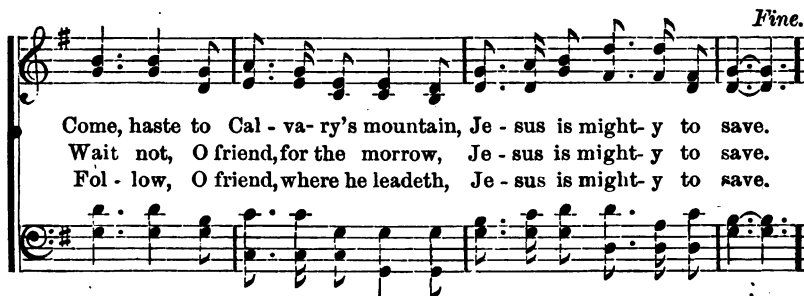
IDA L. REED.

H. L. GILMOUR.

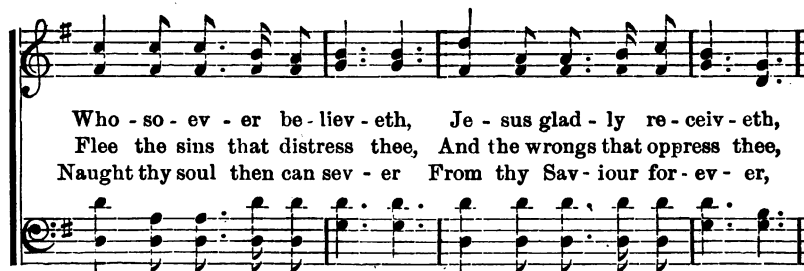


1. Come, bring thy sins to the fountain, Je - sus is mighty to save;
 . Come with thy care and thy sor - row, Je - sus is mighty to save;
 3. Come to him now while he pleadeth, Je - sus is mighty to save;

Fine.



Come, haste to Cal - va - ry's mountain, Je - sus is might - y to save.
 Wait not, O friend, for the morrow, Je - sus is might - y to save.
 Fol - low, O friend, where he leadeth, Je - sus is might - y to save.



Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth, Je - sus glad - ly re - ceiv - eth,
 Flee the sins that distress thee, And the wrongs that oppress thee,
 Naught thy soul then can sev - er From thy Sav - iour for - ev - er,

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.



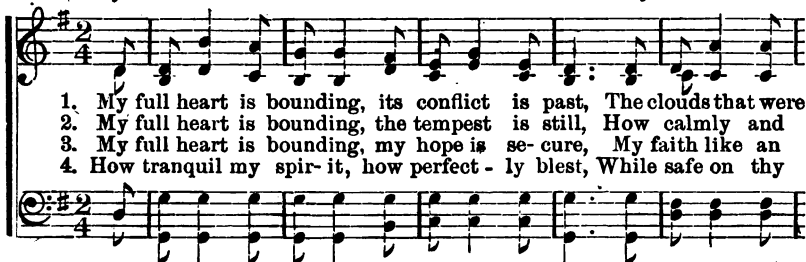
All his woe he re - liev - eth, Je - sus is might - y to save.
 He is wait - ing to bless thee, Je - sus is might - y to save.
 He'll for - sake thee, oh, nev - er, Je - sus is might - y to save.

So Precious to Me.

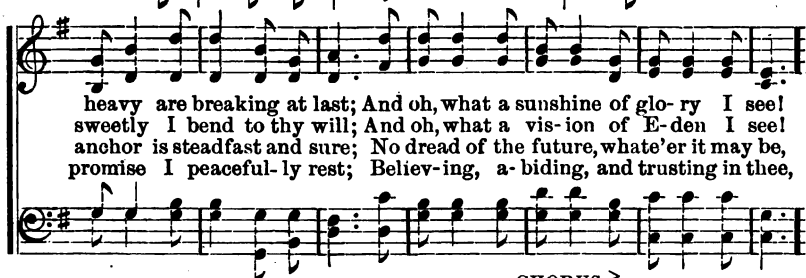
85

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

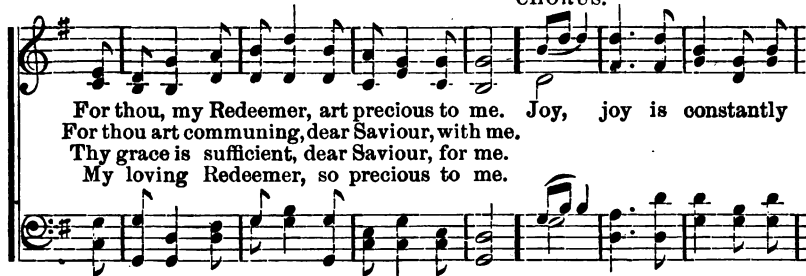


1. My full heart is bounding, its conflict is past, The clouds that were
 2. My full heart is bounding, the tempest is still, How calmly and
 3. My full heart is bounding, my hope is se- cure, My faith like an
 4. How tranquil my spir- it, how perfect - ly blest, While safe on thy

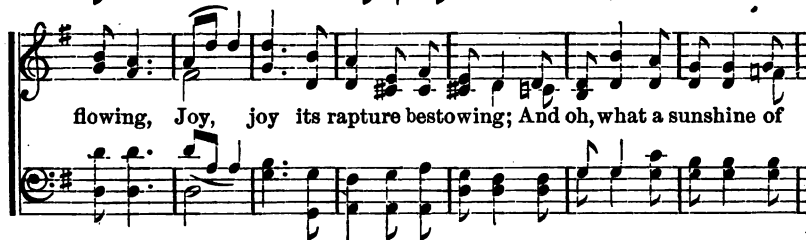


heavy are breaking at last; And oh, what a sunshine of glo- ry I see!
 sweetly I bend to thy will; And oh, what a vis- ion of E- den I see!
 anchor is steadfast and sure; No dread of the future, whate'er it may be,
 promise I peaceful- ly rest; Believ- ing, a- biding, and trusting in thee,

CHORUS.>



For thou, my Redeemer, art precious to me. Joy, joy is constantly
 For thou art communing, dear Saviour, with me.
 Thy grace is sufficient, dear Saviour, for me.
 My loving Redeemer, so precious to me.



flowing, Joy, joy its rapture bestowing; And oh, what a sunshine of



poco ritard.
 glo- ry I see! My lov- ing Re- deemer, so precious to me.

Just Lean upon Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just lean up-on Je-sus; He'll help you a-long, And brighten your
 2. Just lean up-on Je-sus; In service perplexed, And ask him to
 3. Just lean up-on Je-sus, And bring ev-'ry care, Tho' tri-ling or
 4. Just lean up-on Je-sus, When troubles dismay; He counts ev-'ry

pathway With ma-ny a song, Glad songs of re-joic-ing, Be-
 show you The work that comes "next," Then sim-ply o-bey-ing, Re-
 heav-y, To him who hears prayer. He tells you so kind-ly In
 footstep That leads up to Day. So near "the Be-lov-ed" No

cause he is near, So might-y to save you, So will-ing to cheer.
 sults leave with him; His arm is un-fail-ing, His eye nev-er dim.
 him to con-fide, Oh, trust him most ful-ly, There's joy at his side.
 ill need af-fright; The val-ley of shadow His presence makes bright.

CHORUS.

Just lean . . . up-on Je - - sus, Dear child . . . of his care; . . .
 Just lean up-on Je-sus, Just lean upon Je-sus, Just lean upon Jesus, Dear child of his care;

Just lean . . . up-on Je - - sus, Your bur - den he'll share. . . .
 Just lean up-on Je-sus, Just lean upon Jesus, Your burden he'll share, Your burden he'll share.

He is Able to Deliver Thee.

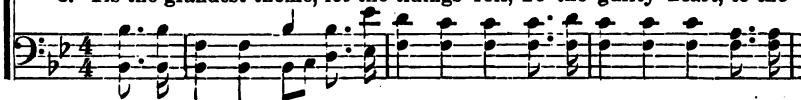
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W. A. O.

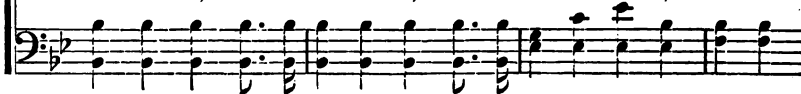
W. A. OGDEN.



1. 'Tis the grandest theme thro' the ages rung, 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main, 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings roll, To the guilty heart, to the



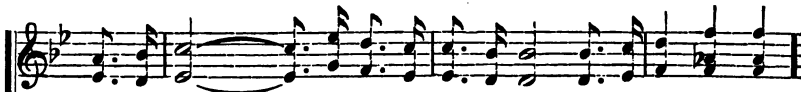
mortal tongue, 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is mortal struin, 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world again, "Our God is sin-ful soul, Look to God in faith, he will make thee whole, "Our God is



CHORUS.



a-ble to de-liv-er thee." He is a- - - - - ble to de-liv-er thee,
a-ble, he is a-ble,



He is a- - - - - ble to de-liv-er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
a-ble, he is a-ble,



Go to him for rest, Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee.



Join, ye Sons of Men.

W. S. M.

"The chiefest among ten thousand; yea, he is the altogether lovely."
Solomon's Song.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. Je - sus is the Al - togeth - er Love - ly, Yea, he is the
 2. Je - sus is the Al - togeth - er Love - ly; Sweet - er than the
 3. Je - sus is the Al - togeth - er Love - ly, O - pen now thy

fair - est of the fair; Oh, who is there in heaven a - bove be -
 hon - ey is his word: 'Tis filled with precious prom - is - es of
 heart to him a - lone, For in his death and glo - rious res - ur -

D.S.—See him on the cross for man's sal-

CHORUS.

side him, Who on earth can with my Lord compare? Join, ye sons of
 mer - cy For the soul who puts his trust in God.
 rec - tion He to us the grace of God hath shown.

va - tion, Suffering death and bearing sin and-shame.

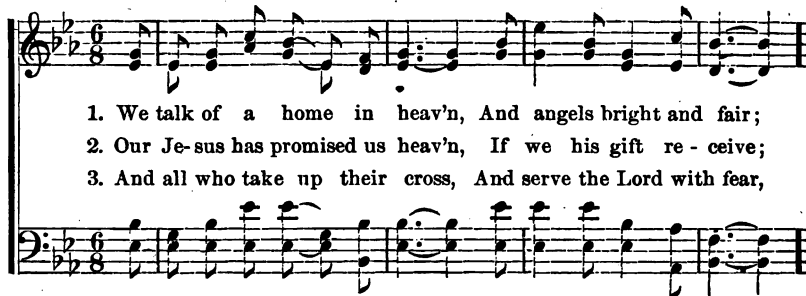
men, in a - dor - a - tion, Give to him the hon - or due his name;

Home in Heaven.

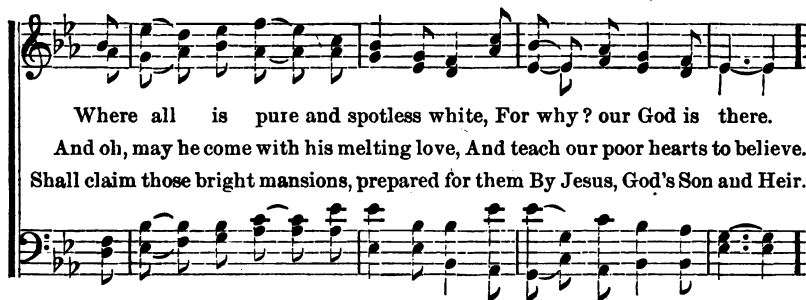
89

J. M. S.

J. M. SAWERS.

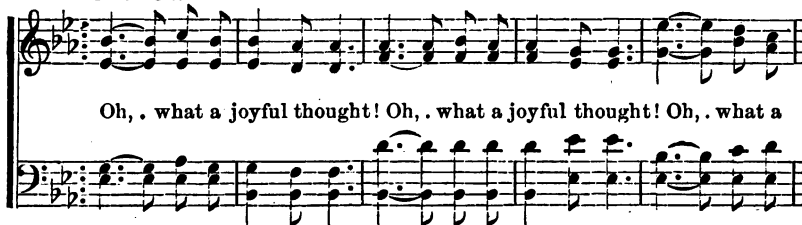


1. We talk of a home in heav'n, And angels bright and fair;
 2. Our Je-sus has promised us heav'n, If we his gift re- ceive;
 3. And all who take up their cross, And serve the Lord with fear,

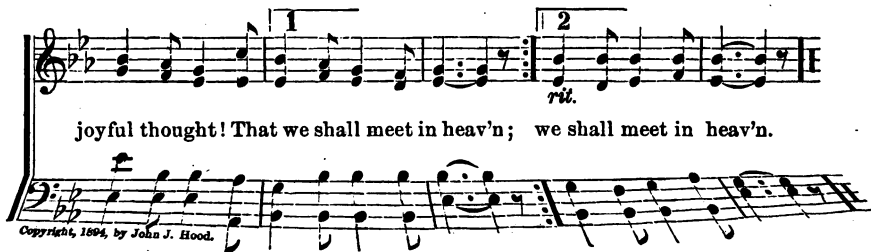


Where all is pure and spotless white, For why? our God is there.
 And oh, may he come with his melting love, And teach our poor hearts to believe.
 Shall claim those bright mansions, prepared for them By Jesus, God's Son and Heir.

CHORUS.



Oh, . what a joyful thought! Oh, . what a joyful thought! Oh, . what a



joyful thought! That we shall meet in heav'n; we shall meet in heav'n.

Copyright, 1904, by John J. Hood.

He is Mine, & am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Blessed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is he! He is
 2. Let me sing of all his mercies, of his kindness true, He is
 3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is

mine, I am his; Sweeter than the angel's music is his
 mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes a
 mine, I am his; Should I fear, when oh, so tender - ly he

D. S.—Sweeter than the angel's music is his
Fine.

voice to me, He is mine, I am his. Where the lilies fair are
 bless - ing new, He is mine, I am his! With the deep'n'g shadows
 whis - per - eth, He is mine, I am his! For the sunshine of his

voice to me, He is mine, I am his.

blooming by the waters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his
 comes a whisper, "safe - ly rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
 presence doth illumine the night, And he leads me thro' the valley to the

strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,
 thee mo - lest; I will linger till the morning, keeper, friend and guest,
 mountain height; Out of bondage in - to freedom, in - to cloudless light,

He is Mine, & am His.—CONCLUDED. 91

CHORUS.

He is mine, I am his. Lil - y of the valley, Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

He is mine! Lil - y of the val - ley, I am his! Hal - le - lu - jah, he is mine! Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

D.S.

My Bark is Safe.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My frag - ile bark no more is tossed By ev - 'ry wind that blows;
2. Although the waves like mountains rise, He'll guide my bark with care,
3. Through seas of con - flict, sin, and doubt, He is my faithful Guide;
4. Then let the storm - y billows roll, And might - y tempest come;

While Christ commands I'll not be lost, The reefs and rocks he knows.
To where the peaceful hav - en lies, I'll cast my an - chor there.
My bark that once was tossed a - bout, Rides safe - ly o'er the tide.
I shall be safe, my trusting soul Will reach the heavenly home.

Fine.

D.S.—Je - sus for my faithful guide, I'll reach my heavenly home.

CHORUS.

My bark is safe, my bark is safe, The waves around may foam; With

The Latch of Father's Door.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. On-ly a fond old fath-er, Facing the window pane; Peering with
 2. On-ly a fath-er weep-ing, Weeping as o'er the dead, Seeing no
 3. On-ly a rest-ful homestead Waits the returning one; On-ly a

anxious long-ing In-to the dark and rain: On-ly the weary wand'rer,
 form approaching, Hearing no manly tread; Only a trembling wand'rer,
 heav'nly Fath-er Welcomes a long lost son; On-ly a wea-ry sin-ner,

Home from a foreign shore, Waiting outside, and fears to lift The latch of his
 Longing for home once more; Weary and worn, too faint to lift The latch of his
 Broken in heart, and sore, Almost per-suad-ed now to lift The latch of his

CHORUS.

father's door. Lift now the latch, my boy, my boy, And wait outside no more;

There's love and rest for thee, my boy, With-in thy fath-er's door.

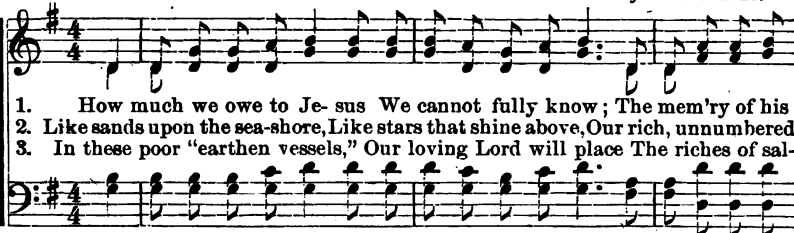
How Much we Owe to Jesus.

93

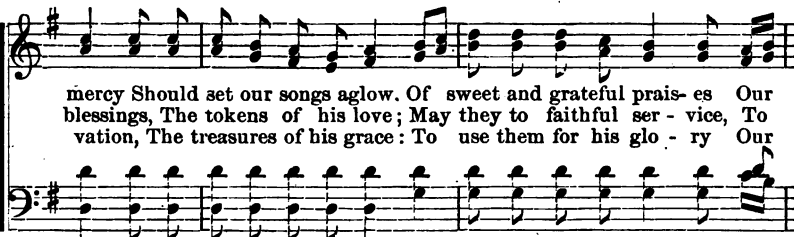
"For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required."—Luke xii : 48.

E. E. HEWITT.

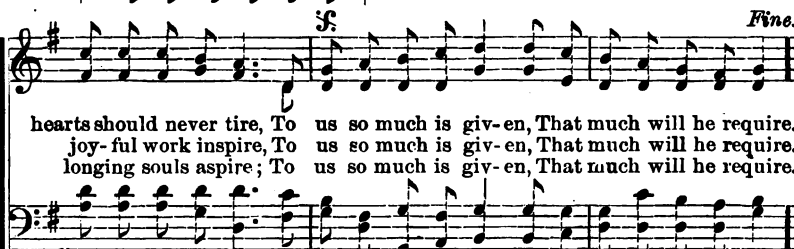
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. How much we owe to Je - sus We cannot fully know ; The mem'ry of his
 2. Like sands upon the sea-shore, Like stars that shine above, Our rich, unnumbered
 3. In these poor "earthen vessels," Our loving Lord will place The riches of sal-



mercy Should set our songs aglow. Of sweet and grateful prais- es Our
 blessings, The tokens of his love ; May they to faithful ser - vice, To
 vation, The treasures of his grace : To use them for his glo - ry Our



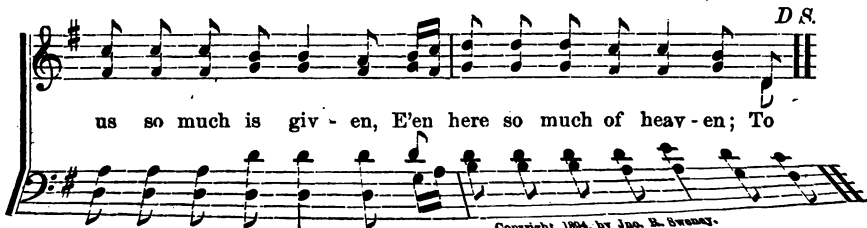
hearts should never tire, To us so much is giv-en, That much will he require.
 joy-ful work inspire, To us so much is giv-en, That much will he require.
 longing souls aspire ; To us so much is giv-en, That much will he require.

D. S.—us so much is giv-en, That much will he require.

CHORUS.



To live, to work for Je - sus, Be this our chief de - sire ; To



us so much is giv - en, E'en here so much of heav-en ; To

94 Why not Come at Once to Jesus?

E. E. HEWITT.

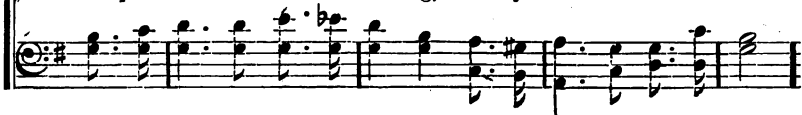
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Why not come at once to Je - sus, While you hear his gen - tle voice?
2. You have heard salvation's sto - ry, Know he bled and died for you;
3. Like the blind man, cry for mer - cy, Finding ev - er - lasting day;
4. Oh, how precious is this Saviour! Listen while we tell his grace;



While he lin - gers, still en - treating, Why not make the bet - ter choice?
Will you spurn his ten - der of - fer, Turn a - way from love so true?
In the stream that flows from calv'ry He will wash your sins a - way:
Then press in to share his blessing, Sweetly rest in his embrace.



CHORUS.



Why not come at once to Je - sus? Why not come this ver - y hour?



While he's waiting to be gracious, Prove his might - y, sav - ing power.

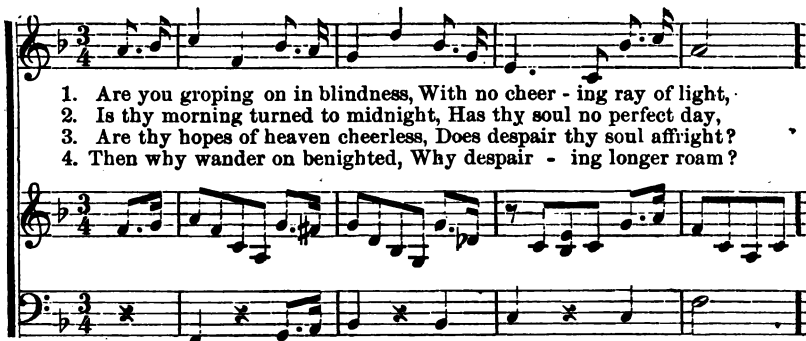


We will Guide Thee.

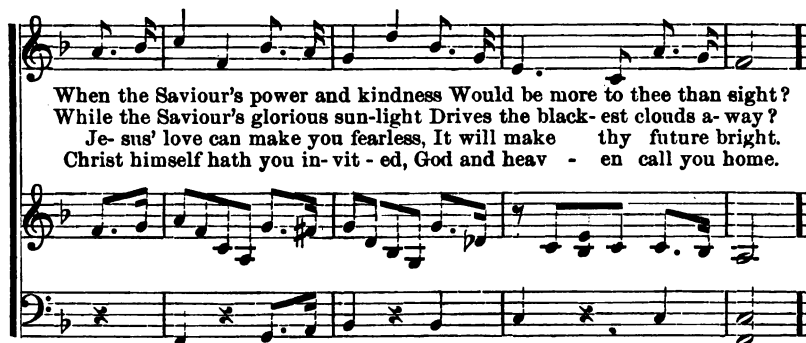
95

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

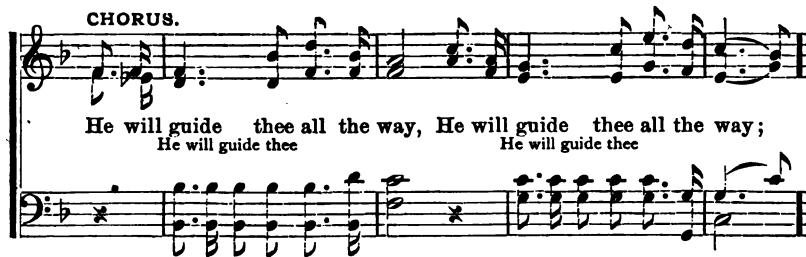


1. Are you groping on in blindness, With no cheer - ing ray of light,
 2. Is thy morning turned to midnight, Has thy soul no perfect day,
 3. Are thy hopes of heaven cheerless, Does despair thy soul affright?
 4. Then why wander on benighted, Why despair - ing longer roam?

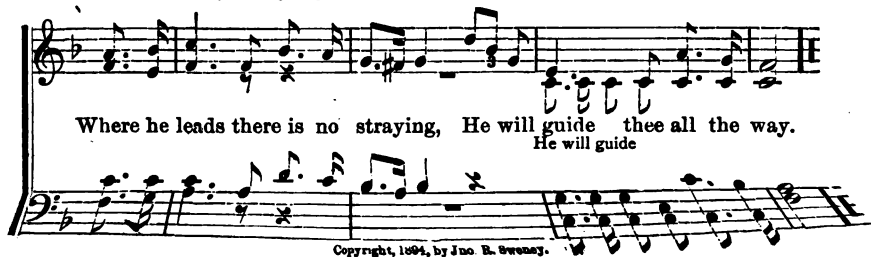


When the Saviour's power and kindness Would be more to thee than sight?
 While the Saviour's glorious sun-light Drives the black-est clouds a-way?
 Je- sus' love can make you fearless, It will make thy future bright.
 Christ himself hath you in- vit - ed, God and heav - en call you home.

CHORUS.



He will guide thee all the way, He will guide thee all the way;
 He will guide thee He will guide thee

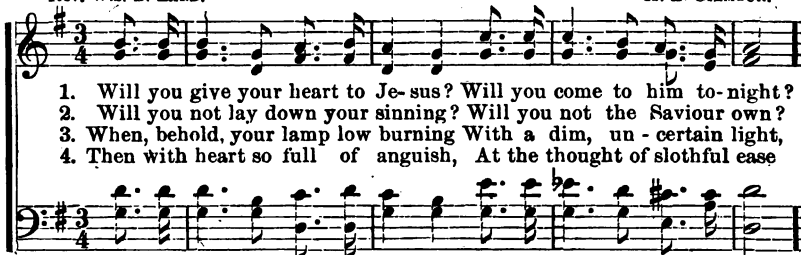


Where he leads there is no straying, He will guide thee all the way.
 He will guide

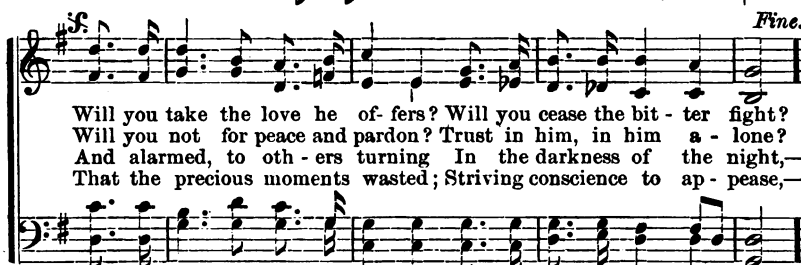
Will You Come to Him To-night.

Rev. Wm. B. LAND.

H. L. GILMOUR.



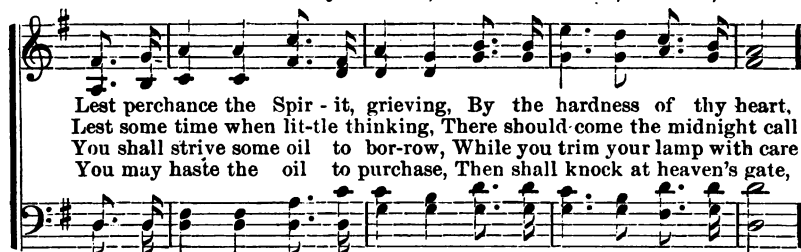
1. Will you give your heart to Je-sus? Will you come to him to-night?
2. Will you not lay down your sinning? Will you not the Saviour own?
3. When, behold, your lamp low burning With a dim, un-certain light,
4. Then with heart so full of anguish, At the thought of slothful ease



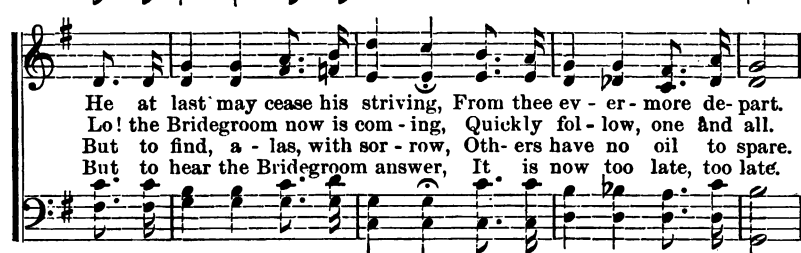
Fine.

Will you take the love he of-fers? Will you cease the bit-ter fight?
 Will you not for peace and pardon? Trust in him, in him a-lone?
 And alarmed, to oth-ers turning In the darkness of the night,—
 That the precious moments wasted; Striving conscience to ap-peace,—

D.S.—Ere the door of mer-cy clos-es, Come to Je-sus, sin-ner, come.

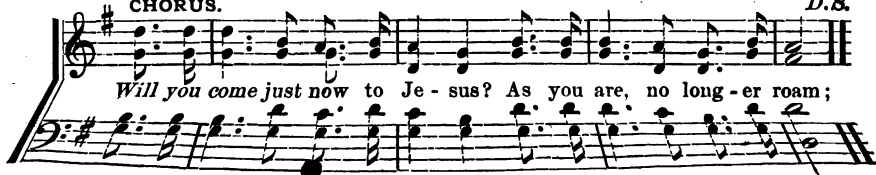


Lest perchance the Spir-it, grieving, By the hardness of thy heart,
 Lest some time when lit-tle thinking, There should-come the midnight call;
 You shall strive some oil to bor-row, While you trim your lamp with care;
 You may haste the oil to purchase, Then shall knock at heaven's gate,



He at last may cease his striving, From thee ev-er-more de-part.
 Lo! the Bridegroom now is com-ing, Quickly fol-low, one and all.
 But to find, a-las, with sor-row, Oth-ers have no oil to spare.
 But to hear the Bridegroom answer, It is now too late, too late.

CHORUS.

D.S.


Will you come just now to Je-sus? As you are, no long-er roam;

Peacefully Resting.

97

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Peacefully resting, dear Saviour, in thee, Faith learns a bright, jubilant psalm;
 2. Peacefully resting, dear Saviour, in thee, Because thy sweet promise I know;
 3. Resting in thee when temptations oppress, Thy love will my spirit relieve;
 4. Resting in thee, blessed Saviour, to-day, Amid earth's illusions and dreams;

And 'mid the rough billows of time's tossing sea, I find a sure haven of calm.
 That under the fountain so boundless and free, My soul shall be whiter than snow.
 Thy grace gives the vict'ry, thy presence will bless, If only thy word I believe.
 And yet "there remaineth a rest" far away, Where joy flows in fresh, living streams.

CHORUS.

Peaceful-ly resting, peacefully resting, Resting, my Saviour, in thee; . . .
 my Saviour in thee;

poco ritard.

Peacefully resting, peacefully resting, Resting, my Saviour, in thee. . . .
 my Saviour, in thee.

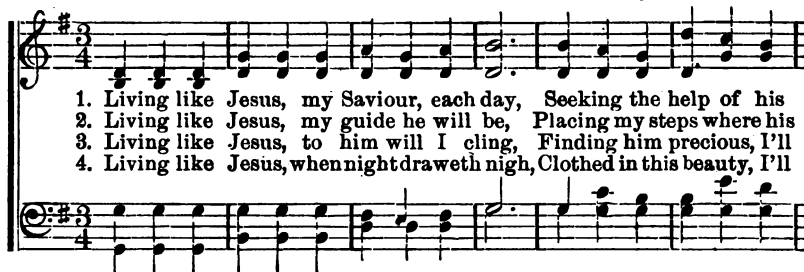
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S. of Love and Praise-G

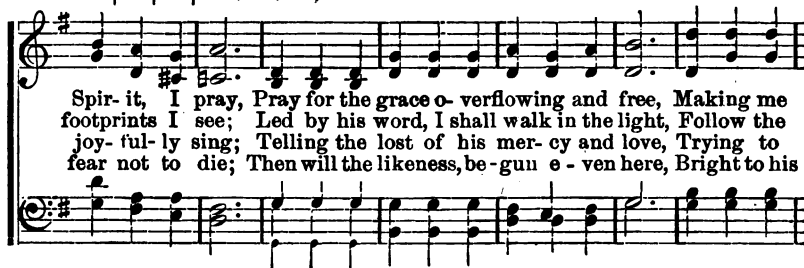
Living like Jesus.

MYRON W. MORSE. Alt.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

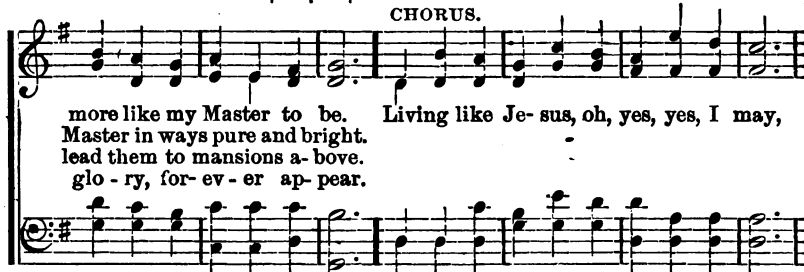


1. Living like Jesus, my Saviour, each day, Seeking the help of his
 2. Living like Jesus, my guide he will be, Placing my steps where his
 3. Living like Jesus, to him will I cling, Finding him precious, I'll
 4. Living like Jesus, when night draweth nigh, Clothed in this beauty, I'll

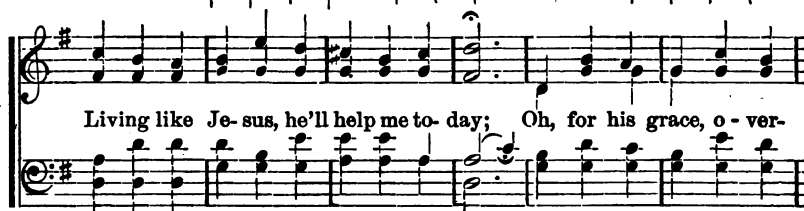


Spir-it, I pray, Pray for the grace o-verflowing and free, Making me
 footprints I see; Led by his word, I shall walk in the light, Follow the
 joy-ful-ly sing; Telling the lost of his mer-cy and love, Trying to
 fear not to die; Then will the likeness, be-gun e-ven here, Bright to his

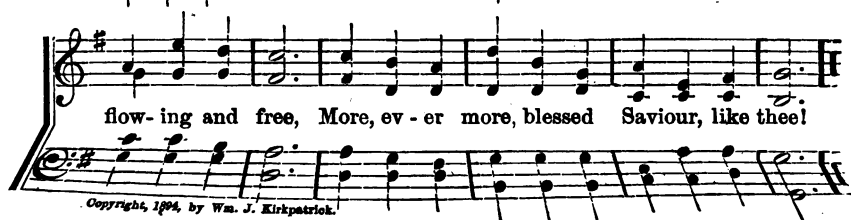
CHORUS.



more like my Master to be. Living like Je-sus, oh, yes, yes, I may,
 Master in ways pure and bright.
 lead them to mansions a-bove.
 glo-ry, for-ev-er ap-pear.



Living like Je-sus, he'll help me to-day; Oh, for his grace, o-ver-



flow-ing and free, More, ev-er more, blessed Saviour, like thee!

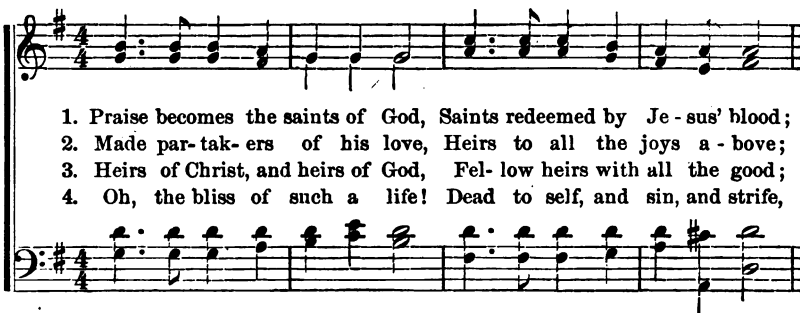
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Glory to Our King.

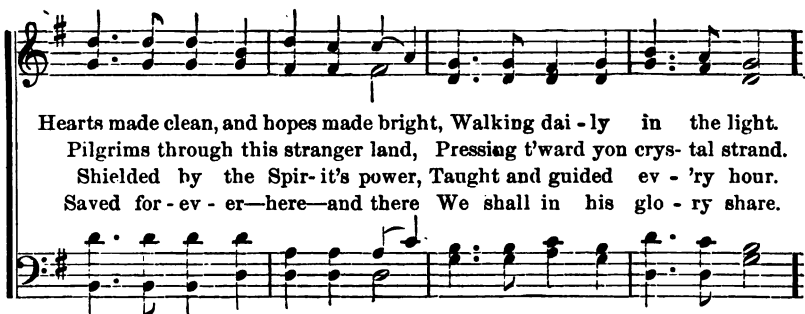
99

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Praise becomes the saints of God, Saints redeemed by Je - sus' blood;
2. Made par-tak-ers of his love, Heirs to all the joys a - bove;
3. Heirs of Christ, and heirs of God, Fel- low heirs with all the good;
4. Oh, the bliss of such a life! Dead to self, and sin, and strife,



Hearts made clean, and hopes made bright, Walking dai - ly in the light.
Pilgrims through this stranger land, Pressing t'ward yon crys- tal strand.
Shielded by the Spir- it's power, Taught and guided ev - 'ry hour.
Saved for - ev - er - here - and there We shall in his glo - ry share.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*



Glo - ry! glo - ry! to our King, Hal - le - lu - jah let us sing,



Conquered all his foes with-in, We are his for - ev - er.

Copyright, 1894, by H. L. Gilmour.

Something to Do.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, hear the words of the high command, And hearing, you'll heed, I know;
 2. There's many a throbbing heart to cheer, And many a tear to dry;
 3. There's many a home of want and woe, There's many a wid-ow sad;
 4. Go in the daylight, and go at night, No other can do so well;

With heart full of love and help in each hand, "Go work in my vineyard, go."
 There's many a soul, to Je - sus dear, We may lead to him on high.
 Where the smiles of love will bring joy I know, And your helping hand make glad.
 Go, children of God, and go with delight, The sto-ry of Jesus tell.

CHORUS.

There is work for each, there is work for all, There is work for you and me;

And gladly my heart responds to the call, Here am I, dear Lord, send me.

In obedience we rest, And in doing are blest, Yes, in doing, dear Lord, for thee.

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

My Boat is so Small.

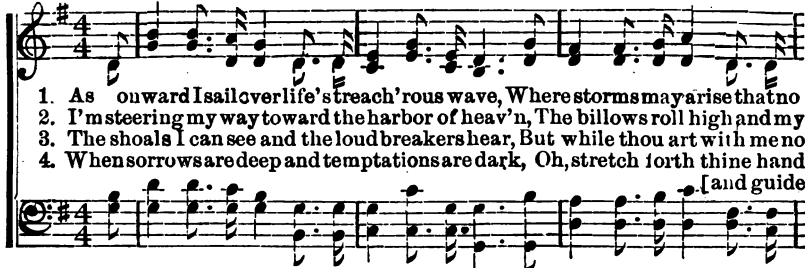
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It is said that the devout fishermen of Brittany utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and thy ocean is so wide."

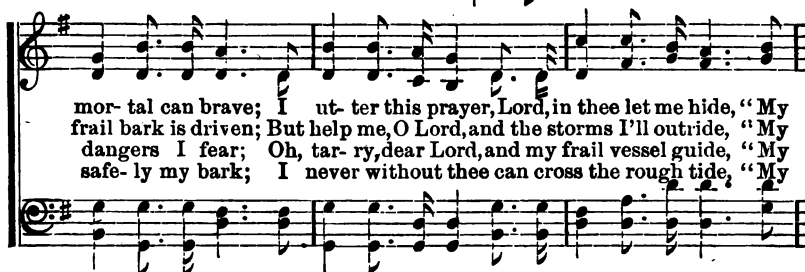
Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

(Cho. by H. L. G.)

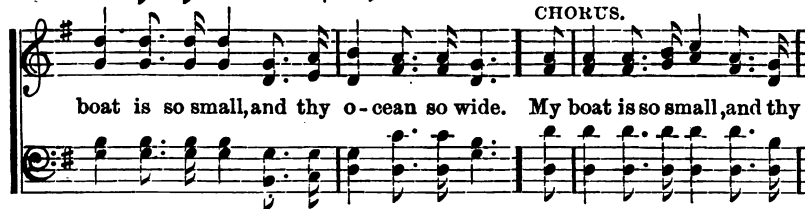
H. L. GILMOUR.



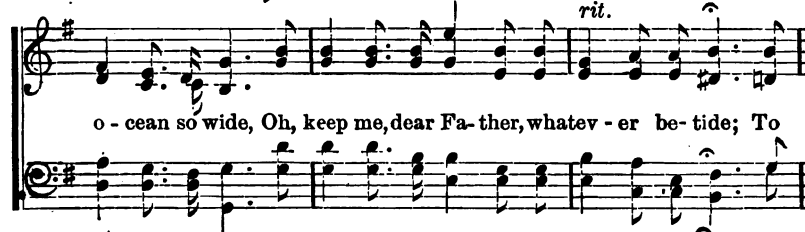
1. As onward I sail over life's stretch'rous wave, Where storms may arise that no
 2. I'm steering my way toward the harbor of heav'n, The billows roll high and my
 3. The shoals I can see and the loud breakers hear, But while thou art with me no
 4. When sorrows are deep and temptations are dark, Oh, stretch forth thine hand [and guide



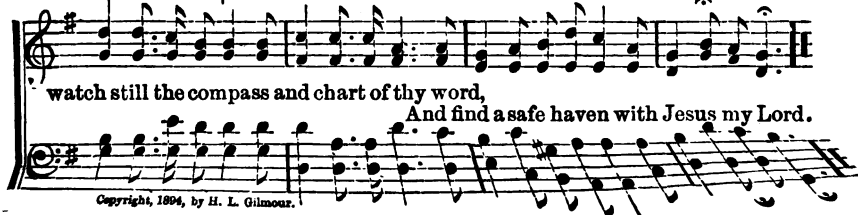
mor-tal can brave; I utter this prayer, Lord, in thee let me hide, "My
 frail bark is driven; But help me, O Lord, and the storms I'll outride, "My
 dangers I fear; Oh, tar-ry, dear Lord, and my frail vessel guide, "My
 safe-ly my bark; I never without thee can cross the rough tide, "My



CHORUS.
 boat is so small, and thy o-cean so wide. My boat is so small, and thy



o-cean so wide, Oh, keep me, dear Fa-ther, whatev-er be-tide; To



watch still the compass and chart of thy word,
 And find a safe haven with Jesus my Lord.

Many Mansions.

E. E. HAWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Man - y mansions, many mansions In the Father's house are seen,
 2. Many mansions! there they gather, All earth's purest, noblest, best;
 3. Many mansions! sweet re-unions, When our loved ones there we meet;
 4. Man - y mansions! rich and blessed Is the "faith that works by love,"

In the land where spring abideth, Where the fields are ever green.
 Saved forev - er, saved in Je - sus, Entered in - to perfect rest.
 One by one, in Je - sus gathered, Happy homes, in him complete!
 Ev'ry ransomed soul prepar - ing For the bliss that waits a - bove.

CHORUS.

Streaming down from heav'nly win - dows Beauti - ful
 Streaming down Beauti -

ful the light I see; Through my Sav - - - our's wondrous
 the light I see; Through my Sav -

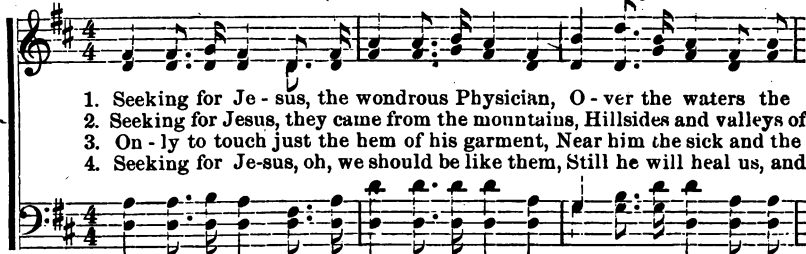
mer - - cy Is a place prepared for me?
 prepared for me, Is a place prepared for me?

Seeking for Jesus.

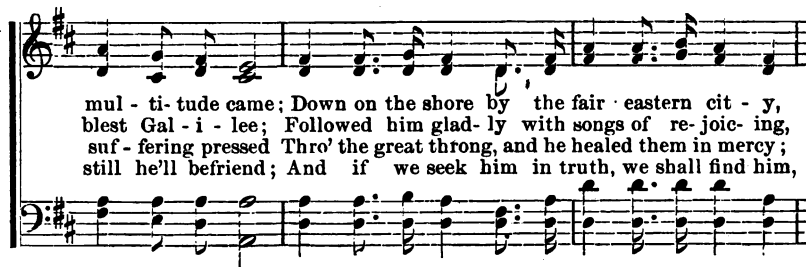
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IDA L. REED.

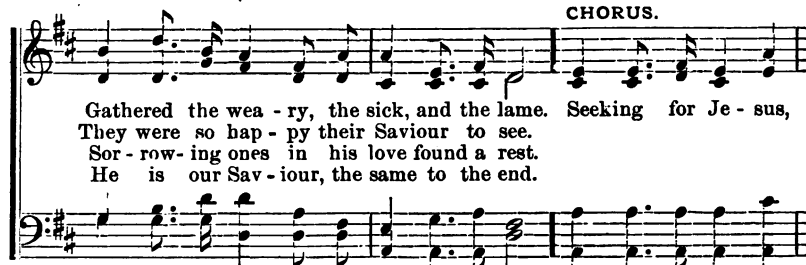
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Seeking for Je - sus, the wondrous Physician, O - ver the waters the
 2. Seeking for Jesus, they came from the mountains, Hillsides and valleys of
 3. On - ly to touch just the hem of his garment, Near him the sick and the
 4. Seeking for Je - sus, oh, we should be like them, Still he will heal us, and

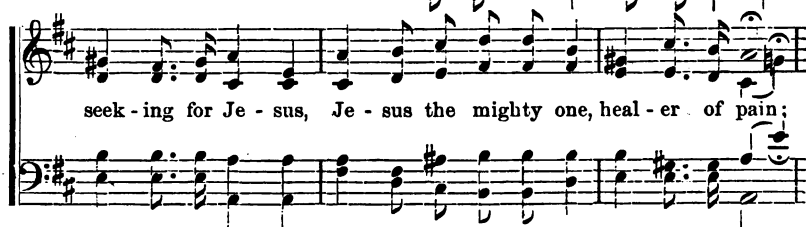


mul - ti - tude came; Down on the shore by the fair - eastern cit - y,
 blest Gal - i - lee; Followed him glad - ly with songs of re - joic - ing,
 suf - fering pressed Thro' the great throng, and he healed them in mercy;
 still he'll befriend; And if we seek him in truth, we shall find him,

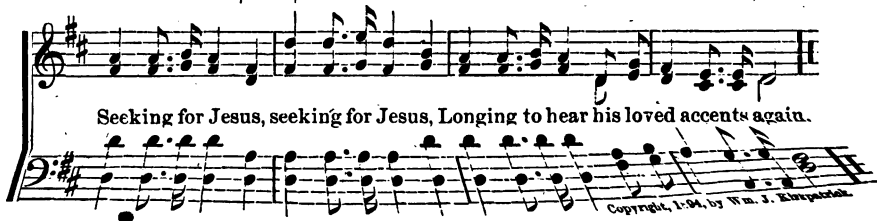


CHORUS.

Gathered the wea - ry, the sick, and the lame. Seeking for Je - sus,
 They were so hap - py their Saviour to see.
 Sor - row - ing ones in his love found a rest.
 He is our Sav - iour, the same to the end.



seek - ing for Je - sus, Je - sus the mighty one, heal - er of pain;



Seeking for Jesus, seeking for Jesus, Longing to hear his loved accents again.

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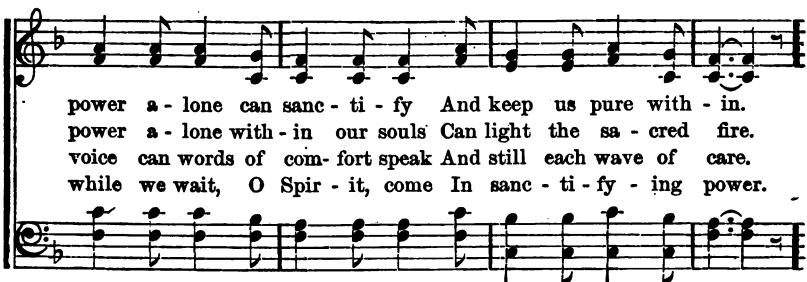
Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

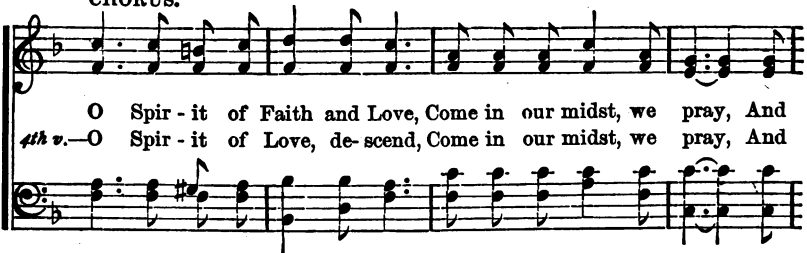


1. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can turn our hearts from sin, His
 2. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can deep - er love in - spire, His
 3. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can bring The gifts we seek in prayer, His
 4. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can give The grace we need this hour, And

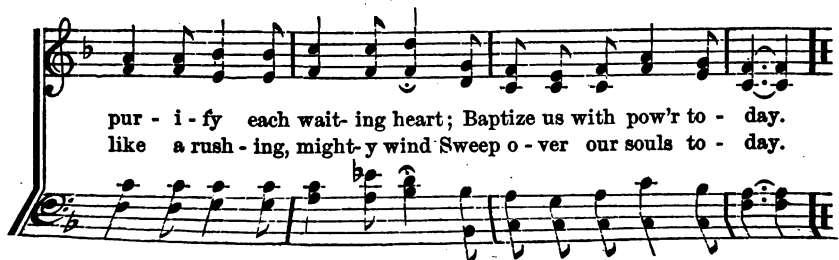


power a - lone can sanc - ti - fy And keep us pure with - in.
 power a - lone with - in our souls Can light the sa - cred fire.
 voice can words of com - fort speak And still each wave of care.
 while we wait, O Spir - it, come In sanc - ti - fy - ing power.

CHORUS.



O Spir - it of Faith and Love, Come in our midst, we pray, And
 4th v.—O Spir - it of Love, de - scend, Come in our midst, we pray, And




pur - i - fy each wait - ing heart; Baptize us with pow'r to - day.
 like a rush - ing, might - y wind Sweep o - ver our souls to - day.

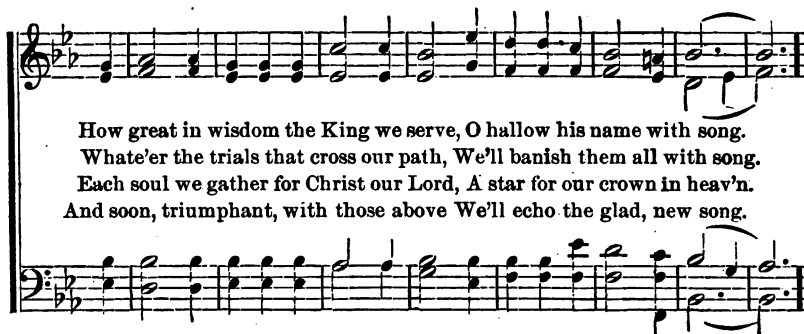
Hallow His Name with Song. 105

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

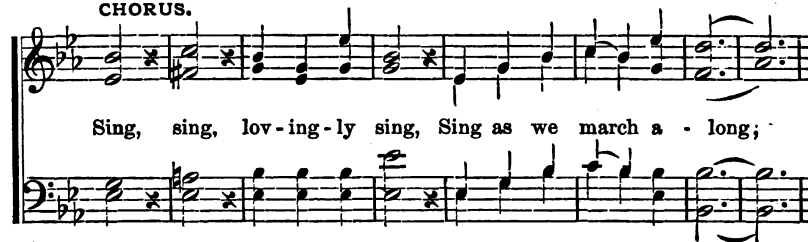


1. Rejoice, O children of God, rejoice, And sing as we march a- long;
2. Rejoice, O children of God, rejoice, Stand fast in the faith, be strong;
3. Rejoice, O children of God, rejoice, And cling to the promise giv'n,
4. Rejoice, O children of God, rejoice, In Jesus, our Rock, be strong;

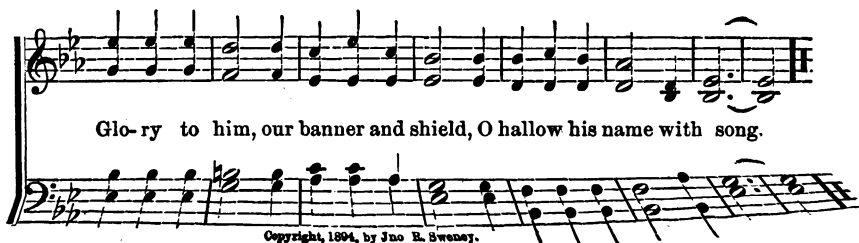


How great in wisdom the King we serve, O hallow his name with song.
Whate'er the trials that cross our path, We'll banish them all with song.
Each soul we gather for Christ our Lord, A star for our crown in heav'n.
And soon, triumphant, with those above We'll echo the glad, new song.

CHORUS.



Sing, sing, lov-ing-ly sing, Sing as we march a - long;

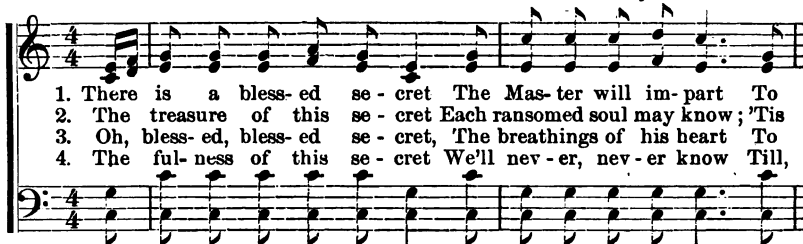


Glo-ry to him, our banner and shield, O hallow his name with song.

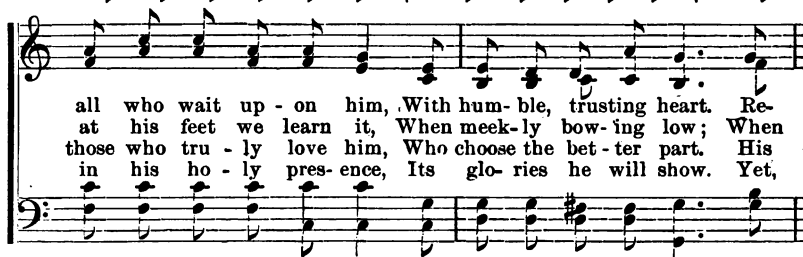
The Secret of the Lord.

E. E. HEWITT.

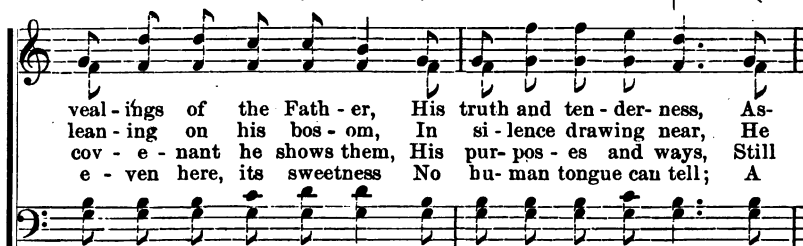
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There is a bless-ed se-cret The Mas-ter will im-part To
 2. The treasure of this se-cret Each ransomed soul may know; 'Tis
 3. Oh, bless-ed, bless-ed se-cret, The breathings of his heart To
 4. The ful-ness of this se-cret We'll nev-er, nev-er know Till,

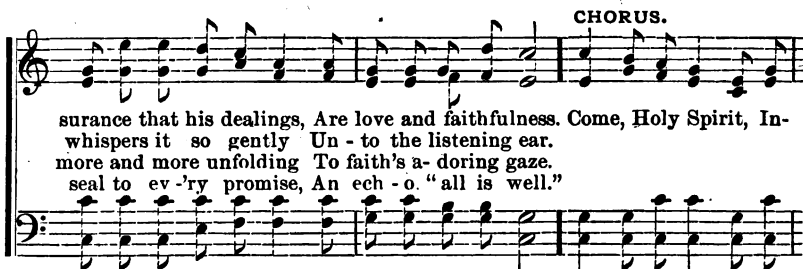


all who wait up-on him, With hum-ble, trusting heart. Re-
 at his feet we learn it, When meek-ly bow-ing low; When
 those who tru-ly love him, Who choose the bet-ter part. His
 in his ho-ly pres-ence, Its glo-ries he will show. Yet,



veal-ings of the Fath-er, His truth and ten-der-ness, As-
 lean-ing on his bos-om, In si-lence drawing near, He
 cov-e-nant he shows them, His pur-pos-es and ways, Still
 e-ven here, its sweetness No hu-man tongue can tell; A

CHORUS.



surance that his dealings, Are love and faithfulness. Come, Holy Spirit, In-
 whispers it so gently Un-to the listening ear.
 more and more unfolding To faith's a-doring gaze.
 seal to ev-'ry promise, An ech-o. "all is well."



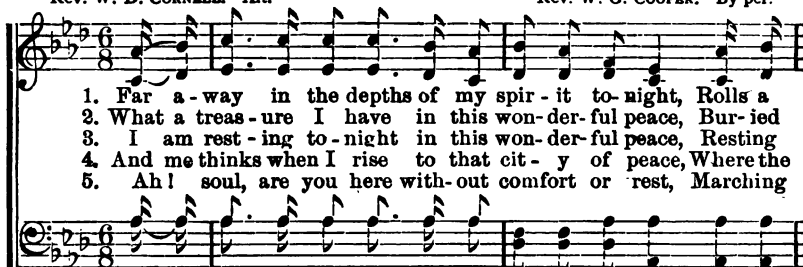
spire us with thy word; Fill our hearts, and teach us The secret of the Lord.

Wonderful Peace.

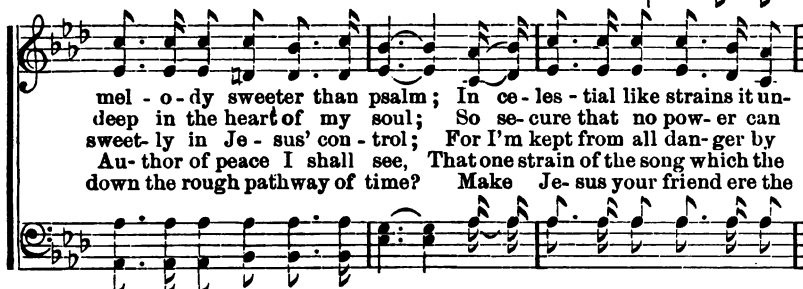
107

Rev. W. D. CORNELL. Alt.

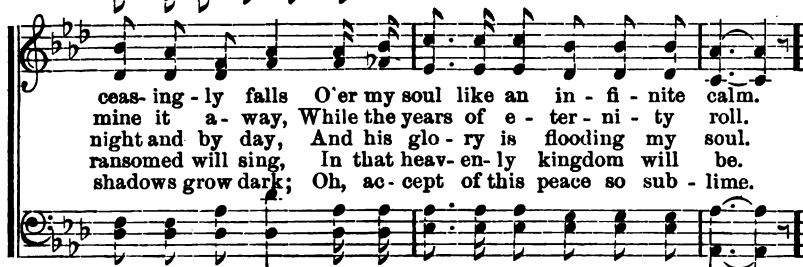
Rev. W. G. COOPER. By per.



1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Resting
 4. And me thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the
 5. Ah! soul, are you here with - out comfort or rest, Marching

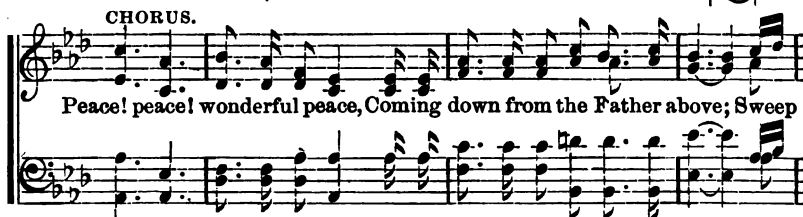


mel - o - dy sweeter than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un -
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
 down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your friend ere the

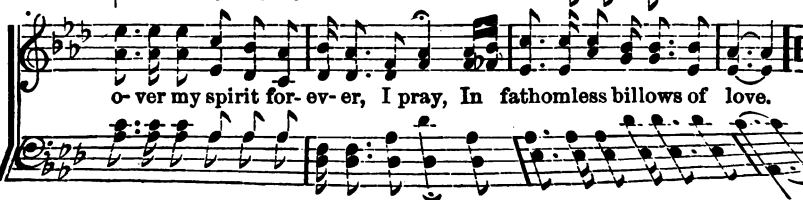


ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
 night and by day, And his glo - ry is flooding my soul.
 ransomed will sing, In that heav - en - ly kingdom will be.
 shadows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.

CHORUS.



Peace! peace! wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father above; Sweep

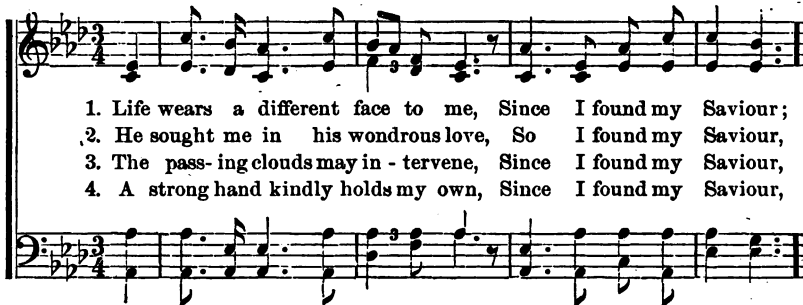


o - ver my spirit for - ev - er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

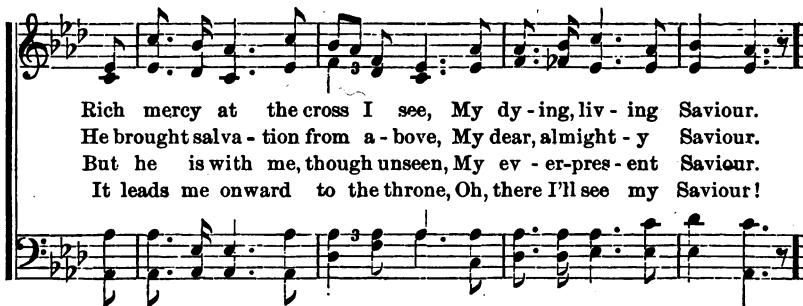
Since I Found My Saviour.

E. E. HAWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Saviour;
 2. He sought me in his wondrous love, So I found my Saviour,
 3. The pass-ing clouds may in - tervene, Since I found my Saviour,
 4. A strong hand kindly holds my own, Since I found my Saviour,



Rich mercy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv-ing Saviour.
 He brought salva-tion from a-bove, My dear, almighty Saviour.
 But he is with me, though unseen, My ev-er-pres-ent Saviour.
 It leads me onward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Saviour!

CHORUS.



Golden sunbeams 'round me play, Je-sus turns my night to day,

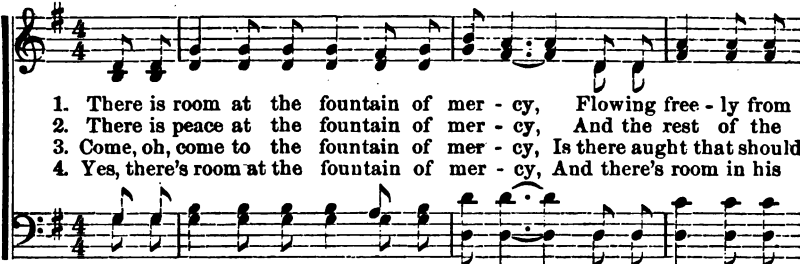


Heav-en seems not far a-way, Since I found my Saviour.

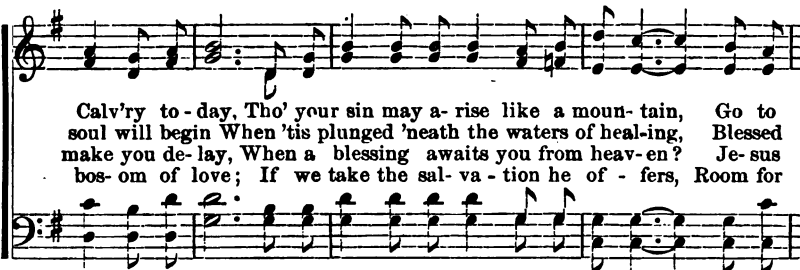
There is Room at the Fountain. 109

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

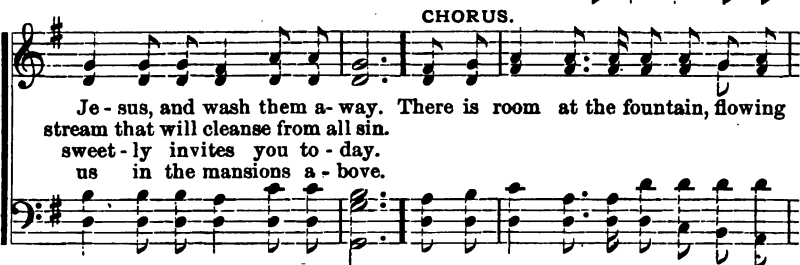


1. There is room at the fountain of mer - cy, Flowing free - ly from
 2. There is peace at the fountain of mer - cy, And the rest of the
 3. Come, oh, come to the fountain of mer - cy, Is there aught that should
 4. Yes, there's room at the fountain of mer - cy, And there's room in his

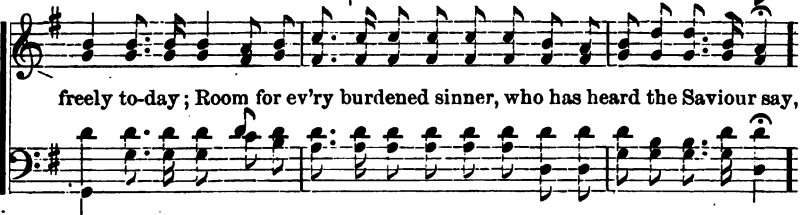


Calv'ry to - day, Tho' your sin may a - rise like a moun - tain, Go to
 soul will begin When 'tis plunged 'neath the waters of heal - ing, Blessed
 make you de - lay, When a blessing awaits you from heav - en? Je - sus
 bos - om of love; If we take the sal - va - tion he of - fers, Room for

CHORUS.



Je - sus, and wash them a - way. There is room at the fountain, flowing
 stream that will cleanse from all sin.
 sweet - ly invites you to - day.
 us in the mansions a - bove.



freely to-day; Room for ev'ry burdened sinner, who has heard the Saviour say,



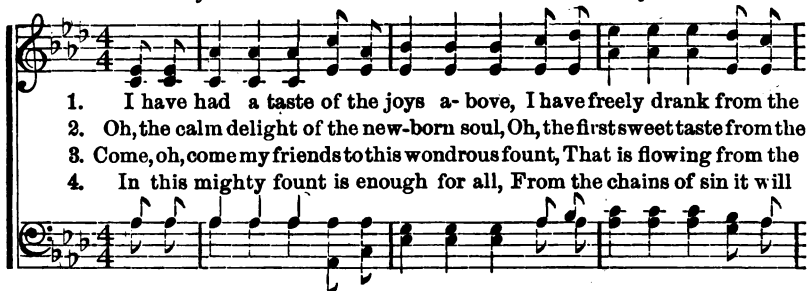
"Come to me, come to me," Come, and wash your sins away.

The Fount of Love.

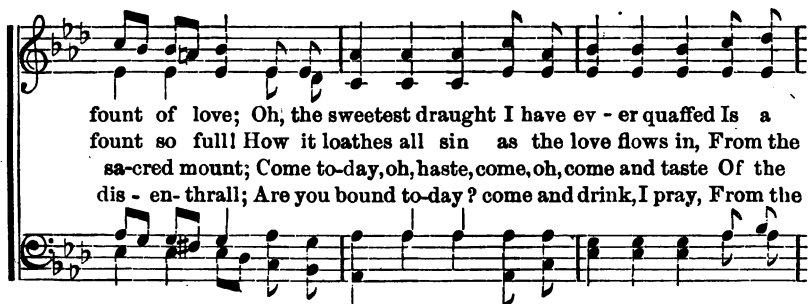
"And did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ.—Cor. x: 4.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. I have had a taste of the joys a-bove, I have freely drank from the
 2. Oh, the calm delight of the new-born soul, Oh, the first sweet taste from the
 3. Come, oh, come my friends to this wondrous fount, That is flowing from the
 4. In this mighty fount is enough for all, From the chains of sin it will

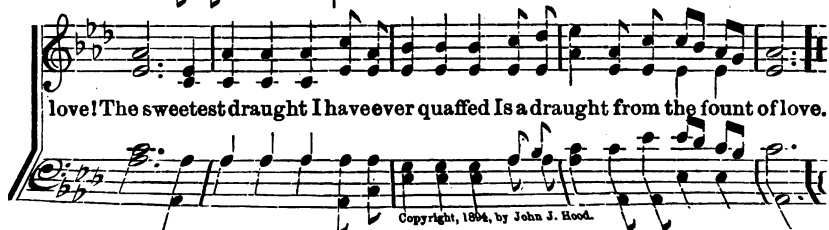


fount of love; Oh, the sweetest draught I have ev - er quaffed Is a
 fount so full! How it loathes all sin as the love flows in, From the
 sa-cred mount; Come to-day, oh, haste, come, oh, come and taste Of the
 dis - en - thrall; Are you bound to-day? come and drink, I pray, From the

CHORUS.



draught from the fount of love. Oh, the fount of love! Oh, the fount of
 won-derful fount so full.
 sweets of this wondrous fount.
 fount that will disenthral. Oh, the fount, blessed fount of love!

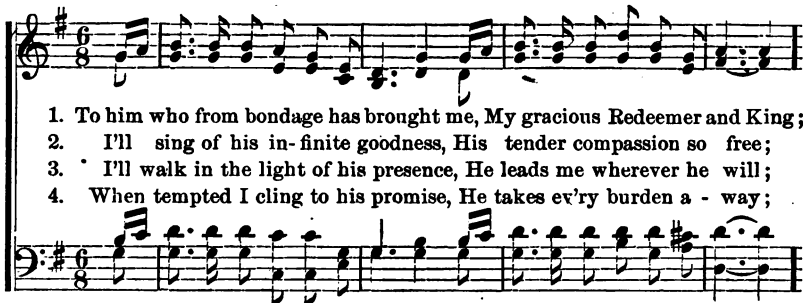


Oh, the fount, blessed fount of
 love! The sweetest draught I have ever quaffed Is a draught from the fount of love.

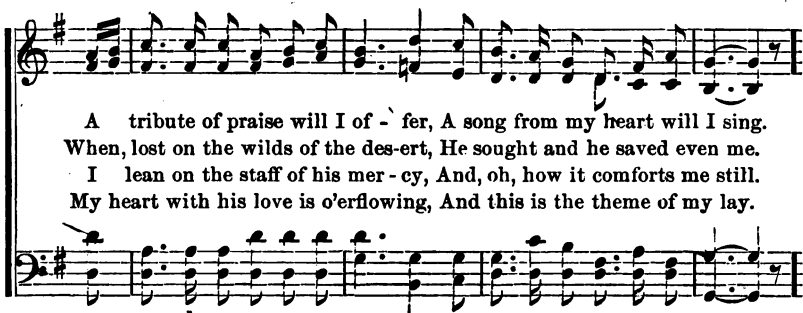
Jesus Spoke Peace to My Soul. 111 ✓

SALLIE SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. To him who from bondage has brought me, My gracious Redeemer and King;
2. I'll sing of his in-finite goodness, His tender compassion so free;
3. I'll walk in the light of his presence, He leads me wherever he will;
4. When tempted I cling to his promise, He takes ev'ry burden a - way;

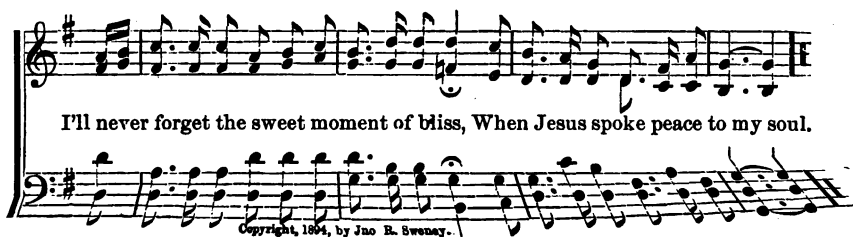


A tribute of praise will I of - fer, A song from my heart will I sing.
When, lost on the wilds of the des-ert, He sought and he saved even me.
I lean on the staff of his mer - cy, And, oh, how it comforts me still.
My heart with his love is o'erflowing, And this is the theme of my lay.

CHORUS.



Jesus spoke peace to my soul, Yes, Jesus spoke peace to my soul;

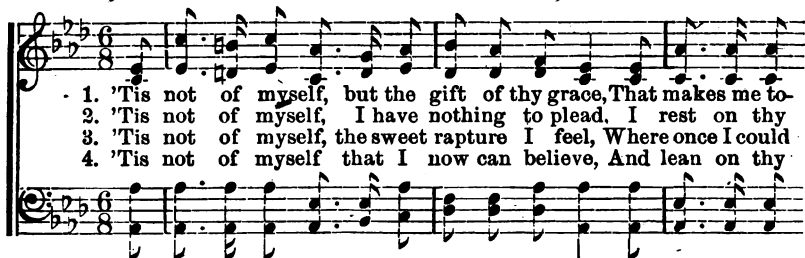


I'll never forget the sweet moment of bliss, When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

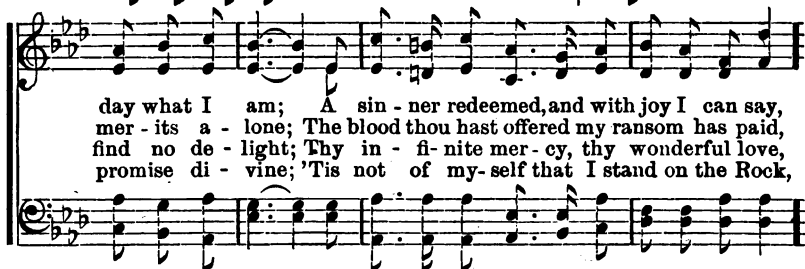
'Tis Not of Myself.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

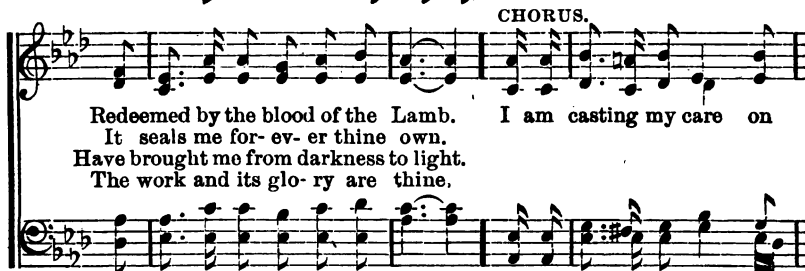
JNO. R. SWENEY.



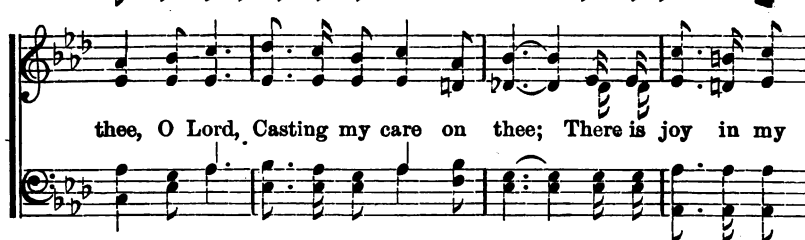
1. 'Tis not of myself, but the gift of thy grace, That makes me to
 2. 'Tis not of myself, I have nothing to plead, I rest on thy
 3. 'Tis not of myself, the sweet rapture I feel, Where once I could
 4. 'Tis not of myself that I now can believe, And lean on thy



day what I am; A sin - ner redeemed, and with joy I can say,
 mer - its a - lone; The blood thou hast offered my ransom has paid,
 find no de - light; Thy in - fi - nite mer - cy, thy wonderful love,
 promise di - vine; 'Tis not of my - self that I stand on the Rock,



CHORUS.
 Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. I am casting my care on
 It seals me for - ev - er thine own.
 Have brought me from darkness to light.
 The work and its glo - ry are thine.



thee, O Lord, Casting my care on thee; There is joy in my

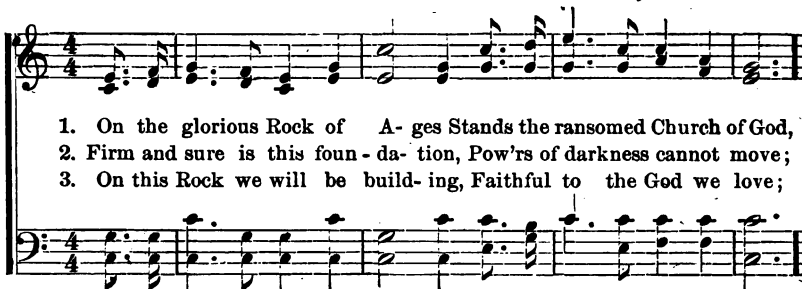


soul, great joy in my soul, I know that thou car - est for me.

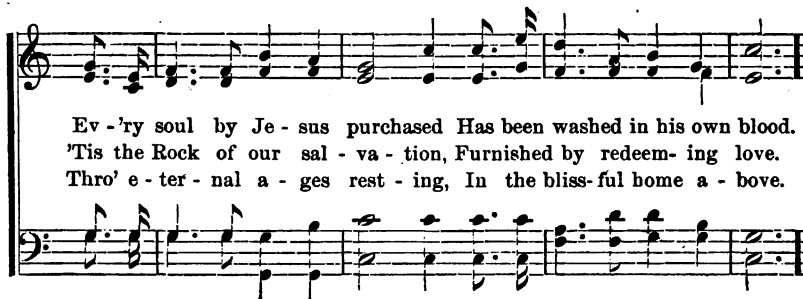
On the Glorious Rock of Ages. 113

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

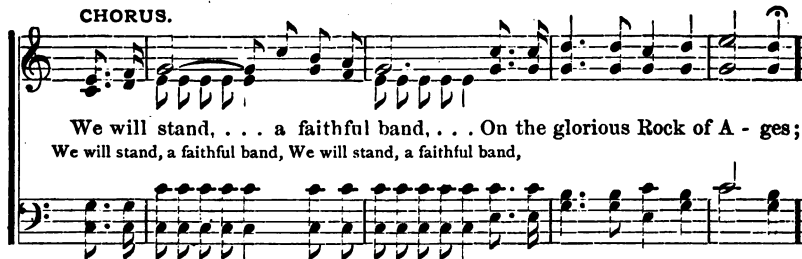


1. On the glorious Rock of A - ges Stands the ransomed Church of God,
2. Firm and sure is this foun - da - tion, Pow'rs of darkness cannot move;
3. On this Rock we will be build - ing, Faithful to the God we love;

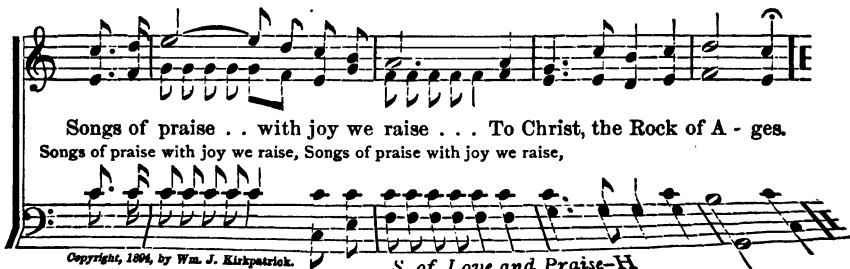


Ev - 'ry soul by Je - sus purchased Has been washed in his own blood.
'Tis the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Furnished by redeem - ing love.
Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges rest - ing, In the bliss - ful home a - bove.

CHORUS.



We will stand, . . . a faithful band, . . . On the glorious Rock of A - ges;
We will stand, a faithful band, We will stand, a faithful band,



Songs of praise . . with joy we raise . . . To Christ, the Rock of A - ges.
Songs of praise with joy we raise, Songs of praise with joy we raise,

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

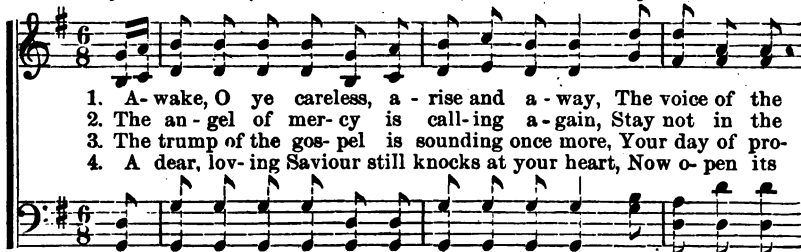
S. of Love and Praise-H

Escape to the Mountain.

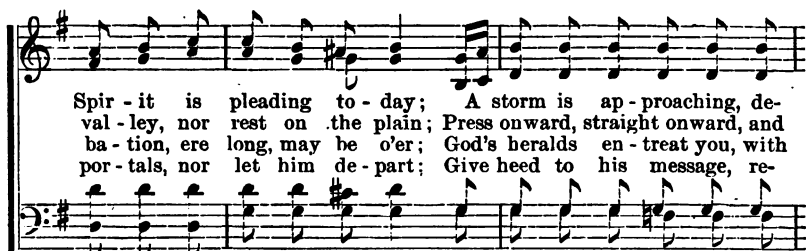
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Genesis xix : 17.

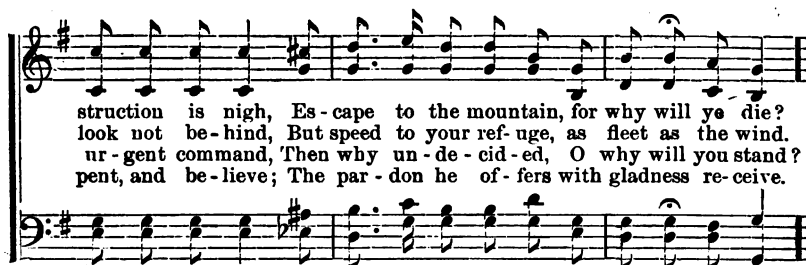
JNO. R. SWANEY.



1. A - wake, O ye careless, a - rise and a - way, The voice of the
 2. The an - gel of mer - cy is call - ing a - gain, Stay not in the
 3. The trump of the gos - pel is sounding once more, Your day of pro -
 4. A dear, lov - ing Saviour still knocks at your heart, Now o - pen its

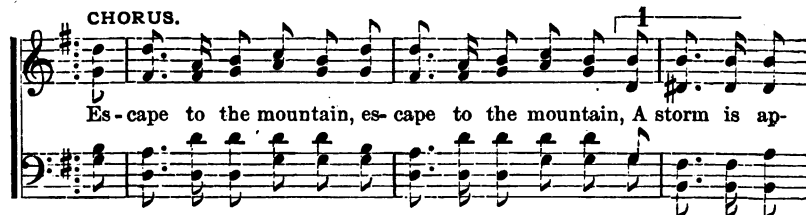


Spir - it is pleading to - day; A storm is ap - proaching, de -
 val - ley, nor rest on the plain; Press onward, straight onward, and
 ba - tion, ere long, may be o'er; God's heralds en - treat you, with
 por - tals, nor let him de - part; Give heed to his message, re -

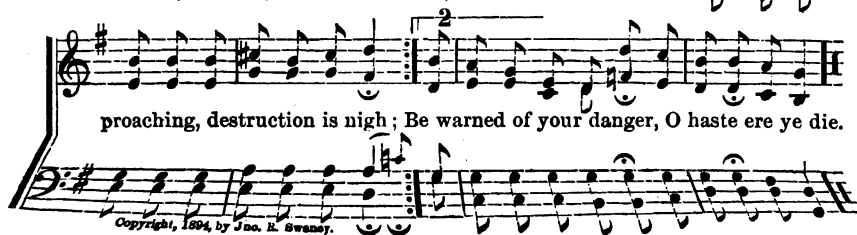


struction is nigh, Es - cape to the mountain, for why will ye die?
 look not be - hind, But speed to your ref - uge, as fleet as the wind.
 ur - gent command, Then why un - de - cid - ed, O why will you stand?
 pent, and be - lieve; The par - don he of - fers with gladness re - ceive.

CHORUS.



Es - cape to the mountain, es - cape to the mountain, A storm is ap -



proaching, destruction is nigh; Be warned of your danger, O haste ere ye die.

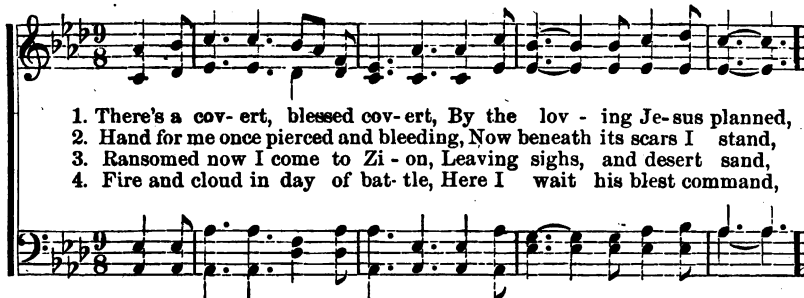
In the Shadow of His Hand.

115

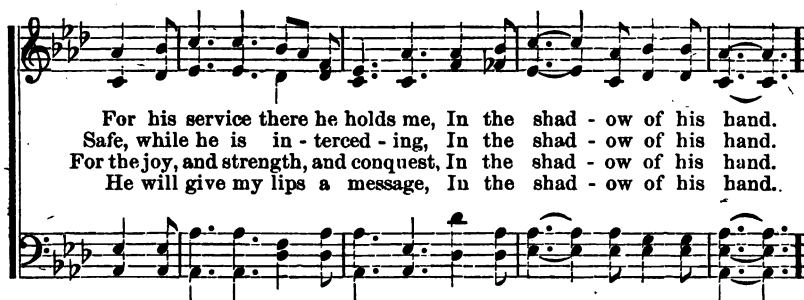
ABBIE MILLS.

Isa. li : 16.

J. H. MEREDITH.

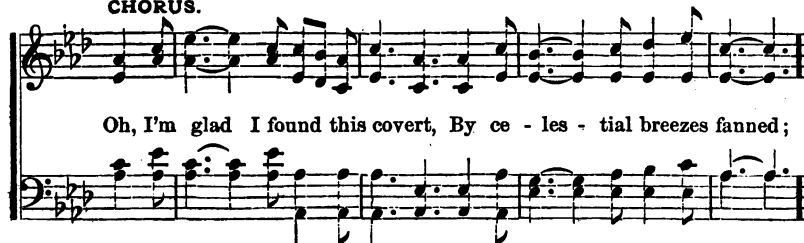


1. There's a cov-ert, blessed cov-ert, By the lov-ing Je-sus planned,
 2. Hand for me once pierced and bleeding, Now beneath its scars I stand,
 3. Ransomed now I come to Zi-on, Leaving sighs, and desert sand,
 4. Fire and cloud in day of bat-tle, Here I wait his blest command,

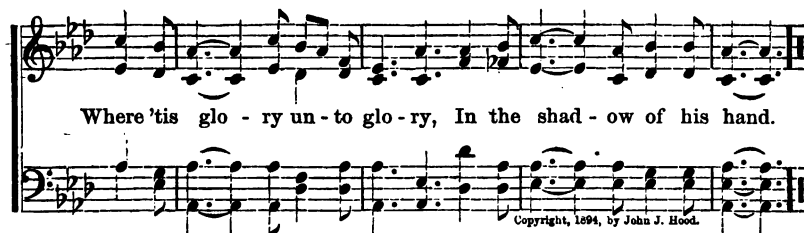


For his service there he holds me, In the shad-ow of his hand.
 Safe, while he is in-ter-ced-ing, In the shad-ow of his hand.
 For the joy, and strength, and conquest, In the shad-ow of his hand.
 He will give my lips a message, In the shad-ow of his hand.

CHORUS.



Oh, I'm glad I found this covert, By ce-les-tial breezes fanned;



Where 'tis glo-ry un-to glo-ry, In the shad-ow of his hand.

Copyright, 1894, by John J. Hood.

5 When the night, all sorrow laden,
 Closes 'round a weary land,
 Oh, the radiant, mellow brightness
 In the shadow of his hand.

6 Come, ye mourners, seeking comfort,
 Join the King's victorious band;
 There is room, and joy, and gladness
 In the shadow of his hand.

Wait, and Murmur Not.

W. H. BELLAMY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICE.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care ; Yes !
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot Thou
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow ; If
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot ; The

'tis a bright and blessed home ; Who would not fain be resting there ?
 yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
 grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
 day of rest will dawn for thee ; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,

wait, meek - ly wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meek - ly wait,

O, wait, meekly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not. O, murmur not.

In that Happy Land.

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FANNY J. CROSBY

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When our march is dreary, and hearts are weary, O blessed promise di-vine,
 2. In the bright to-morrow, where care and sorrow Like shadows vanish away,
 3. When we see the morning the hills adorning In splendor, peaceful and bright,
 4. Where the trees are blooming, the air perfuming With odor balmy and sweet,

Fine.
 With the meek and lowly, the pure and holy, Like stars by and by we'll shine.
 From our toil and tri-al and self-de-ni-al, We'll rest in e-ternal day.
 Our Redeemer praising, our full hearts raising, Our faith will be lost in sight.
 By the clear, cool river, no more to sever, Our friends we again shall meet.

D. S.—In that happy land a-bove.

CHORUS..

We will shout, we will sing at the feet of our King, We will shout, we will

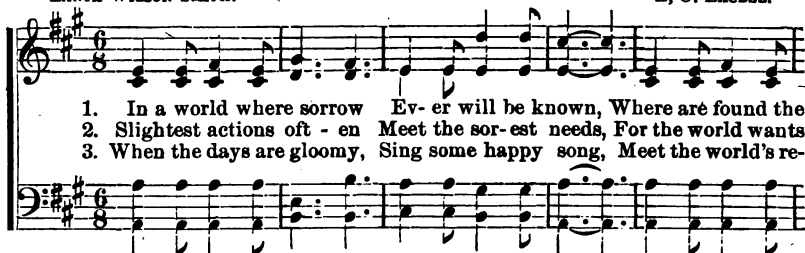
D. S.
 sing his love; We will tell the sto-ry of grace and glo-ry,
 we will sing his love;

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

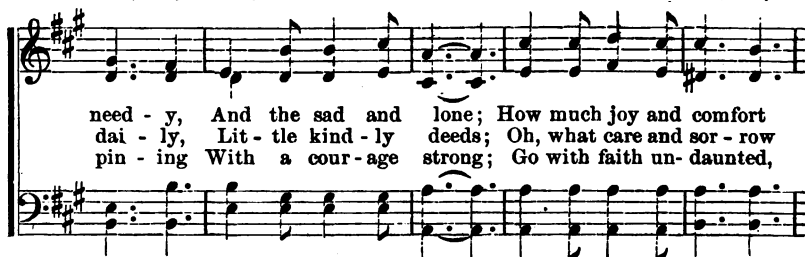
Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON-SMITH.

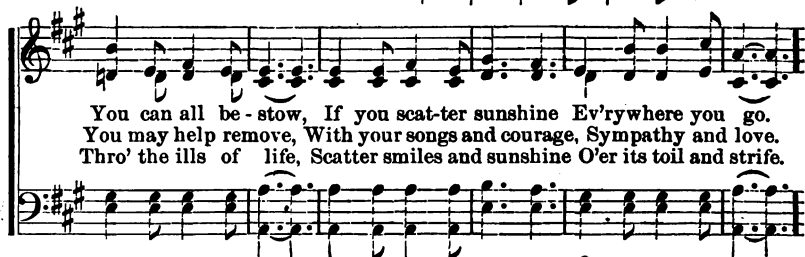
E. O. EXCELL.



1. In a world where sorrow Ev-er will be known, Where are found the
 2. Slightest actions oft - en Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants
 3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some happy song, Meet the world's re-

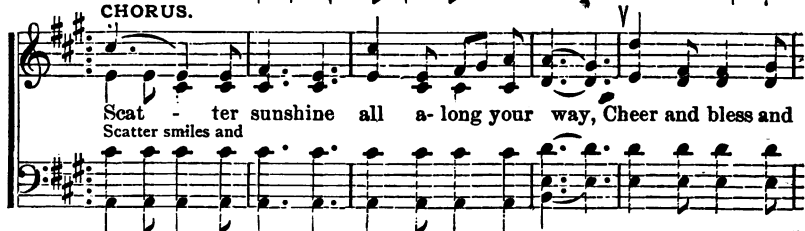


need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and comfort
 dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
 pin - ing With a cour-age strong; Go with faith un-daunted,

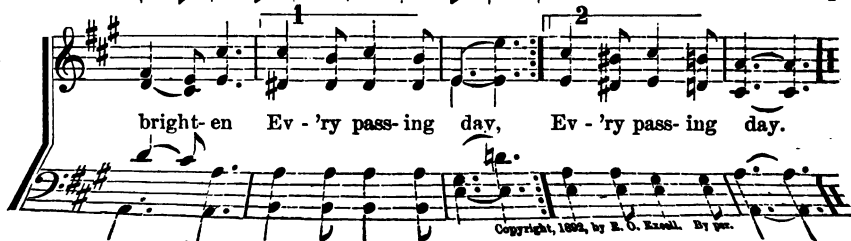


You can all be-stow, If you scat-ter sunshine Ev'rywhere you go.
 You may help remove, With your songs and courage, Sympathy and love.
 Thro' the ills of life, Scatter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.



Scat - ter sunshine all a-long your way, Cheer and bless and
 Scatter smiles and

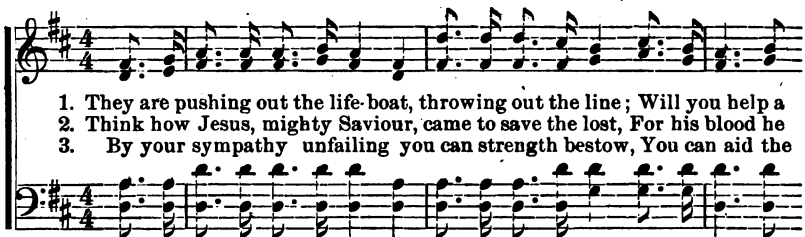


bright-en Ev - 'ry pass-ing day, Ev - 'ry pass-ing day.

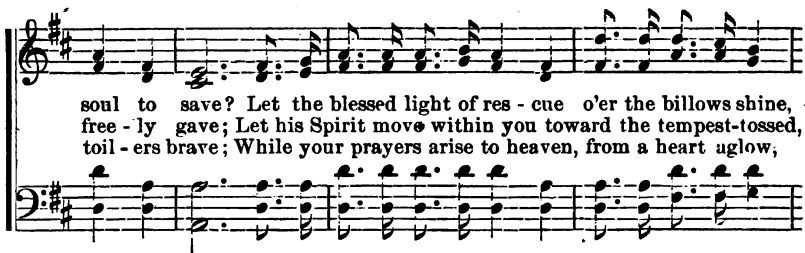
Send a Cheer Across the Wave. 119

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

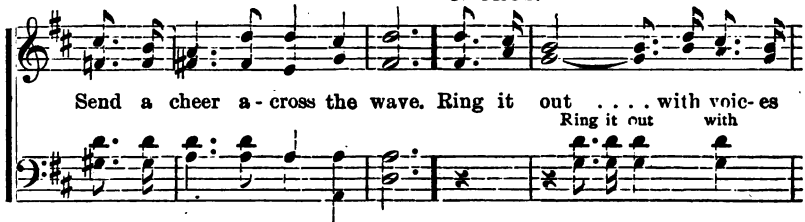


1. They are pushing out the life-boat, throwing out the line; Will you help a
 2. Think how Jesus, mighty Saviour, came to save the lost, For his blood he
 3. By your sympathy unfailling you can strength bestow, You can aid the

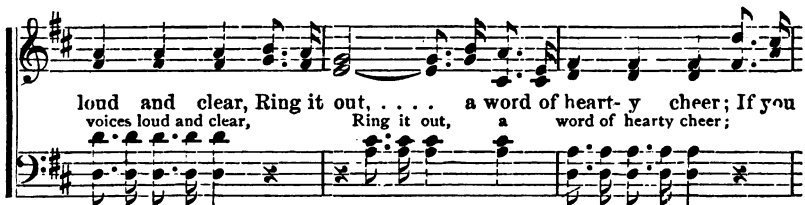


soul to save? Let the blessed light of res - cue o'er the billows shine,
 free - ly gave; Let his Spirit move within you toward the tempest-tossed,
 toil - ers brave; While your prayers arise to heaven, from a heart aglow,

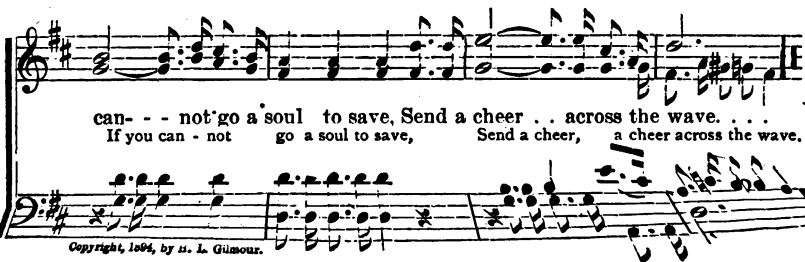
CHORUS.



Send a cheer a - cross the wave. Ring it out with voic - es
 Ring it out with



loud and clear, Ring it out, a word of heart - y cheer; If you
 voices loud and clear, Ring it out, a word of hearty cheer;




can - - not go a soul to save, Send a cheer . . across the wave. . . .
 If you can - not go a soul to save, Send a cheer, a cheer across the wave.



Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O.


W. A. OGDEN. By per.




1. Sweet are the promises, Kind is the word, Dearer far than any message
 2. Sweet is the tender love Jesus hath shown, Sweeter far than any love that
 3. List to his loving words, "Come unto me," Weary, heavy-laden, there is


man ever heard; Pure was the mind of Christ, Sinless I see, He the great ex-
 mortals have known; Kind to the erring one, Faithful is he, He the great ex-
 -sweet rest for thee; Trust in his promises, Faithful and sure, Lean upon the



CHORUS.



ample is, and pattern for me. Where . . . he leads I'll fol - low,
 ample is, and pattern for me.
 Saviour, and thy soul is secure. Where he leads I'll follow, Where he leads I'll follow,



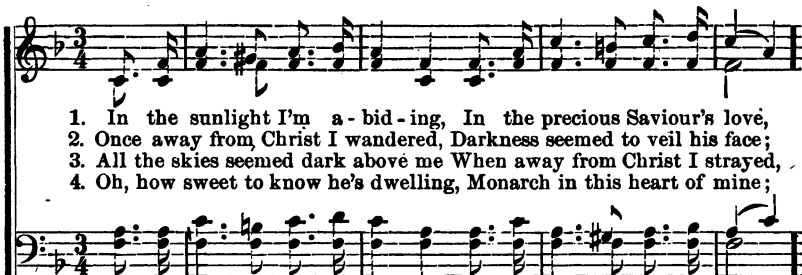

Fol - - low all the way; Follow Je - su - ev - 'ry day.
 Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way ;



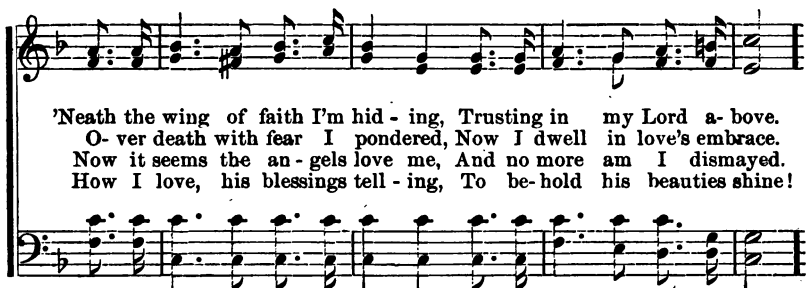
In the Sunlight I'm Abiding. 121

J. N. GORTNER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

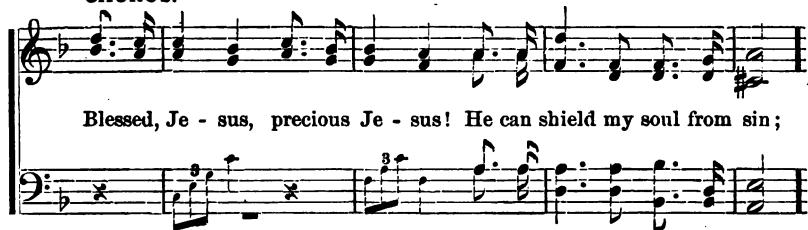


1. In the sunlight I'm a - bid - ing, In the precious Saviour's love,
 2. Once away from Christ I wandered, Darkness seemed to veil his face;
 3. All the skies seemed dark above me When away from Christ I strayed,
 4. Oh, how sweet to know he's dwelling, Monarch in this heart of mine;

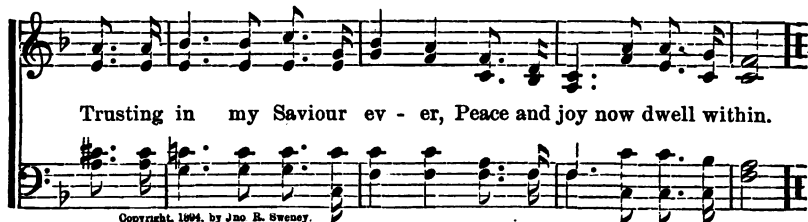


'Neath the wing of faith I'm hid - ing, Trusting in my Lord a - bove.
 O - ver death with fear I pondered, Now I dwell in love's embrace.
 Now it seems the an - gels love me, And no more am I dismayed.
 How I love, his blessings tell - ing, To be - hold his beauties shine!

CHORUS.



Blessed, Je - sus, precious Je - sus! He can shield my soul from sin;



Trusting in my Saviour ev - er, Peace and joy now dwell within.

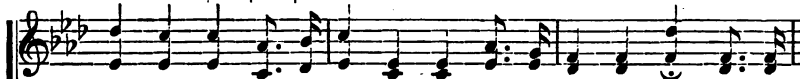
Copyright, 1904, by Jno R. Sweeney.

5 Help me praise him; lift your voices,
 All ye children of the King,
 While the world around rejoices
 Should your hearts refuse to sing?

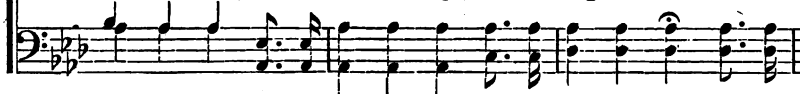
6 Hallelujah! praise to Jesus,
 Victor over death and hell;
 With the precious Lord who frees us
 We shall soon go home to dwell.



1. Oh, the gospel word is a word of grace, And the grace flows on as a
2. Oh, the gospel word is a word of truth, And the truth abides as the
3. Oh, the gospel word is a word of joy, And we know it not till we
4. Oh, the gospel word is a word of hope, And the hope abides in the



gift to all; 'Tis the grace that seeks, and the grace that saves, As we
a - ges roll; 'Tis the truth di - vine from the lips of God, And the
know the Son; 'Tis the sweetest joy that the heart can hold, As we
Lord of love; 'Tis the blessed hope, and it brings us all To the



CHORUS.

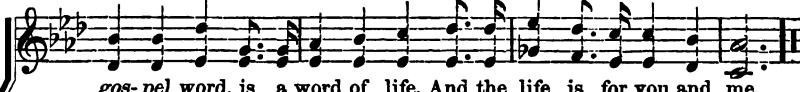


turn from sin at the Saviour's call. Gospel word, gos - pel
truth is taught to the waiting soul.
tar - ry here till our race is run.
end - less joys in the world a - bove.

Gospel word,



word,
gos - pel word, So pure and sweet, so glad and free; Oh, the



gos - pel word, is a word of life, And the life is for you and me.

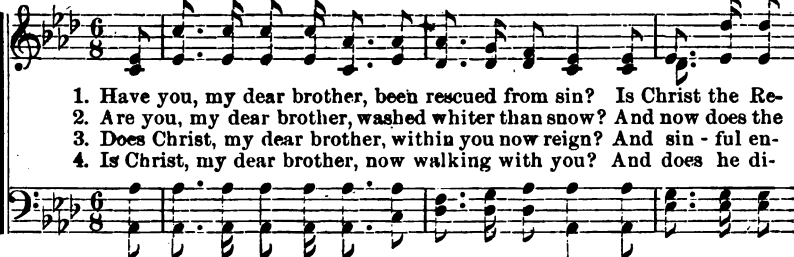
Tell the Glad Story Abroad.

123

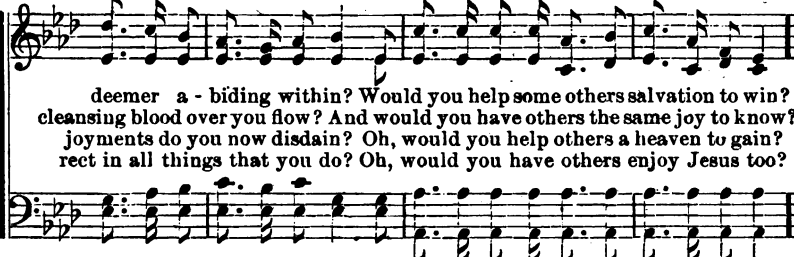
Rev. H. J. ZALLEY.

Psalm xlviii : 13.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Have you, my dear brother, been rescued from sin? Is Christ the Re-
 2. Are you, my dear brother, washed whiter than snow? And now does the
 3. Does Christ, my dear brother, within you now reign? And sin - ful en-
 4. Is Christ, my dear brother, now walking with you? And does he di-

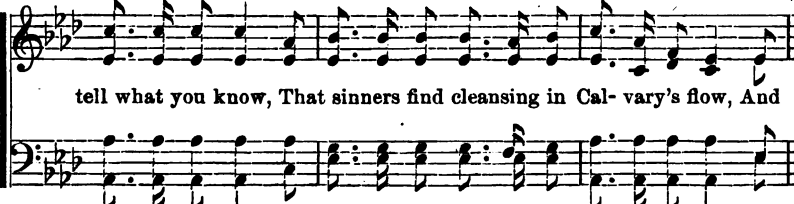


deemer a - biding within? Would you help some others salvation to win?
 cleansing blood over you flow? And would you have others the same joy to know?
 joyments do you now disdain? Oh, would you help others a heaven to gain?
 rect in all things that you do? Oh, would you have others enjoy Jesus too?

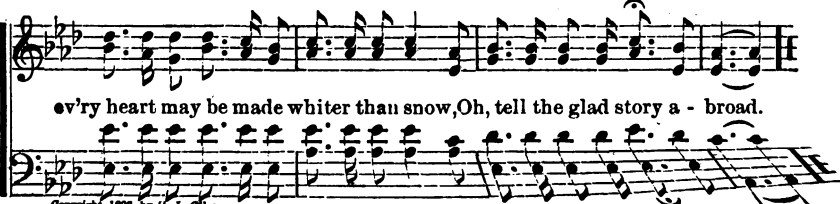
CHORUS.



Then tell the glad sto - ry a - broad. Oh, tell the glad sto - ry, oh,



tell what you know, That sinners find cleansing in Cal - vary's flow, And

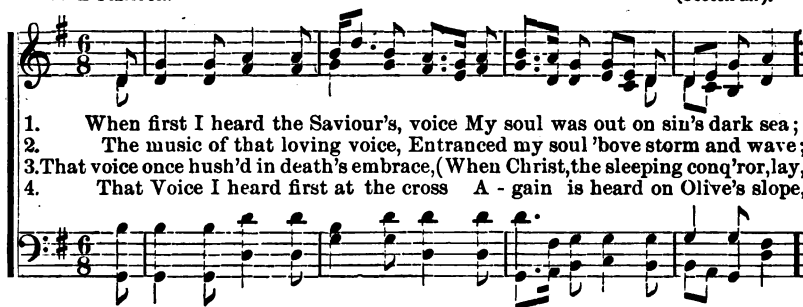


ev'ry heart may be made whiter than snow, Oh, tell the glad story a - broad.

That Voice from Calvary.

H. L. GILMOUR.

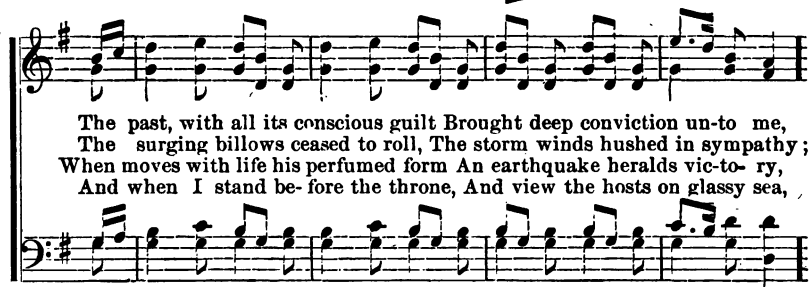
(Scotch air).



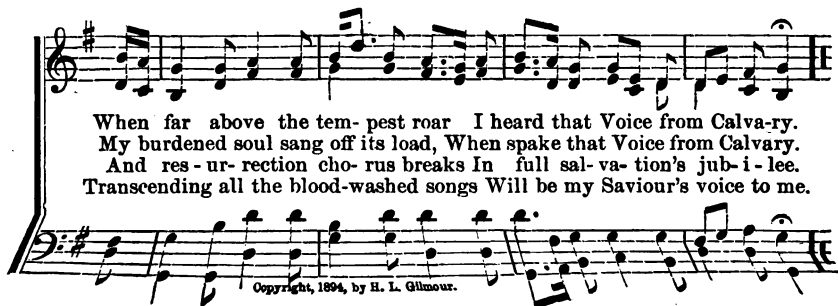
1. When first I heard the Saviour's, voice My soul was out on sin's dark sea;
 2. The music of that loving voice, Entranced my soul 'bove storm and wave;
 3. That voice once hush'd in death's embrace, (When Christ, the sleeping conq'ror, lay,
 4. That Voice I heard first at the cross A - gain is heard on Olive's slope,



Where frowning billows round me broke, In wild and threat'ning majesty.
 When just beyond by faith I saw A wounded hand held out to save.
 A will-ing guest of Joseph's tomb), Gave promise of a better day;
 Then love's sweet message to my heart Comes, full of comfort, cheer and hope;



The past, with all its conscious guilt Brought deep conviction un-to me,
 The surging billows ceased to roll, The storm winds hushed in sympathy;
 When moves with life his perfumed form An earthquake heralds vic-tory,
 And when I stand be-fore the throne, And view the hosts on glassy sea,



When far above the tem-pest roar I heard that Voice from Calva-ry.
 My burdened soul sang off its load, When spake that Voice from Calvary.
 And res-ur-rect-ion cho-rus breaks In full sal-va-tion's jub-i-lee.
 Transcending all the blood-washed songs Will be my Saviour's voice to me.

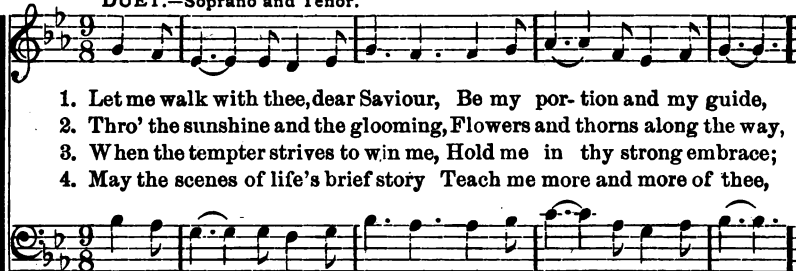
Let me Walk with Thee.

125

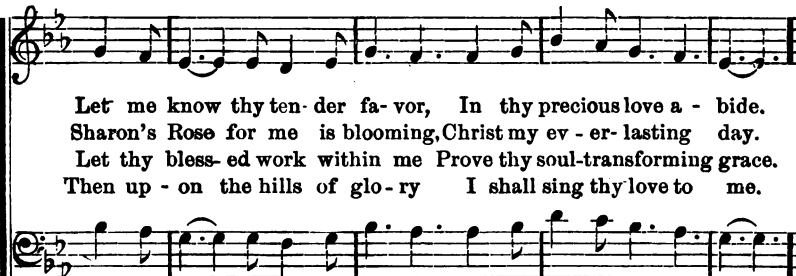
E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.—Soprano and Tenor.



1. Let me walk with thee, dear Saviour, Be my por-tion and my guide,
2. Thro' the sunshine and the glooming, Flowers and thorns along the way,
3. When the tempter strives to win me, Hold me in thy strong embrace;
4. May the scenes of life's brief story Teach me more and more of thee,

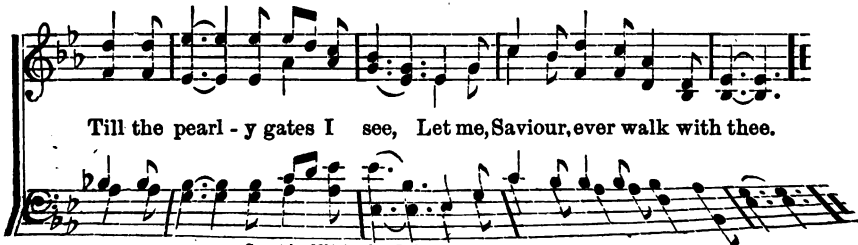


Let me know thy ten-der fa-vor, In thy pre-cious love a-bide.
 Sharon's Rose for me is blooming, Christ my ev-er-lasting day.
 Let thy bless-ed work within me Prove thy soul-transforming grace.
 Then up-on the hills of glo-ry I shall sing thy love to me.

CHORUS.



Sweetly kept . . . by power divine, Let thy peace, dear Lord, be mine;
 Sweetly kept by power divine, Let thy peace, dear Lord, be mine;



Till the pearl-y gates I see, Let me, Saviour, ever walk with thee.

We Set the Joy-Bells Ringing.

E. E. HAWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Oh, bless the Lord, he cleansed my soul, And filled my lips with singing;
2. He placed my feet up - on the Rock, The on - ly sure foundation;
3. His promise is for "all the days," His love for me is car - ing;
4. Then let me tell the hap - py news To oth - er souls around me;
5. His love is call - ing, seeking still, Come, ev - 'ry burden bringing;



He came in my poor, sin-ful heart, And set the joy-bells ringing.
 He shows me wonders of his grace, The blessings of sal - va - tion.
 While in the "Father's House" above, A mansion he's pre - par - ing.
 I'm safe within the blessed fold, For Je - sus came and found me.
 The touch of Christ within your heart Will set the joy-bells ringing.



CHORUS.



Oh, praise the Lord, he first loved me, I feel new life up - springing;



He came in my poor, sin-ful heart, And set the joy-bells ringing.

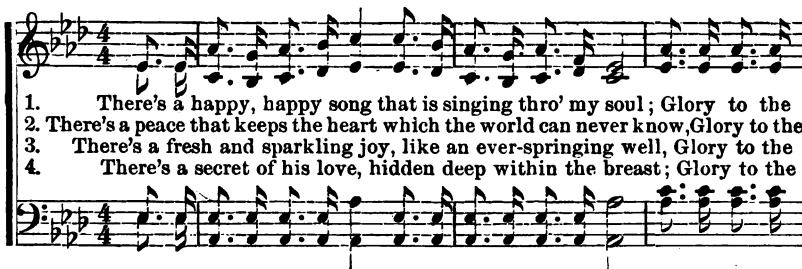


Glory to the Lamb Forever.

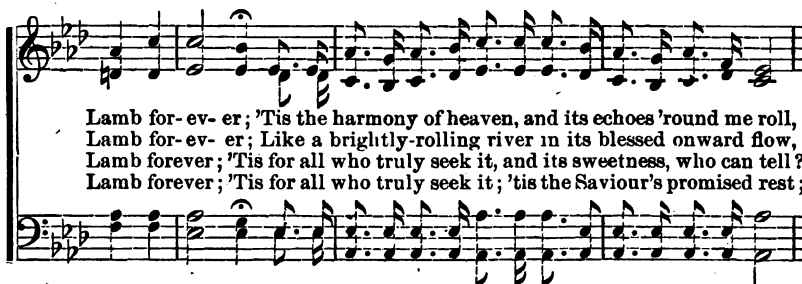
127

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

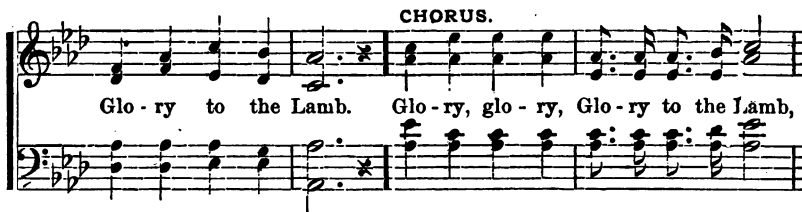


1. There's a happy, happy song that is singing thro' my soul; Glory to the
2. There's a peace that keeps the heart which the world can never know, Glory to the
3. There's a fresh and sparkling joy, like an ever-springing well, Glory to the
4. There's a secret of his love, hidden deep within the breast; Glory to the

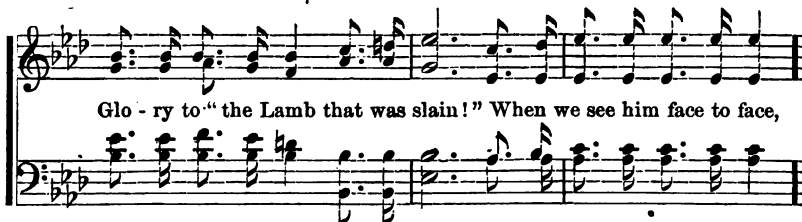


Lamb for-ev-er; 'Tis the harmony of heaven, and its echoes 'round me roll,
 Lamb for-ev-er; Like a brightly-rolling river in its blessed onward flow,
 Lamb forever; 'Tis for all who truly seek it, and its sweetness, who can tell?
 Lamb forever; 'Tis for all who truly seek it; 'tis the Saviour's promised rest;

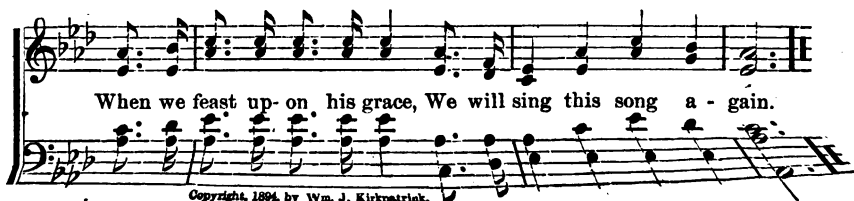
CHORUS.



Glo-ry to the Lamb. Glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry to the Lamb,



Glo-ry to "the Lamb that was slain!" When we see him face to face,

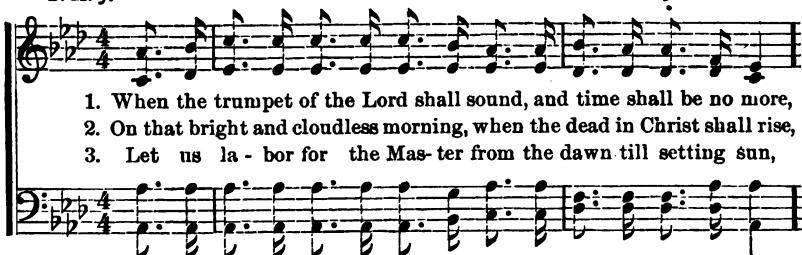


When we feast up-on his grace, We will sing this song a - gain.

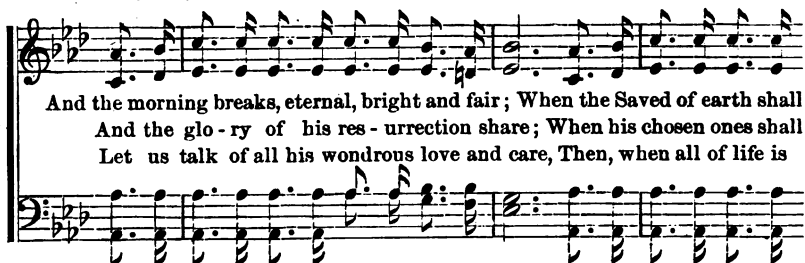
128 When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J.

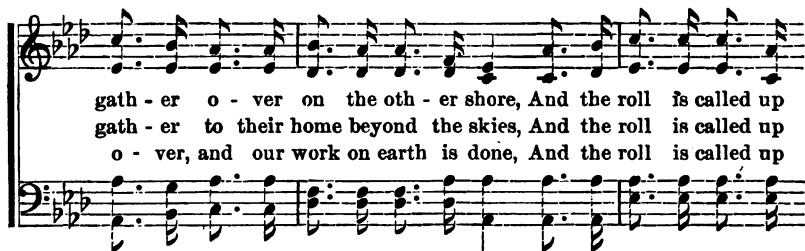
J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till setting sun,

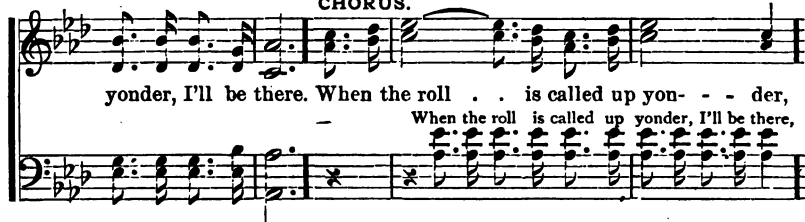


And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the Saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of his res - urrection share; When his chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is

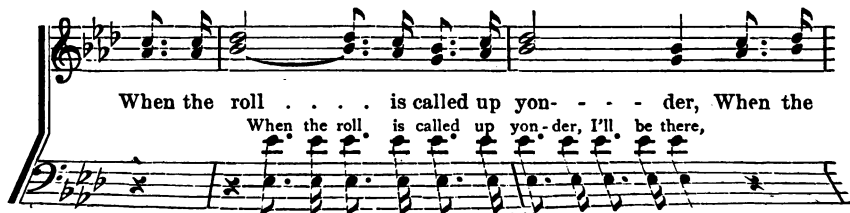


gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

CHORUS.



yonder, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is called up yon - - der,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,



When the roll . . . is called up yon - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

When the Roll is Called, etc.—CONCLUDED. 129

roll . . . is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

When the roll

Keep on the Sunny Side.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a light above, There are smiles of love, When in Jesus we a-bide;
2. Tho' the raindrops fall In the hearts of all, In our Father we con-fide;
3. Let us trust the Lord. Trust his gracious word, That no good will be denied;

There are golden rays Cheering rugged ways; Let us keep on the sunny side.
There are heavenly gleams, And sweet promise-beams,
When we keep on the sunny side.
With a faith in him That no shadows dim, Let us keep on the sunny side.

CHORUS.

Walking along in the sunshine fair, Helping a neighbor to travel there;

When our souls are bright With salvation's light, We will keep on the sunny side.

S. of Love and Praise—1

Brother, will You Go?

WM. WOODWARD.

MRS. W. V. BAKER.

1. A-way beyond the stars which the midnight sky un-folds, There are
 2. There-are cities rich in grandeur in - viting you to come, And
 3. There leap the lame for joy, there the blind receive their sight; There
 4. But, one will meet us there who has been our heart's de- light, Whose

scenes of rar-est beauty, and pal - a - ces of gold; And o'er that lovely
 who can tell the wealth of a heavenly cit - y home? Its rural scenes, its
 ears long closed to sound will be ravished with delight; There tongues that never
 praises we have sung thro' the sleepless hours of night; How sweet the thought that

prospect there falls no winter's snow, There warblers sing in endless spring, O
 mansions, its crystal streams that flow, All, all are free for you and me, O
 uttered a sentence here be - low, Burst into song through ages long, O
 Jesus we then shall see and know, Who by his grace prepared that place, O

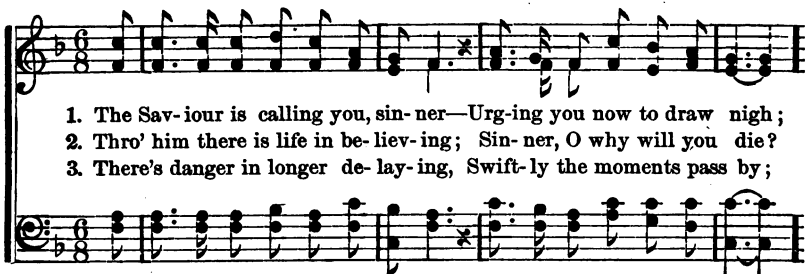
brother, will you go? There warblers sing in endless spring, O brother, will you go?
 brother, will you go? All, all are free for you and me, O brother, will you go?
 brother, will you go? Burst into song through ages long, O brother, will you go?
 brother, will you go? Who by his grace prepared that place, O brother, will you go?

Jesus will Help You.

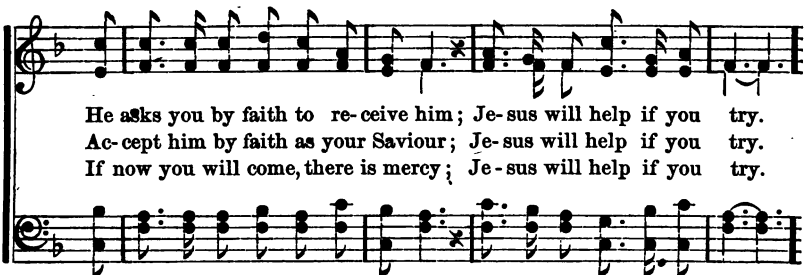
131

WM. STEVENSON.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

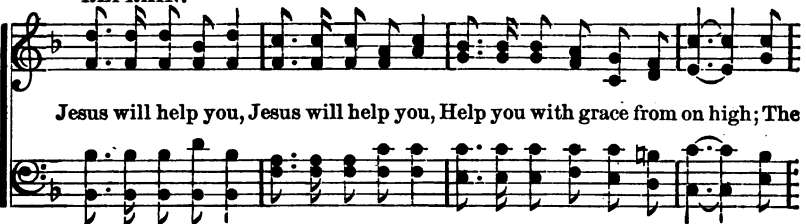


1. The Sav-iour is calling you, sin-ner—Urg-ing you now to draw nigh;
 2. Thro' him there is life in be-liev-ing; Sin-ner, O why will you die?
 3. There's danger in longer de-lay-ing, Swift-ly the moments pass by;



He asks you by faith to re-ceive him; Je-sus will help if you try.
 Ac-cept him by faith as your Saviour; Je-sus will help if you try.
 If now you will come, there is mercy; Je-sus will help if you try.

REFRAIN.



Jesus will help you, Jesus will help you, Help you with grace from on high; The



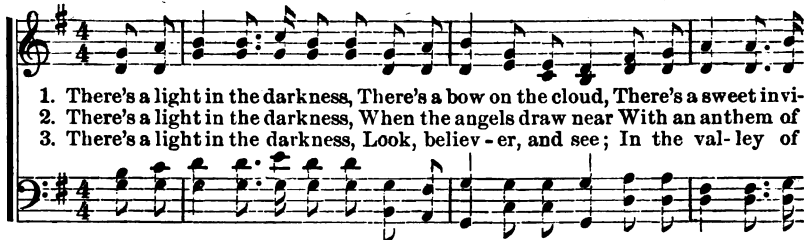
weakest and poorest the Saviour is calling; Jesus will help if you try.

By per. of the author.

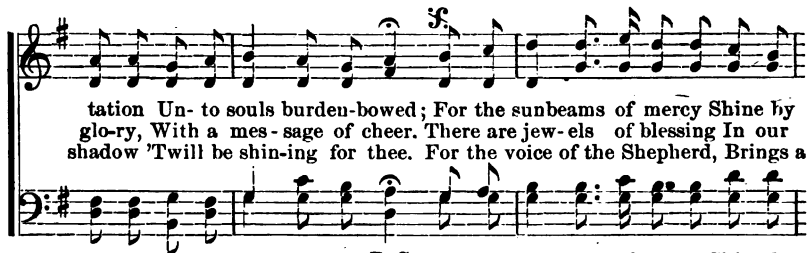
A Light in the Darkness.

E. E. HEWITT.

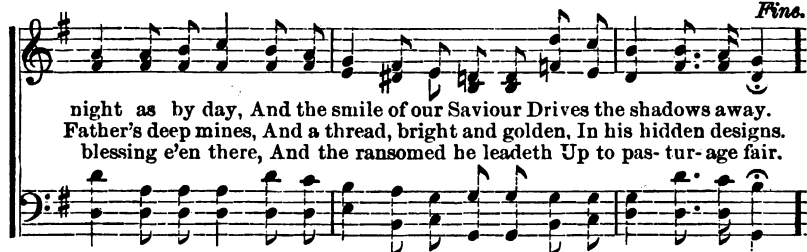
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There's a light in the darkness, There's a bow on the cloud, There's a sweet invi-
 2. There's a light in the darkness, When the angels draw near With an anthem of
 3. There's a light in the darkness, Look, believ - er, and see; In the val - ley of



tation Un- to souls burden-bowed; For the sunbeams of mercy Shine by
 glo-ry, With a mes- sage of cheer. There are jew- els of blessing In our
 shadow 'Twill be shin- ing for thee. For the voice of the Shepherd, Brings a

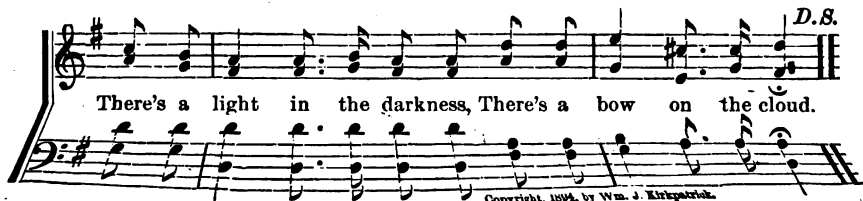
D. S.—For the sunbeams of mercy Shine by


night as by day, And the smile of our Saviour Drives the shadows away.
 Father's deep mines, And a thread, bright and golden, In his hidden designs.
 blessing e'en there, And the ransomed he leadeth Up to pas- tur- age fair.

night as by day, And the smile of our Saviour Drives the shadows away.

CHORUS.


Praise the Lord our Redeem - er, Sing his prais - es a - loud;



There's a light in the darkness, There's a bow on the cloud.

Not One Forgotten.

133

E. E. HAWITT.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."—Luke xii: 6.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten - der beauty In the say - ings of our Lord,
 2. Though I'm least of all 'his children, So un - wor - thy of his love,
 3. Oh, the wounded hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Waking grat - itude's sweet chord;
 Yet, for me there's kind remembrance In the Fa - ther-heart a - bove;
 Is there an - y ill can harm me While his blood is on my soul?

For it tells me that "Our Father," From his throne of roy - al might,
 He will ev - er save and keep me; He will guide me on the way,
 Let me, like the lit - tle sparrow, Trust him where I can - not see,

CHO.—In my Father's bless - ed keeping I am hap - py, safe, and free;

D.S. Chorus. F
 Bends to note a fall - ing sparrow, For 'tis precious in his sight.
 For my Saviour gent - ly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
 In the sunshine and the shadow, Singing, he will care for me.

Copyright, 1903, by H. L. Gilmour.

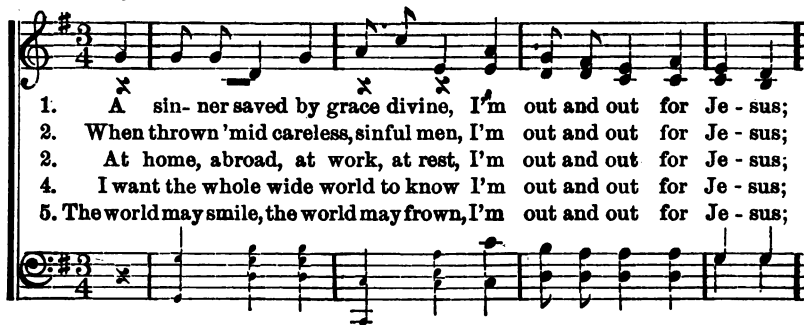
While his eye is on the sparrow I will not for - got - ten be.

I'm Out and Out for Jesus.


Mr. Moody on being introduced by a friend to a Christian gentleman asked, "Is he O and O?"
The friend inquired what he meant, he replied, "Is he out and out for Jesus?"

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

ALVIN S. CLARK.



1. A sin-ner saved by grace divine, I'm out and out for Je - sus;
2. When thrown 'mid careless, sinful men, I'm out and out for Je - sus;
2. At home, abroad, at work, at rest, I'm out and out for Je - sus;
4. I want the whole wide world to know I'm out and out for Je - sus;
5. The world may smile, the world may frown, I'm out and out for Je - sus;



And since I know that he is mine, I'm out and out for Je - sus.
I tell them o'er and o'er a- gain, I'm out and out for Je - sus.
I'll speak for him I love the best, I'm out and out for Je - sus.
And so I tell, where e'er I go, I'm out and out for Je - sus.
I'll nev-er draw my col-ors down, I'm out and out for Je - sus.

CHORUS.



Since on the cross of Cal-va-ry He shed his blood so pre-cious,



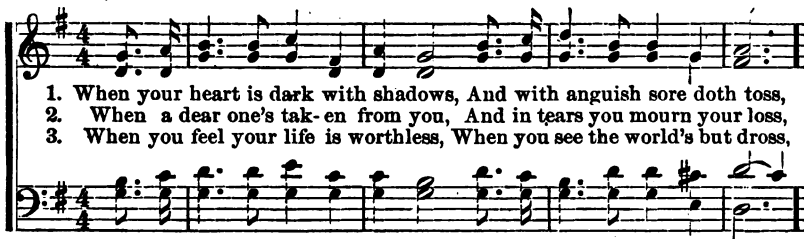
From sin and death to ransom me, I'm out and out for Je - sus.

Carry it All to the Cross.

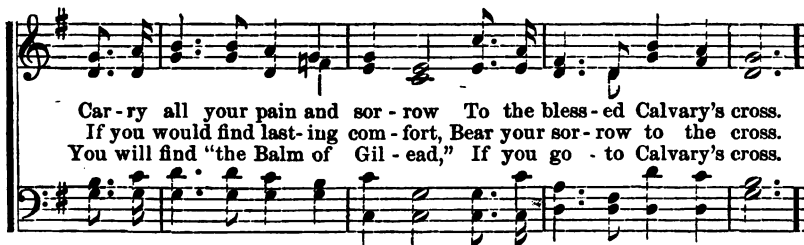
135

WM. H. GARDNER.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. When your heart is dark with shadows, And with anguish sore doth toss,
 2. When a dear one's tak-en from you, And in tears you mourn your loss,
 3. When you feel your life is worthless, When you see the world's but dross,

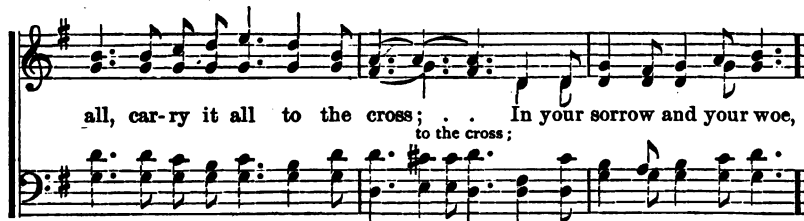


Car-ry all your pain and sor-row To the bless-ed Calvary's cross.
 If you would find last-ing com-fort, Bear your sor-row to the cross.
 You will find "the Balm of Gil-ead," If you go - to Calvary's cross.

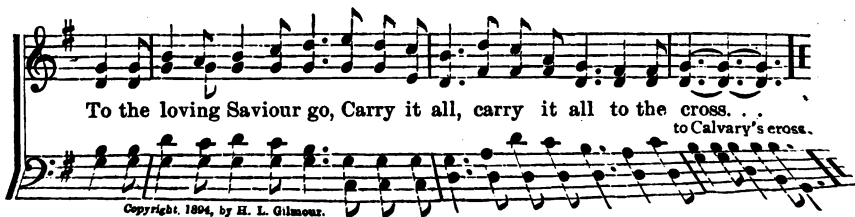
CHORUS.



Car-ry it all to the cross, Car-ry it
 Carry it all the blessed cross,



all, car-ry it all to the cross; . . . In your sorrow and your woe,
 to the cross;

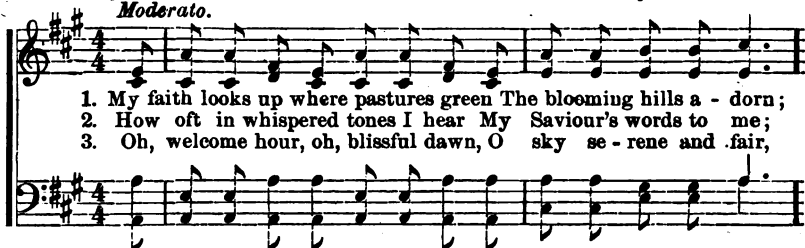


To the loving Saviour go, Carry it all, carry it all to the cross.
 to Calvary's cross.

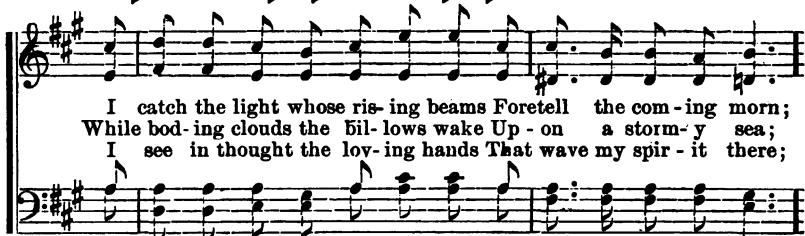
Beyond the Rolling Tide.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

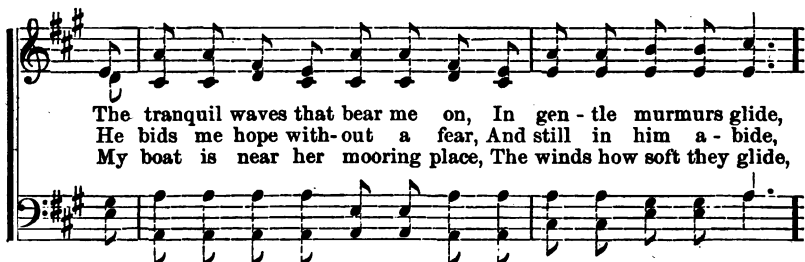
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.


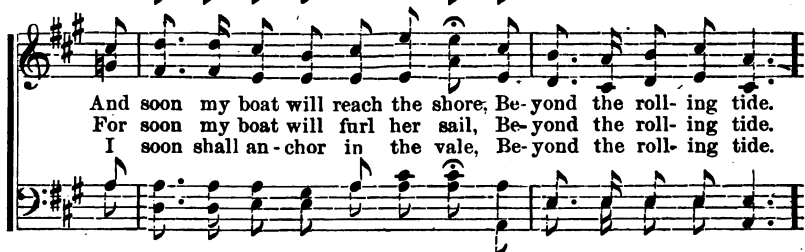
1. My faith looks up where pastures green The blooming hills a - dorn;
 2. How oft in whispered tones I hear My Saviour's words to me;
 3. Oh, welcome hour, oh, blissful dawn, O sky se - rene and fair,



I catch the light whose ris - ing beams Foretell the com - ing morn;
 While bod - ing clouds the bil - lows wake Up - on a storm - y sea;
 I see in thought the lov - ing hands That wave my spir - it there;

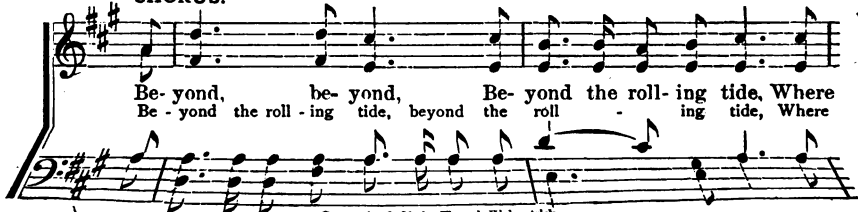


The tranquil waves that bear me on, In gen - tle murmurs glide,
 He bids me hope with - out a fear, And still in him a - bide,
 My boat is near her mooring place, The winds how soft they glide,



And soon my boat will reach the shore, Be - yond the roll - ing tide.
 For soon my boat will furl her sail, Be - yond the roll - ing tide.
 I soon shall an - chor in the vale, Be - yond the roll - ing tide.

CHORUS.



Be - yond, be - yond, Be - yond the roll - ing tide, Where
 Be - yond the roll - ing tide, beyond the roll - ing tide, Where

Beyond the Rolling Tide.—CONCLUDED. 137

on - ly joy my heart shall know, Be - yond the roll - ing tide.

The Joy of Knowing Jesus.

ABBIE MILLS.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Oh, the joy of knowing Je - sus, "Thou art mine," I hear him say;
2. Oh, the joy of knowing Je - sus, Now he cap - ti - vates my soul;
3. Oh, the joy of knowing Je - sus, Fellowship with heaven's King
4. Oh, the joy of knowing Je - sus, What new glories 'round me rise

Fine.

And my hap - py soul's re - sponding, "I am thine, all thine for aye."
 All my be - ing thrills with rapture At the touch that makes me whole.
 Is a priv - i - ledge so precious I would ceaseless prais - es sing.
 As I tread with him the pathway, Onward, upward to the skies.

D.S.—Hal - le - lu - jah, he's my Saviour, And the witness doth bestow.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Oh, the joy of knowing Je - sus, This my boast where'er I go;
 Oh, the joy This my boast

Copyright, 1894, by H. L. Gilmour.

5 Oh, the joy of knowing Jesus,
 Every wondrous promise mine,
 And by these I am partaken,
 Of the strength, and power divine.

6 Oh, the joy of knowing Jesus,
 When the fires around me glow,
 Then how intimate the glory;
 Thus, I more of Jesus know.

My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
 2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lustre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
 parting at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
 lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
 mercy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
 mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him, And alone by his side I shall stand,
 I shall know him,

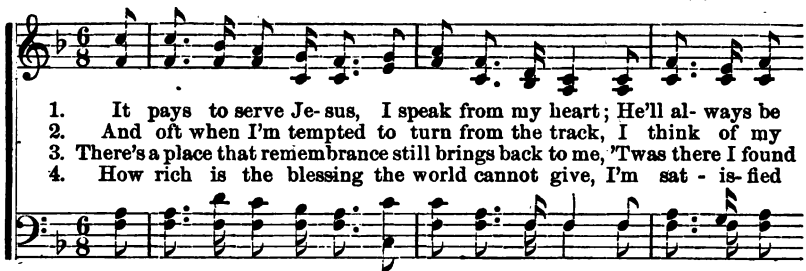
I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.

I Love Him Far Better.

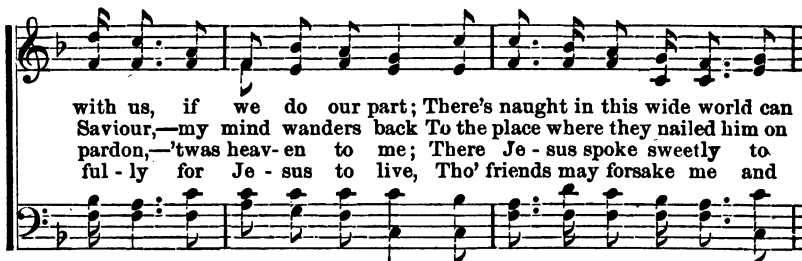
139

E. G. C.

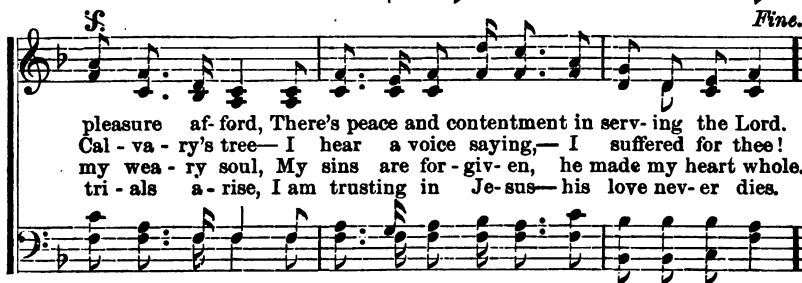
ELI G. CHRISTY.



1. It pays to serve Je-sus, I speak from my heart; He'll al- ways be
 2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, I think of my
 3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'Twas there I found
 4. How rich is the blessing the world cannot give, I'm sat - is - fied

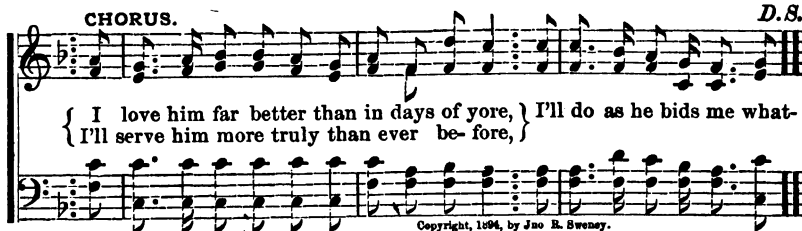


with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can
 Saviour,—my mind wanders back To the place where they nailed him on
 pardon,—'twas heav- en to me; There Je - sus spoke sweetly to
 ful - ly for Je - sus to live, Tho' friends may forsake me and



pleasure af- ford, There's peace and contentment in serv- ing the Lord.
 Cal - va - ry's tree—I hear a voice saying,— I suffered for thee!
 my wea - ry soul, My sins are for - giv - en, he made my heart whole.
 tri - als a - rise, I am trusting in Je - sus—his love nev - er dies.

D. S.—ev - er the cost, I'll be a true soldier,—I'll die at my post.



CHORUS.
 { I love him far better than in days of yore, } I'll do as he bids me what-
 { I'll serve him more truly than ever be- fore, }

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. B. Sweeney.

5 Will you have this blessing that Jesus
 bestows,
 A free, full salvation—as ev'ry one knows?
 Oh, sinner, poor sinner, to Calvary flee,
 The blood of my Saviour was shed there
 for thee.

6 There is no one like Jesus, can cheer
 me to-day, [away,
 His love and his kindness can ne'er fade
 In winter, in summer, in sunshine and [same,
 rain,
 His love and affection are always the

Christ, Our Passover.

H. L. G.

1 Cor. v: 7.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Our Lamb is slain, the Paschal Lamb, Of which the old is but a
 2. Come, climb to Calv'ry's mournful site, And see the streaming wounds of
 3. I'll ne'er for-get when first, by faith, I saw my Saviour, bleeding,
 4. There's sweet re- pose beneath the cross, And safe- ty when the blood doth
 5. The blood's the bridge that spans the gulf, And brings us near to God, and

token; Tho' shadowed in the midnight past, There's not a word has
 Jesus; The spot- less vic- tim yields his life, And from the sword of
 dying; And there a- gain, for Per- fect Love, I plunged in- to the
 cov- er; For God has spok- en in his word, "When I see the blood, I
 Heaven; It flows for you, it flows for me, O sin- ner, come, 'tis

CHORUS.

e'er been brok - en. I'm un- der the blood, the pass - o-ver blood,
 jus - tice frees us.
 fountain, cry - ing.
 will pass o - ver."
 free - ly giv - en.

The Lamb was "slain from the foun- da- tion;" It points to the

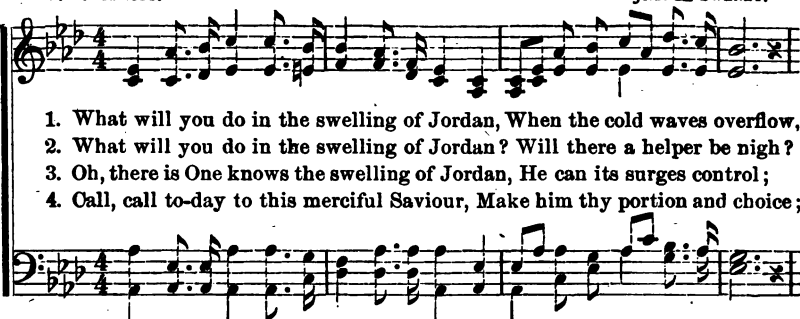
side of Je - sus, who died, And purchased for us sal - va - tion.

In the Swelling of Jordan.

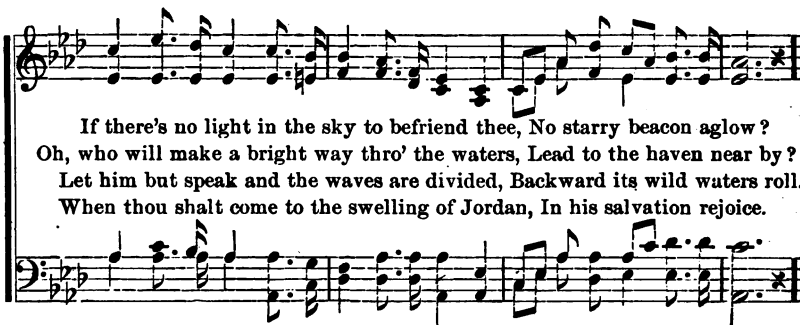
141

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

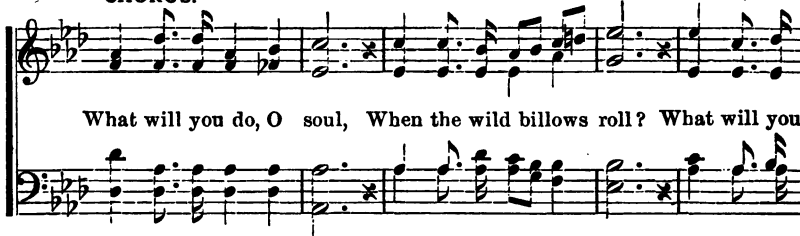


1. What will you do in the swelling of Jordan, When the cold waves overflow,
2. What will you do in the swelling of Jordan? Will there a helper be nigh?
3. Oh, there is One knows the swelling of Jordan, He can its surges control;
4. Call, call to-day to this merciful Saviour, Make him thy portion and choice;

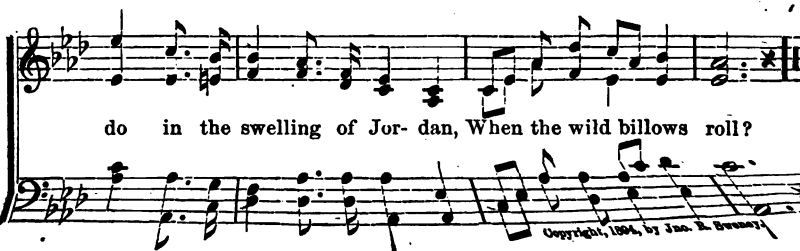


If there's no light in the sky to befriend thee, No starry beacon aglow?
 Oh, who will make a bright way thro' the waters, Lead to the haven near by?
 Let him but speak and the waves are divided, Backward its wild waters roll.
 When thou shalt come to the swelling of Jordan, In his salvation rejoice.

CHORUS.



What will you do, O soul, When the wild billows roll? What will you



do in the swelling of Jordan, When the wild billows roll?

When the Curtains are Lifted.

MRS ANNIE WITTENMEYER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When the curtains are lifted, Oh, what shall I see? Will my Lord with his angels
 2. Will the heaven-ly city Burst full on my sight; And the throne of his glory,
 3. Now the future is hidden, I see but a pace, Yet it may be I'm nearing
 4. When his glorified presence Shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be chang'd and be like him,

Be waiting for me? Will he welcome my coming, And crown me his own, With the
 That giveth it light? Will the feet torn and weary Reach pavements of gold, And the
 The end of the race; It will matter but little What changes may come, If my
 And with him arise; And the hands hard with labor A victor's palm raise; And the

CHORUS.
 (1, 2, 3.)
 saints of all a- ges, That cir- cle his throne. When the curtains are lifted, Oh,
 eyes red with weeping, The Saviour behold?
 Lord with his angels Shall welcome me home.
 lips tuned to sorrow Sing anthems of praise. (4.) When the curtains are lifted, Oh,

what shall I see? Will my Lord and his angels be waiting for me, Be wait -
 this shall I see, That my Lord and his angels are waiting for me, Are wait - -
 Be waiting for
 Are waiting for

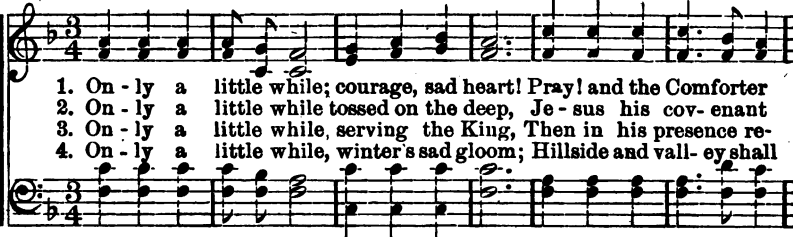
ad lib.
 - - ing, be wait - - ing. Will my Lord and his angels be waiting for me?
 - - ing, are wait - - ing, That my Lord and his angels are waiting for me?
 me? be waiting for me?
 me? are waiting for me?

Only a Little While.

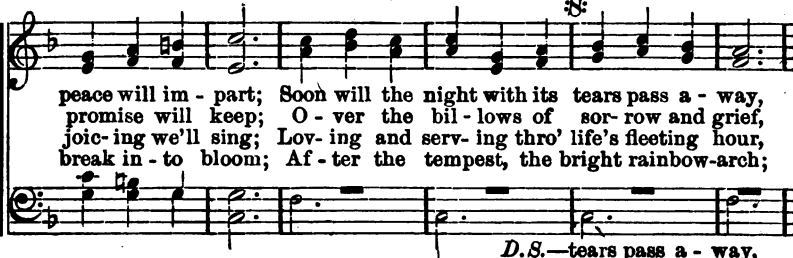
143

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

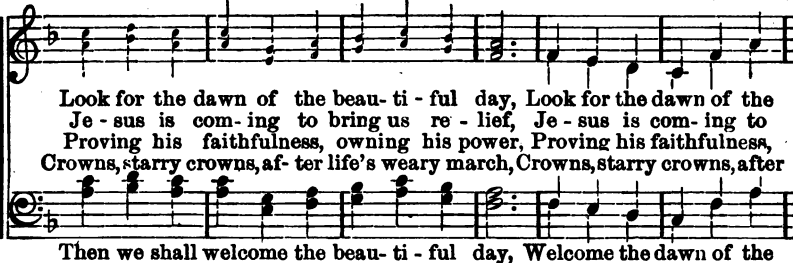


1. On - ly a little while; courage, sad heart! Pray! and the Comforter
 2. On - ly a little while tossed on the deep, Je - sus his cov - enant
 3. On - ly a little while, serving the King, Then in his presence re -
 4. On - ly a little while, winter's sad gloom; Hillside and vall - ey shall



peace will im - part; Soon will the night with its tears pass a - way,
 promise will keep; O - ver the bil - lows of sor - row and grief,
 joic - ing we'll sing; Lov - ing and serv - ing thro' life's fleeting hour,
 break in - to bloom; Af - ter the tempest, the bright rainbow - arch;

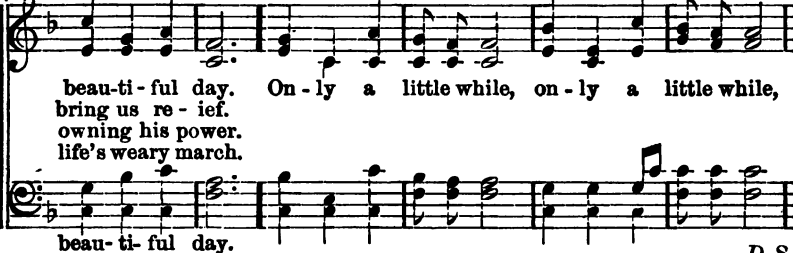
D.S.—tears pass a - way,



Look for the dawn of the beau - ti - ful day, Look for the dawn of the
 Je - sus is com - ing to bring us re - lief, Je - sus is com - ing to
 Proving his faithfulness, owning his power, Proving his faithfulness,
 Crowns, starry crowns, af - ter life's weary march, Crowns, starry crowns, after

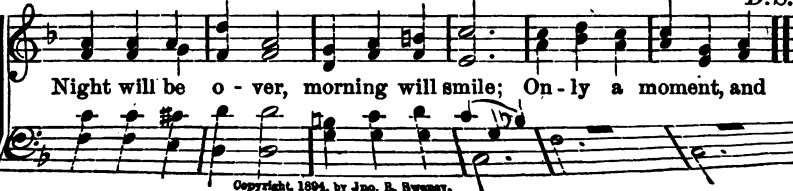
Then we shall welcome the beau - ti - ful day, Welcome the dawn of the

Fine. CHORUS.



beau - ti - ful day. On - ly a little while, on - ly a little while,
 bring us re - lief.
 owning his power.
 life's weary march.

beau - ti - ful day.



Night will be o - ver, morning will smile; On - ly a moment, and

Building Day by Day.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

HERBERT D. LOTHROP.

1. We are building in sorrow, and building in joy, A temple the world cannot
 2. Ev'ry deed forms a part in this building of ours, That is done in the name of the
 3. Then be watchful and wise, let the temple we rear Be one that no tempest can
 INST.

see; But we know it will stand if we found it on a rock, Thro' the
 Lord; For the love that we show and the kindness we bestow, He has
 shock; For the Master has said, and he taught us in his word, We must

CHORUS.

a- ges of e- ter - ni - ty. We are building day by day, as the
 promised us a bright re- ward.
 build upon the sol - id rock.

moments glide away, Our temple, which the world may not see;
 which the world may not see;

Ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won by grace Will be sure to find its place

ad lib.

In our building for e - ter - ni - ty. e - ter - ni - ty.
for e - ter - ni - ty.

Wash Me, O Lamb of God.

H. B. BRIGGLE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

May be used as a Duett.

1. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; By thine a - toning blood,
2. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; I long to be like thee,
8. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; I will not, cannot rest
4. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; By faith thy cleansing blood

Oh, make me clean ; Purge me from every stain, Let me thine image gain,
All pure within ; Now let the crimson tide Shed from thy wounded side
Till pure within ; All human skill is vain, But thou canst cleanse each stain,
Now makes me clean. So near thou art to me, So sweet my rest in thee,

5 Wash me, O Lamb of God,
Wash me from sin ;
Thou, while I trust in thee,
Wilt keep me clean ;
Each day to thee I bring
Heart, life, yea, everything ;
Saved while to thee I cling,
Saved from all sin.

In love and mercy reign O'er all within.
Be to my heart applied, And make me clean.
Till not a spot remain, Made wholly clean.
Oh, blessed purity ! Saved, saved from sin.

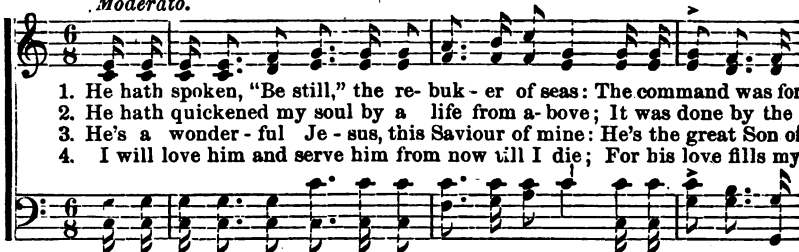
Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

S. of Love and Praise—K.

He's the Prince of Peacemakers.

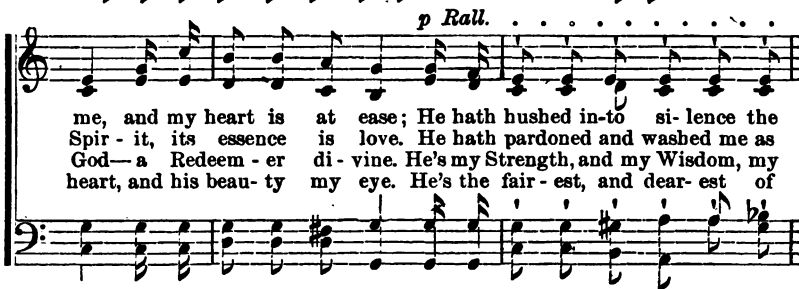
Rev F. W. WARE.
Moderato.

J. E. GLINES.

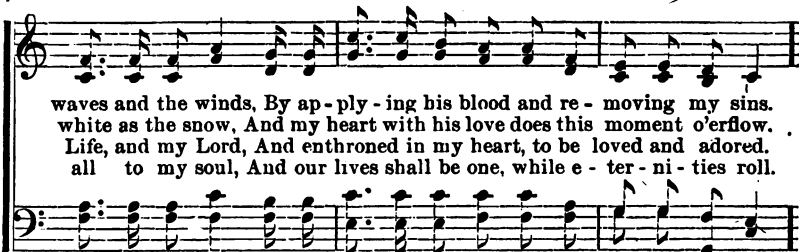


1. He hath spoken, "Be still," the re-buk-er of seas: The command was for
 2. He hath quickened my soul by a life from a-bove; It was done by the
 3. He's a wonder-ful Je-sus, this Saviour of mine: He's the great Son of
 4. I will love him and serve him from now till I die; For his love fills my

p Rall.

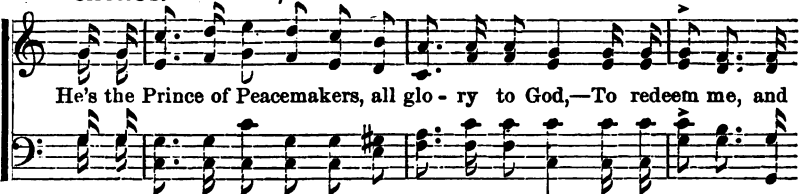


me, and my heart is at ease; He hath hushed in-to si-lence the
 Spir-it, its essence is love. He hath pardoned and washed me as
 God—a Redeem-er di-vine. He's my Strength, and my Wisdom, my
 heart, and his beau-ty my eye. He's the fair-est, and dear-est of

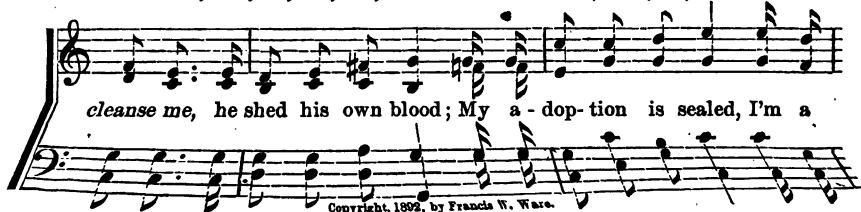


waves and the winds, By ap-ply-ing his blood and re-moving my sins.
 white as the snow, And my heart with his love does this moment o'erflow.
 Life, and my Lord, And enthroned in my heart, to be loved and adored.
 all to my soul, And our lives shall be one, while e-ter-ni-ties roll.

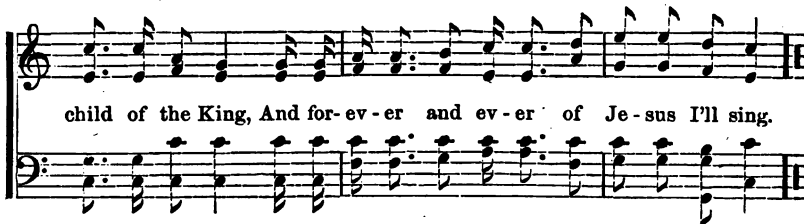
CHORUS. *Faster. mf*



He's the Prince of Peacemakers, all glo-ry to God,—To redeem me, and



cleanse me, he shed his own blood; My a-dop-tion is sealed, I'm a

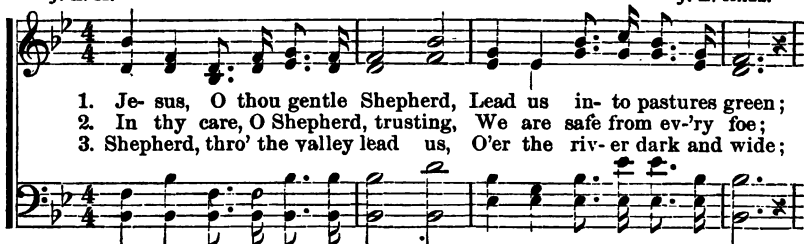


child of the King, And for-ev-er and ev-er of Je-sus I'll sing.

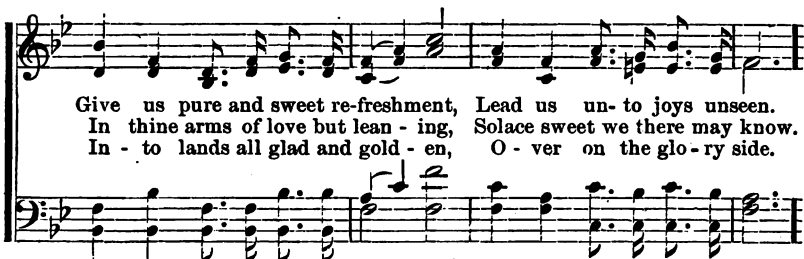
Shepherd, Lead Us.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

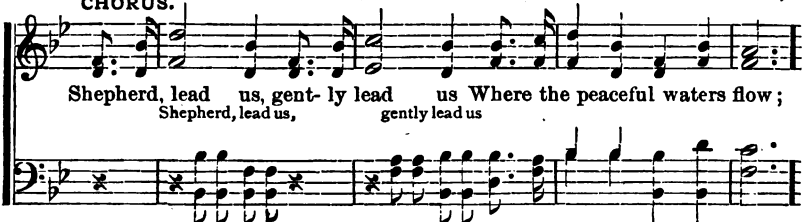


1. Je-sus, O thou gentle Shepherd, Lead us in-to pastures green;
2. In thy care, O Shepherd, trusting, We are safe from ev-ry foe;
3. Shepherd, thro' the valley lead us, O'er the riv-er dark and wide;

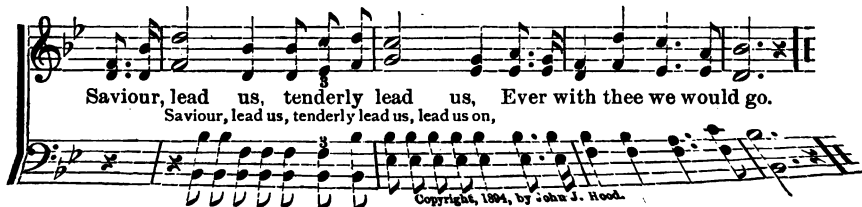


Give us pure and sweet re-freshment, Lead us un-to joys unseen.
In thine arms of love but lean-ing, Solace sweet we there may know.
In-to lands all glad and gold-en, O-ver on the glo-ry side.

CHORUS.



Shepherd, lead us, gent-ly lead us Where the peaceful waters flow;
Shepherd, lead us, gently lead us

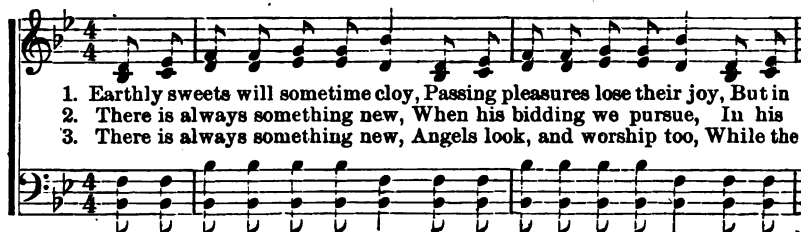


Saviour, lead us, tenderly lead us, Ever with thee we would go.
Saviour, lead us, tenderly lead us, lead us on,

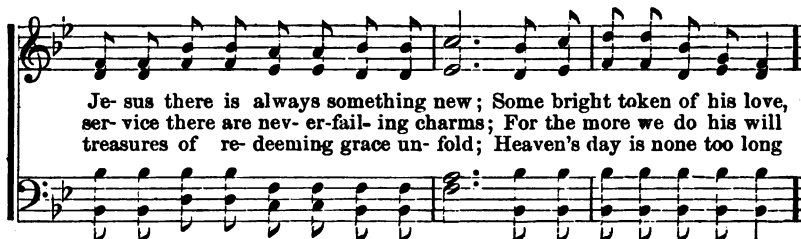
148 Always Something New in Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

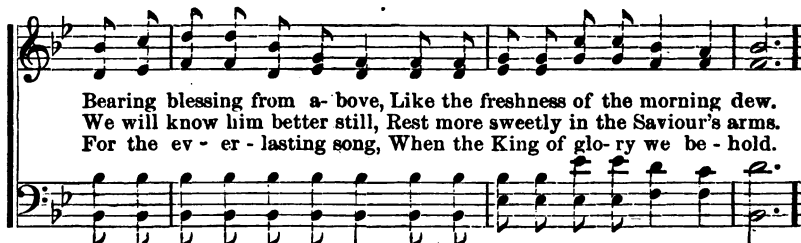
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Earthly sweets will sometime cloy, Passing pleasures lose their joy, But in
 2. There is always something new, When his bidding we pursue, In his
 3. There is always something new, Angels look, and worship too, While the

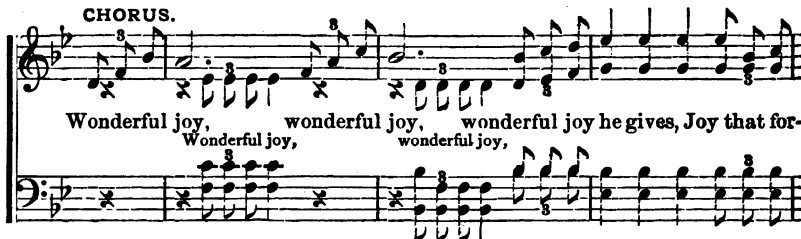


Je- sus there is always something new; Some bright token of his love,
 ser- vice there are nev- er-fail- ing charms; For the more we do his will
 treasures of re- deem- ing grace un- fold; Heaven's day is none too long



Bearing blessing from a- bove, Like the freshness of the morning dew.
 We will know him better still, Rest more sweetly in the Saviour's arms.
 For the ev- er- lasting song, When the King of glo- ry we be- hold.

CHORUS.



Wonderful joy, wonderful joy, wonderful joy he gives, Joy that for-
 Wonderful joy, wonderful joy,



ever lives! Wonderful joy, wonderful joy, Riches, abiding, true,
 Wonderful joy, wonderful joy,

Always Something New, etc.—CONCLUDED. 149



Always in Jesus new, Wonderful joy, wonderful joy, wonderful joy.

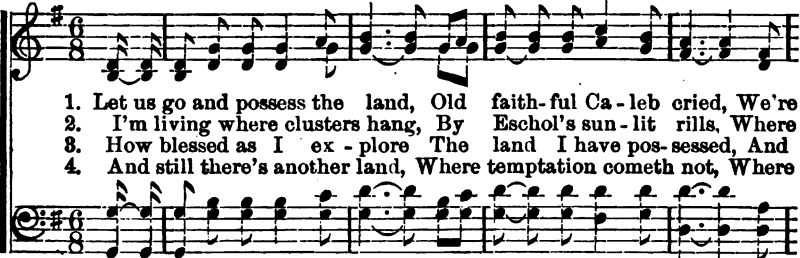
Living in Canaan.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Num. xiii: 30.

H. RUSSELL.

Adapt. and arr. by H. L. G.



1. Let us go and possess the land, Old faith-ful Ca-leb cried, We're
2. I'm living where clusters hang, By Eschol's sun-lit rills, Where
3. How blessed as I ex-plore The land I have pos-sessed, And
4. And still there's another land, Where temptation cometh not, Where

CHO.—I'm o-ver in Canaan now, The crossing was made by faith; I'm

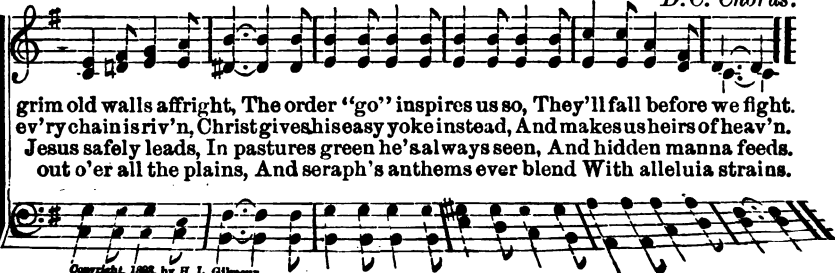
Fine.



able to o'ercome; The Lord is on our side, We fear no giants great, Nor
corn and wine with oil And honey sweet distills, No yoke of bondage dread, For
reach another peak Of trusting, constant rest; I'm walking thro' the Land Where
foes and wall'd defence Are evermore forgot; But where the conq'ror's song, Floats

trusting Jesus' blood, His arms are underneath.

D. C. Chorus.



grim old walls affright, The order "go" inspires us so, They'll fall before we fight.
ev'ry chain is riv'n, Christ gives his easy yoke instead, And makes us heirs of heav'n.
Jesus safely leads, In pastures green he's always seen, And hidden manna feeds.
out o'er all the plains, And seraph's anthems ever blend With alleluia strains.

Resting.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVRECAL.

Isa. xxviii: 12.

Adap. and part. comp. by W. J. K.

1. Resting on the faithfulness of Christ, our Lord; Resting on the
 2. Resting 'neath his guiding hand for untracked days; Resting 'neath his
 3. Resting in the fortress while the foe is nigh; Resting in the
 4. Resting in the pastures and beneath the Rock; Resting by the
 5. Resting and be-lieving, let us onward press; Resting in him-

fulness of his own sure word; Resting on his power, on his love untold;
 shadow from the noon-tide rays; Resting at the even-tide beneath his wing,
 life-boat while the waves roll high; Resting in his chariot for the swift, glad race;
 waters where he leads his flock; Resting while we listen, at his glorious feet:
 self, the Lord our righteousness; Resting and rejoicing, let his saved ones sing,

Fine. CHORUS.
 Resting on his cov-e-nant secured of old. Rest - ing,
 In the fair pa-vil-ion of our Saviour King.
 Resting, always resting in his boundless grace.
 Resting in his very arms!—oh, rest complete!
 Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King! Resting in the faithfulness,

D.S.—Resting in the fulness of his own sure word.
 Rest - ing, Resting in the faith-ful-ness of
 Rest-ing in the faith-ful-ness,

D.S.
 Christ our Lord; Rest - ing, Rest - ing,
 Resting in his faith-fulness, Resting in his faith-fulness,

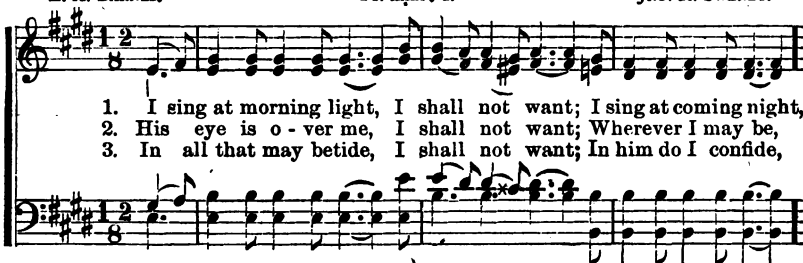
I Shall not Want.

151

E. A. BARNES.

Ps. xxiii: 1.

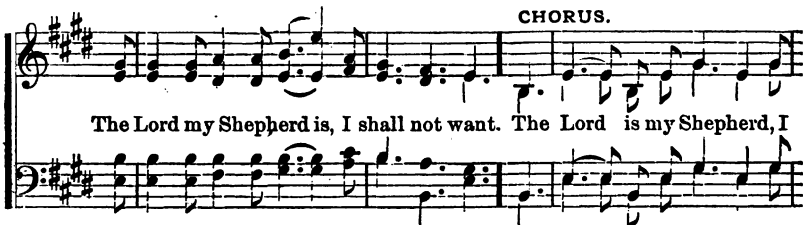
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I sing at morning light, I shall not want; I sing at coming night,
2. His eye is o - ver me, I shall not want; Wherever I may be,
3. In all that may betide, I shall not want; In him do I confide,



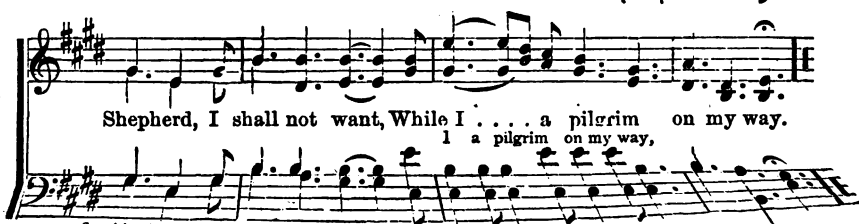
I shall not want. As long as I am here, I need not doubt or fear,
I shall not want. I know his love and care, In which I free-ly share,
I shall not want. My days are on the wing, And yet 'tis sweet to sing,



CHORUS.
The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall not want. The Lord is my Shepherd, I



shall not want, He lead - eth me from day to day; The Lord is my
leadeth me, leadeth me from



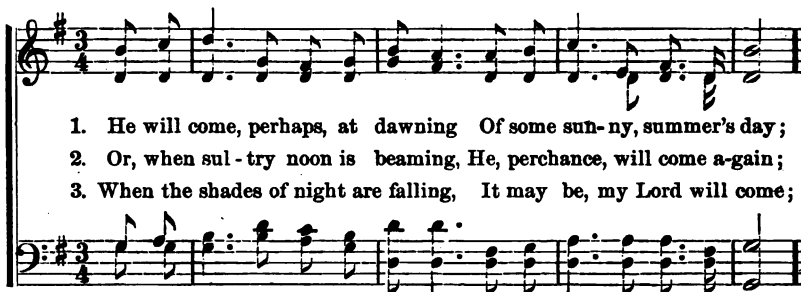
Shepherd, I shall not want, While I a pilgrim on my way.
I a pilgrim on my way,

Coming.

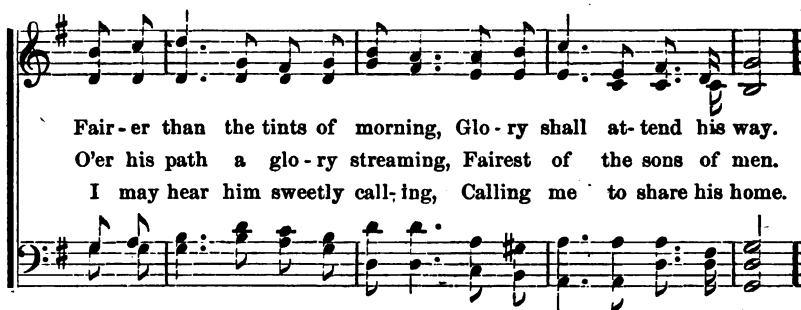
"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—John xiv: 3.

MAY MAURICE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

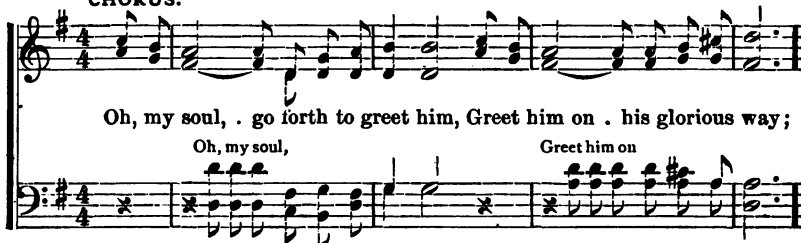


1. He will come, perhaps, at dawning Of some sun-ny, summer's day;
 2. Or, when sul-try noon is beaming, He, perchance, will come a-gain;
 3. When the shades of night are falling, It may be, my Lord will come;

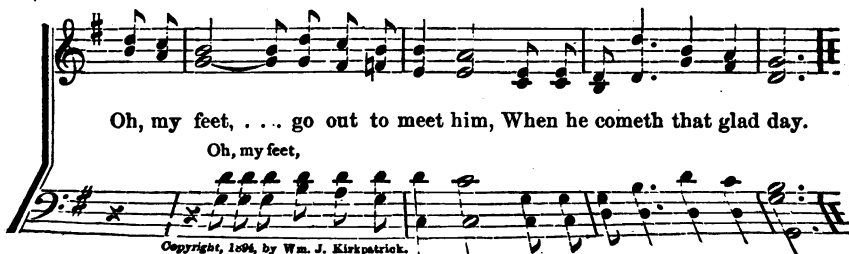


Fair-er than the tints of morning, Glo-ry shall at-tend his way.
 O'er his path a glo-ry streaming, Fairest of the sons of men.
 I may hear him sweetly call-ing, Calling me to share his home.

CHORUS.



Oh, my soul, . go forth to greet him, Greet him on . his glorious way;
 Oh, my soul, Greet him on



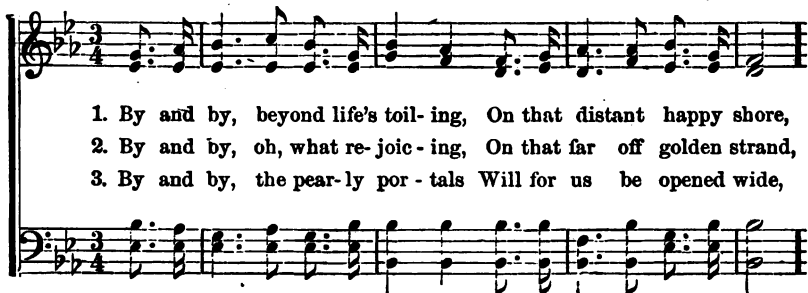
Oh, my feet, . . . go out to meet him, When he cometh that glad day.
 Oh, my feet,

By and By.

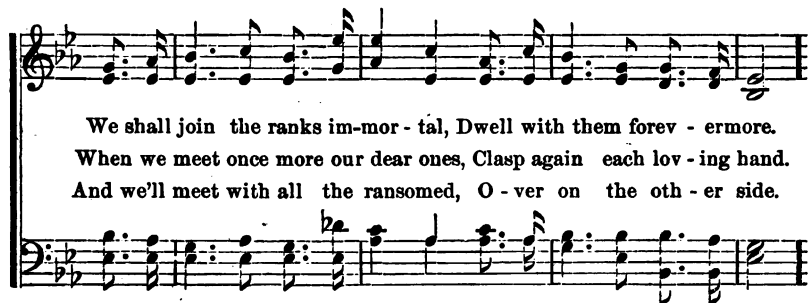
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IDA L. REED.

H. L. GILMOUR.

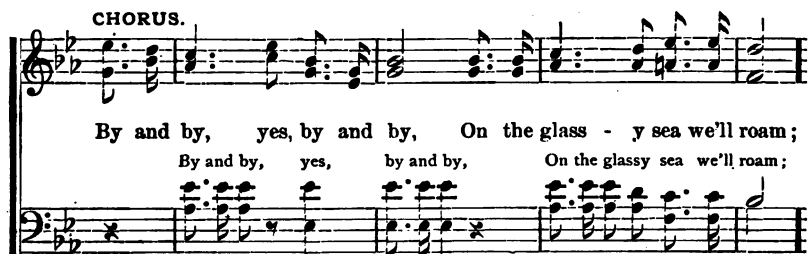


1. By and by, beyond life's toil-ing, On that distant happy shore,
 2. By and by, oh, what re-joic-ing, On that far off golden strand,
 3. By and by, the pear-ly por-tals Will for us be opened wide,

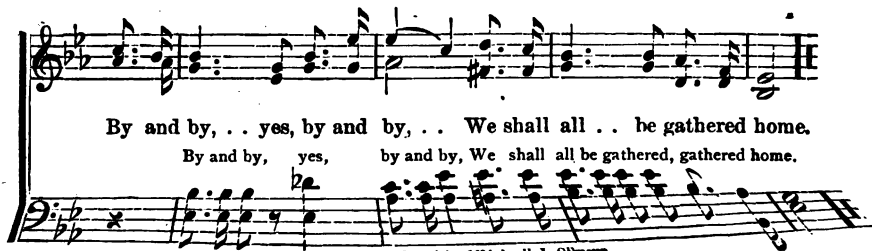


We shall join the ranks im-mor-tal, Dwell with them forev-ermore.
 When we meet once more our dear ones, Clasp again each lov-ing hand.
 And we'll meet with all the ransomed, O-ver on the oth-er side.

CHORUS.



By and by, yes, by and by, On the glass-y sea we'll roam;
 By and by, yes, by and by, On the glassy sea we'll roam;



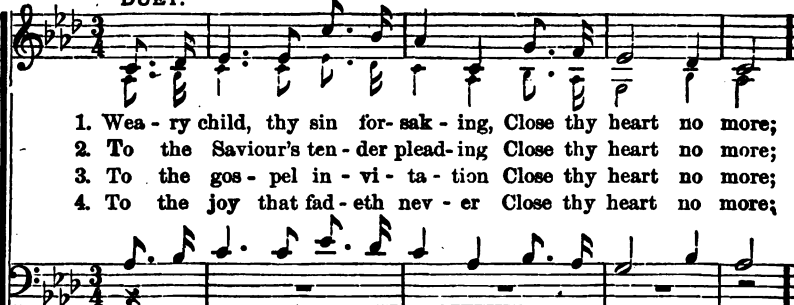
By and by, . . yes, by and by, . . We shall all . . be gathered home.
 By and by, yes, by and by, We shall all be gathered, gathered home.

Close Thy Heart no More.

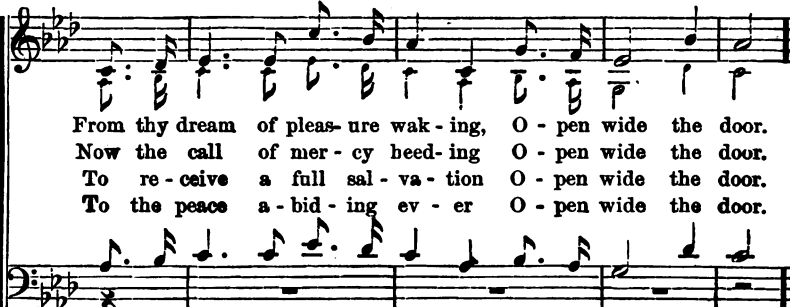
FANNY J. CROSSY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

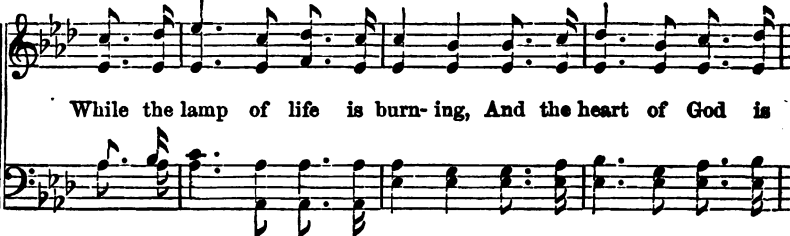


1. Wea - ry child, thy sin for-sak - ing, Close thy heart no more;
 2. To the Saviour's ten - der plead - ing Close thy heart no more;
 3. To the gos - pel in - vi - ta - tion Close thy heart no more;
 4. To the joy that fad - eth nev - er Close thy heart no more;

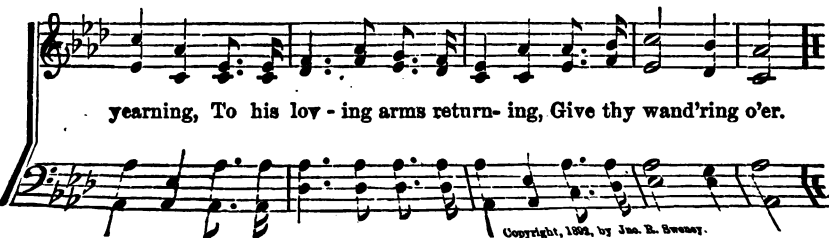


From thy dream of pleas - ure wak - ing, O - pen wide the door.
 Now the call of mer - cy heed - ing O - pen wide the door.
 To re - ceive a full sal - va - tion O - pen wide the door.
 To the peace a - bid - ing ev - er O - pen wide the door.

CHORUS.



While the lamp of life is burn - ing, And the heart of God is



yearning, To his lov - ing arms return - ing, Give thy wand'ring o'er.

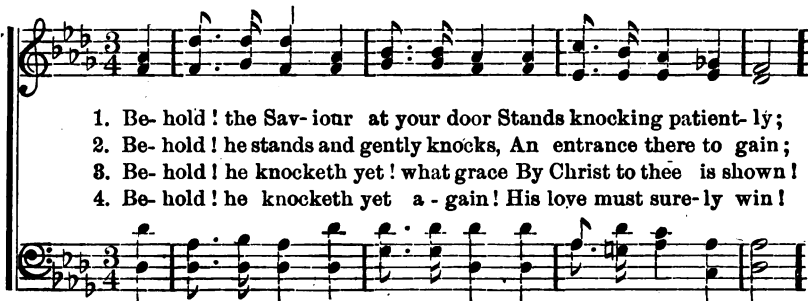
Knocking at the Heart's Door.

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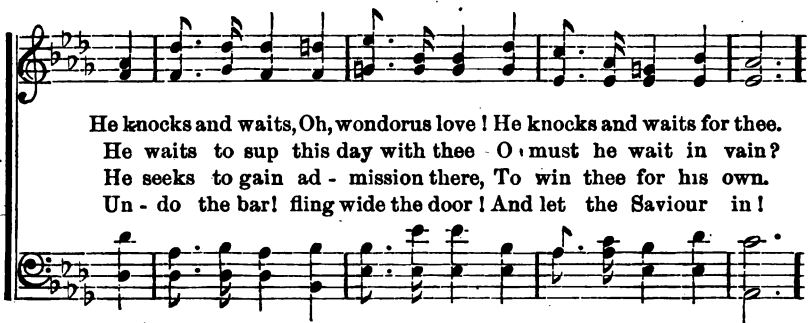
F. S. SHEPARD.

Rev. iii: 20.

H. L. GILMOUR.

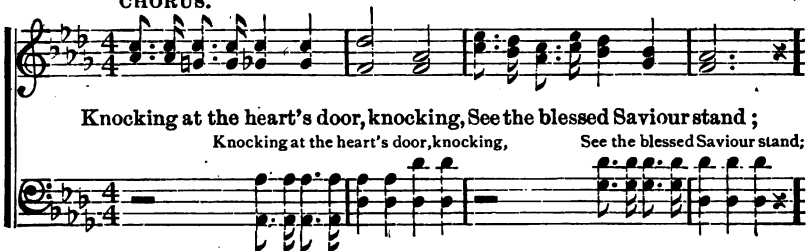


1. Be- hold ! the Sav- iour at your door Stands knocking patient- ly ;
 2. Be- hold ! he stands and gently knocks, An entrance there to gain ;
 3. Be- hold ! he knocketh yet ! what grace By Christ to thee is shown !
 4. Be- hold ! he knocketh yet a - gain ! His love must sure- ly win !

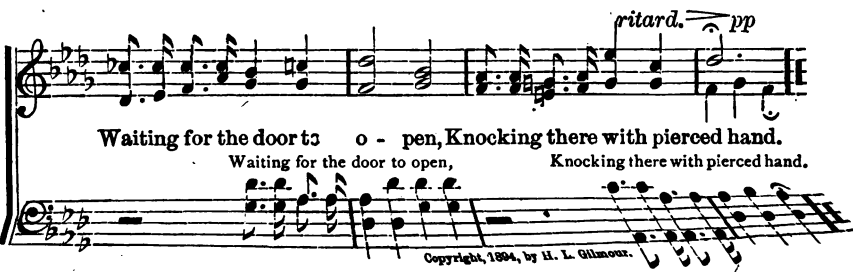


He knocks and waits, Oh, wondrous love ! He knocks and waits for thee.
 He waits to sup this day with thee - O must he wait in vain ?
 He seeks to gain ad - mission there, To win thee for his own.
 Un - do the bar ! fling wide the door ! And let the Saviour in !

CHORUS.



Knocking at the heart's door, knocking, See the blessed Saviour stand ;
 Knocking at the heart's door, knocking, See the blessed Saviour stand ;



Waiting for the door to o - pen, Knocking there with pierced hand.
 Waiting for the door to open, Knocking there with pierced hand.

ritard. pp

He Hides Me.

T. E. T.

THOS. E. TERRY.

1. There's a land of pure delight, Far beyond the realm of sight, Just be-
 2. There are doubts and fears oppose, I've a multitude of foes, But I
 3. When I reach that happy land, And with all the ransomed stand, Safe for-

yond the dreary Jordan's stormy strand: 'Tis my Father's home on high;
 know whom I have trusted in the past; And tho' rough may be the way,
 ev - er on that shining, hap - py shore; Oh, what joy supreme 'twill be,

I shall reach it by and by, For he hides me in the hollow of his hand.
 He will keep me till that day, And will crown me in his kingdom at the last.
 All the loved ones there to see, And to know that I am saved forevermore.

CHORUS.

'Mid the raging of the billows as they roll, . . . 'Mid the howling of the
 as they roll,

tempest round my soul, . . . I'm se - cure a - mid the storm; There is
 round my soul,

naught can do me harm, For he hides me in the hollow of his hand.

My Living Redeemer.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, what a Saviour in Jesus I've found, Christ is my living Redeemer;
2. Life ev - er - lasting is his to im - part, Christ is my living Redeemer;
3. Strength for his service, and balm for all ill, Christ is my living Redeemer;
4. Je - sus is victor o'er death and the grave, Christ is my living Redeemer;

Fine.

Loud let his praises for - ev - er resound, Christ is my living Re - deemer.
 Trusting in him, there is joy in my heart, Christ is my living Re - deemer.
 Je - sus my Saviour abides with me still, Christ is my living Re - deemer.
 Now he is reigning, almighty to save, Christ is my living Re - deemer.

D.S.—Oh, what a meeting will come, by and by, Christ is my living Re - deemer.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Living, yes, living, ex - alt - ed on high, He that believeth shall nevermore die;

Show us Thy Way.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Saviour, we need thee, be thou our guide, All thro' life's journey walk at our side;
 2. Keep and sustain us, let us not fall, Make us obedient, Lord, to thy call;
 3. Till life's last moment lead thou us on, If Satan tempt us bid him begone;
 4. When thro' the valley, Saviour, we go, Where death's dark waters 'round us shall flow;

If thou direct us we cannot stray, Oh, be thou near us, show us thy way.
 So shall we follow, trusting thy might, Led by thee ever, safe in the light.
 When thou art near us dangers all flee, Nothing can harm us while close to thee.
 Nothing can fright us, we will pass o'er, Cheered by thy presence, to heaven's shore.

CHORUS.

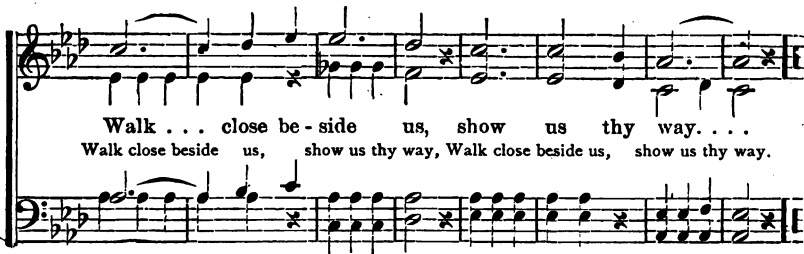
Show . . . us thy way, . . . teach . . . us thy will, . . .
 Show us thy way, show us thy way, Teach us thy will, teach us thy will,

Help . . . us to love thee, and fol - - - low thee still; . . .
 Help us to love thee, help us to love thee, and follow thee still, follow thee still;

All . . . thro' life's jour - ney, Sav - - - iour, we pray, . . .
 All thro' life's journey, Saviour, we pray, All thro' life's journey, Saviour, we pray,

Show us Thy Way.—CONCLUDED.

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Walk . . . close be - side us, show us thy way. . . .
Walk close beside us, show us thy way, Walk close beside us, show us thy way.

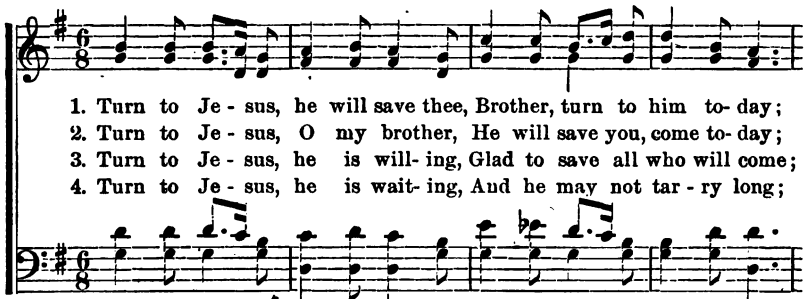
Turn to Jesus.

"Repent and turn to God."—Acts xxvi: 20.

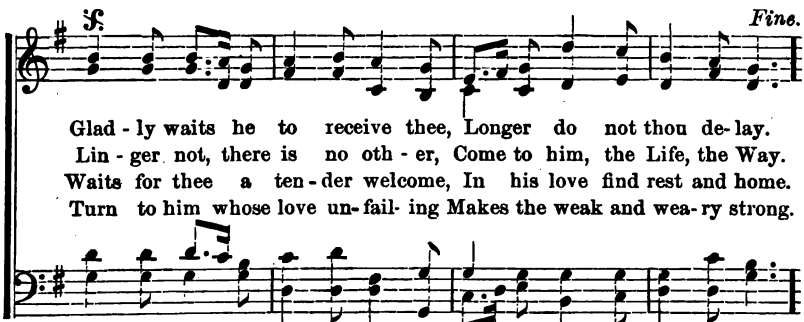
IDA L. REED.

(Cho. by H. L. G.)

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Turn to Je - sus, he will save thee, Brother, turn to him to-day;
2. Turn to Je - sus, O my brother, He will save you, come to-day;
3. Turn to Je - sus, he is will-ing, Glad to save all who will come;
4. Turn to Je - sus, he is wait-ing, And he may not tar - ry long;

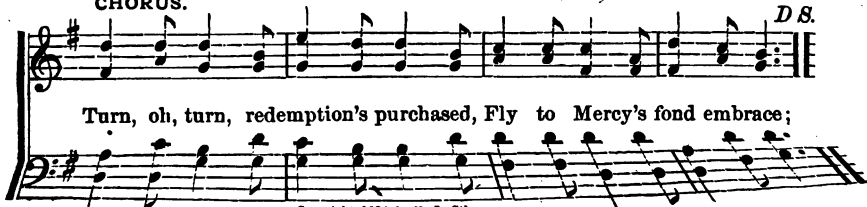


Fine.

Glad - ly waits he to receive thee, Longer do not thou de-lay.
Lin - ger not, there is no oth - er, Come to him, the Life, the Way.
Waits for thee a ten - der welcome, In his love find rest and home.
Turn to him whose love un-fail-ing Makes the weak and wea-ry strong.

D. S.—Peace and pardon now are of-fered, Be a sin - ner saved by grace.

CHORUS.

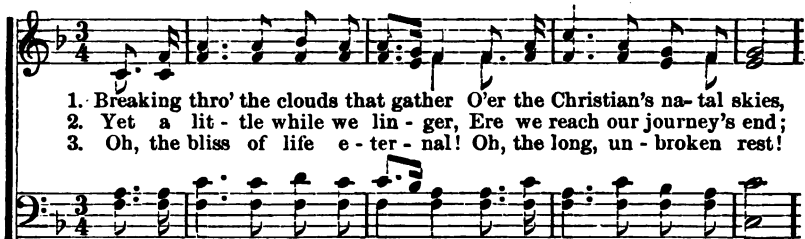


D. S.

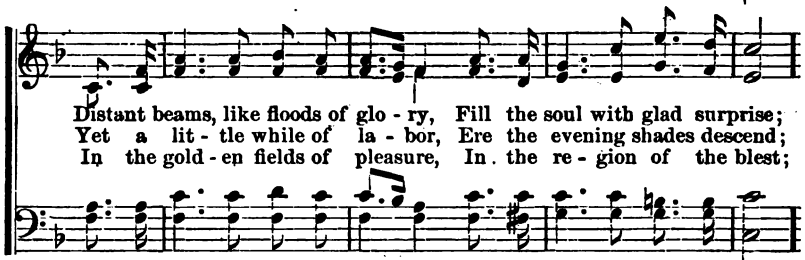
Turn, oh, turn, redemption's purchased, Fly to Mercy's fond embrace;

Bright Forever.

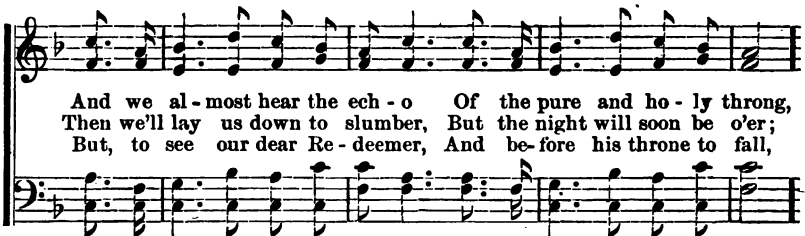
GRACE J. FRANCES. "The hope which is laid up for you in heaven."—Col. i: 5. HUBERT P. MAIN.



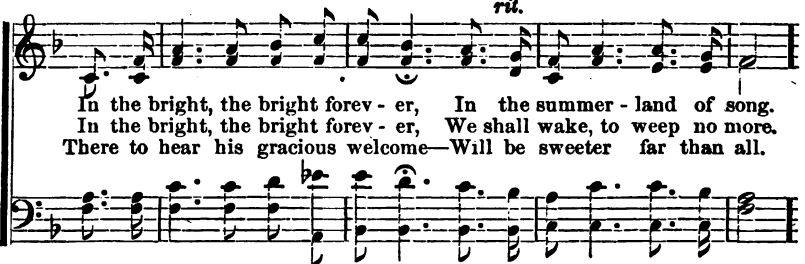
1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the Christian's na-tal skies,
 2. Yet a lit-tle while we lin-ger, Ere we reach our journey's end;
 3. Oh, the bliss of life e-ter-nal! Oh, the long, un-broken rest!



Distant beams, like floods of glo-ry, Fill the soul with glad surprise;
 Yet a lit-tle while of la-bor, Ere the evening shades descend;
 In the gold-en fields of pleasure, In the re-gion of the blest;

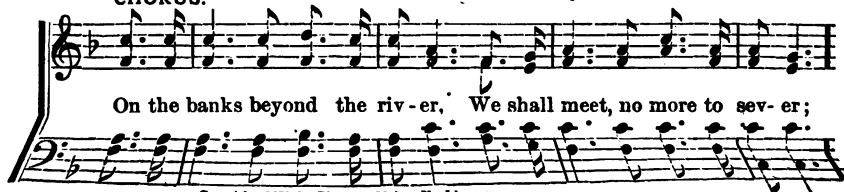


And we al-most hear the ech-o Of the pure and ho-ly throng,
 Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er;
 But, to see our dear Re-deemer, And be-fore his throne to fall,



rit.
 In the bright, the bright forev-er, In the sum-mer-land of song.
 In the bright, the bright forev-er, We shall wake, to weep no more.
 There to hear his gracious welcome—Will be sweeter far than all.

CHORUS.



On the banks beyond the riv-er, We shall meet, no more to sev-er;

rit.

In the bright, the bright forev - er, In the summer-land of song.

All this for Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My Saviour, oh, what glories shine Thro'out thy life of love divine!
2. Thy vigils on the mountain-side, Thy suff'rings tempted, scorned, denied;
3. The stripes which fell to make me whole,
The blood which flowed to cleanse my soul;
4. The riches of thy peace and love, The treasures of thy home a-bove,

rit.

What wondrous grace and sympa - thy, All this for me! all this for me!
Thy sorrow in Gethsem - a - ne, All this for me! all this for me!
The wondrous cross of Cal - va - ry, All this for me! all this for me!
Grace ev - er - last - ing, full and free, All this for me! all this for me!

D.S.—Now, Saviour, and e - ter - nal - ly, May I be all, yes, all for thee.

CHORUS. *a tempo.* *D.S.*

O blessed Sav-iour, may I be A living sac - ri - fice for thee?
O blessed Sav - iour, may I be A living sac -

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

S. of Love and Praise—L

Ringing Hallelujahs.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENET.

1. There are ringing hal-le-lujahs in my grateful heart to-day, For the
 2. I will sing the praise of Jesus, for he takes my hand in his, And I
 3. There are ringing hal-le-lujahs in the world of living light, From the

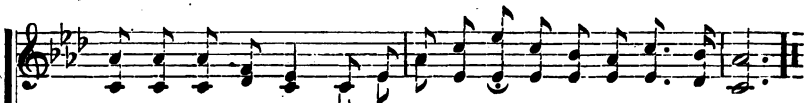
blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin; I am trusting in my Saviour, and he
 know the path is right in which he leads; He will "hide me in his presence," he will
 ransomed spirits by the crystal sea, But I know my Saviour listens to the

gives me "perfect peace," While the Spirit now is witnessing within.
 be my help and shield, From the riches of his glo-ry fill my needs.
 humble praise I bring, When I sing his saving grace, so full, so free.

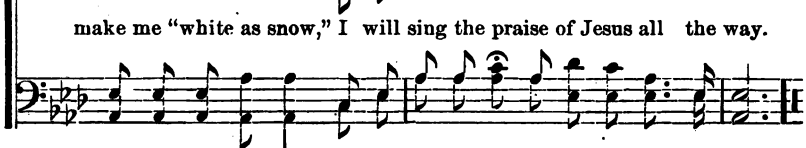
CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! There are ringing hal - le -

lu - jahs in my heart to - day; Oh, the precious, mighty flow! it will




make me "white as snow," I will sing the praise of Jesus all the way.



It is Better Farther On.

E. J. R.

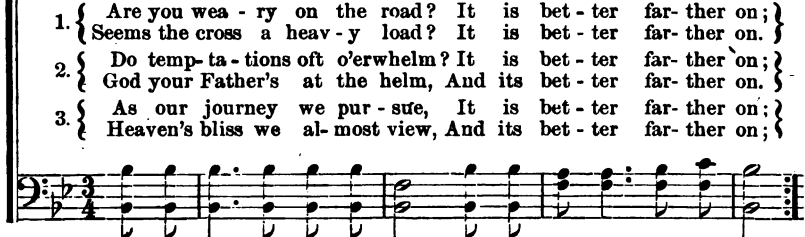
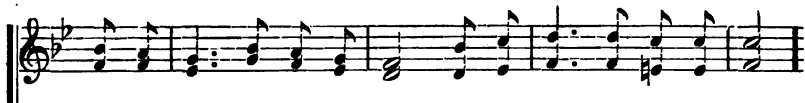
ELMER J. ROGERS.



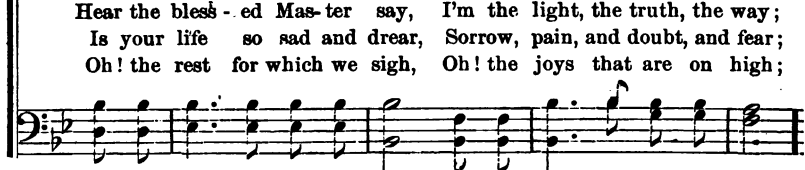

1. { Are you wea - ry on the road? It is bet - ter far - ther on; }
 { Seems the cross a heav - y load? It is bet - ter far - ther on. }

2. { Do temp - ta - tions oft o'erwhelm? It is bet - ter far - ther on; }
 { God your Father's at the helm, And its bet - ter far - ther on. }

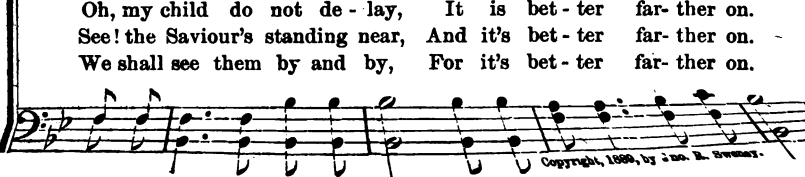
3. { As our journey we pur - sue, It is bet - ter far - ther on; }
 { Heaven's bliss we al - most view, And its bet - ter far - ther on; }

Hear the bless - ed Mas - ter say, I'm the light, the truth, the way;
 Is your life so sad and drear, Sorrow, pain, and doubt, and fear;
 Oh! the rest for which we sigh, Oh! the joys that are on high;

Oh, my child do not de - lay, It is bet - ter far - ther on.
 See! the Saviour's standing near, And it's bet - ter far - ther on.
 We shall see them by and by, For it's bet - ter far - ther on.

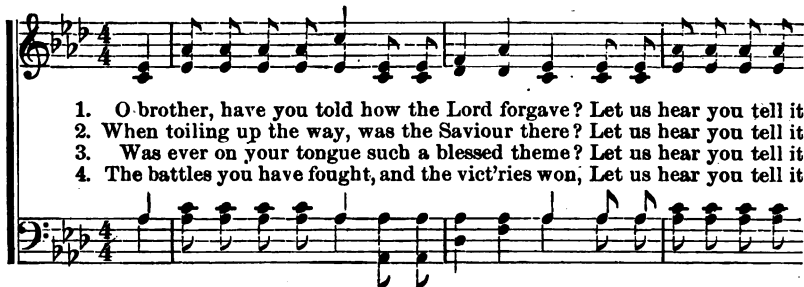


Copyright, 1909, by J. M. B. Sawyer.

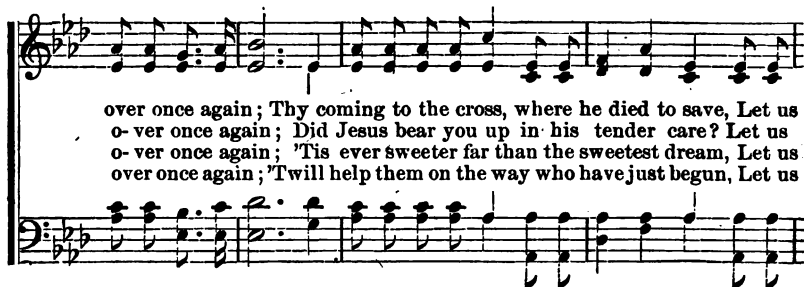
Let us Hear you Tell it.

J. M. W.

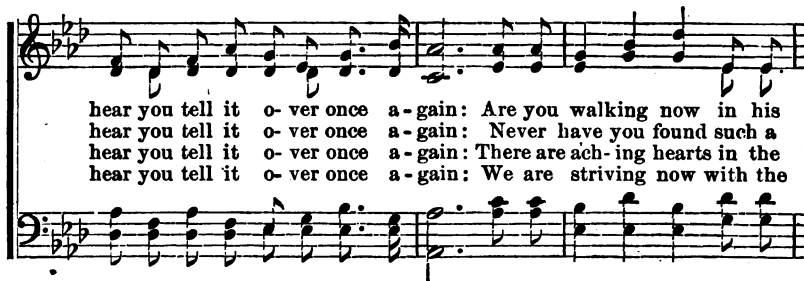
J. M. Whyte. By per.



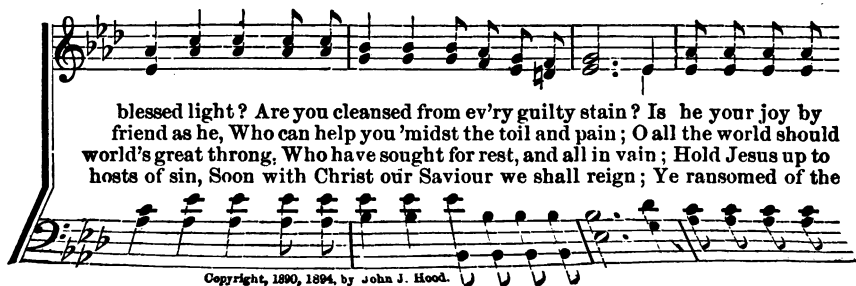
1. O brother, have you told how the Lord forgave? Let us hear you tell it
 2. When toiling up the way, was the Saviour there? Let us hear you tell it
 3. Was ever on your tongue such a blessed theme? Let us hear you tell it
 4. The battles you have fought, and the vict'ries won, Let us hear you tell it



over once again; Thy coming to the cross, where he died to save, Let us
 o-ver once again; Did Jesus bear you up in his tender care? Let us
 o-ver once again; 'Tis ever sweeter far than the sweetest dream, Let us
 over once again; 'Twill help them on the way who have just begun, Let us



hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain: Are you walking now in his
 hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain: Never have you found such a
 hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain: There are ach-ing hearts in the
 hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain: We are striving now with the



blessed light? Are you cleansed from ev'ry guilty stain? Is he your joy by
 friend as he, Who can help you 'midst the toil and pain; O all the world should
 world's great throng, Who have sought for rest, and all in vain; Hold Jesus up to
 hosts of sin, Soon with Christ our Saviour we shall reign; Ye ransomed of the

Let us Hear you Tell it.—CONCLUDED. 165

Fine.

day, and your song by night? Let us hear you tell it o-ver once again.
 hear what he's done for thee; Let us hear you tell it o-ver once again.
 them by your word and song; Let us hear you tell it o-ver once again.
 Lord, try a soul to win; Let us hear you tell it o-ver once again.

CHORUS.

D. S.—Let us hear you tell it o-ver once again.

Let us hear you tell it o-ver, tell it o-ver once a-
 Let us hear you tell it o-ver once again, tell it o-ver once a-

D. S.

gain, Tell the sweet and blessed story, It will help you on to glory,
 over once again,

Jesus, My Jesus.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWRNEY.

CHORUS.

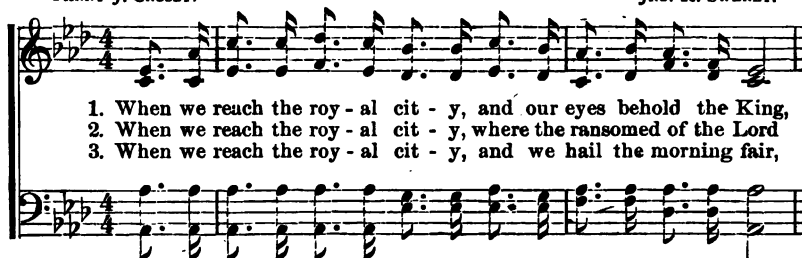
1. Who died for me On Calv'ry's tree, And purchased there A pardon free? 'Twas
2. Who sits on high In yonder sky, And in-ter-cedes For such as I? 'Tis
3. Who clears my heart, Bids sin depart And causes there New joy to start? 'Tis

Jesus, my Jesus, { 'Twas 'Tis } Jesus, my Jesus, I love, I love, I love my Jesus.

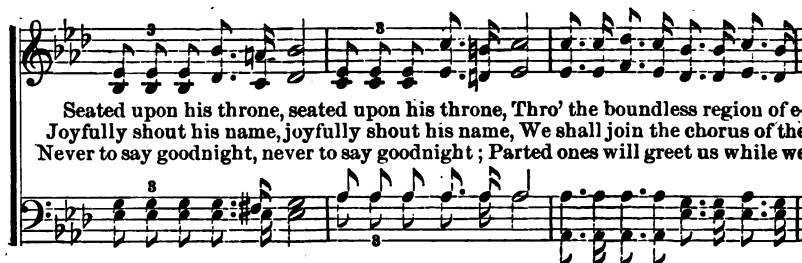
Over the Crystal Sea.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

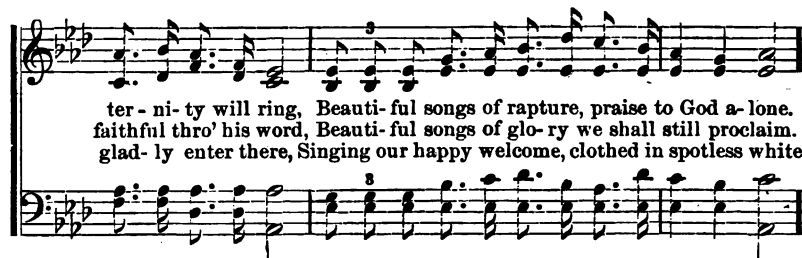
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When we reach the roy - al cit - y, and our eyes behold the King,
 2. When we reach the roy - al cit - y, where the ransomed of the Lord
 3. When we reach the roy - al cit - y, and we hail the morning fair,



Seated upon his throne, seated upon his throne, Thro' the boundless region of e-
 Joyfully shout his name, joyfully shout his name, We shall join the chorus of the
 Never to say goodnight, never to say goodnight; Parted ones will greet us while we

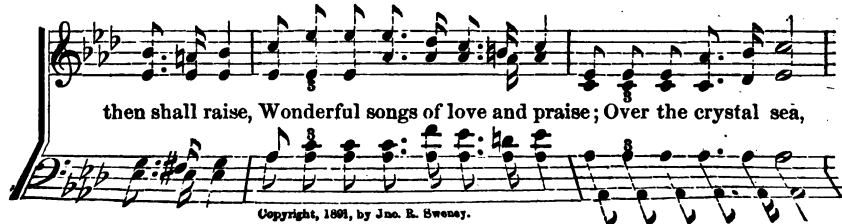


ter - ni - ty will ring, Beauti - ful songs of rapture, praise to God a - lone.
 faithful thro' his word, Beauti - ful songs of glo - ry we shall still proclaim.
 glad - ly enter there, Singing our happy welcome, clothed in spotless white.

CHORUS.



O - ver the crystal sea, Je - sus our Lord, to thee Wonderful songs we



then shall raise, Wonderful songs of love and praise; Over the crystal sea,

Jesus our Lord, to thee Holy songs we then shall raise, Songs of love and praise.

¶ Come, Blessed Saviour, to Thee.

F. S. SHEPARD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { Oh! my heart is bowed down by the bur - den of sin,
I have heard there is par - don and peace thro' the cross,
2. { Oh! the strug - gle with self has been hope - less and long,
Yes! de - liv - 'rance I see for the soul that be - lies,

D. C.—All my sins I con - fess,—thou wilt hear me and bless,

CHORUS.

But I long from its power to be free; } So I come, blessed
So I come, blessed Sav - iour, to thee. }
Is there not for my soul vic - to - ry? }
So I come, blessed Sav - iour, to thee. }

As I come, blessed Sav - iour, to thee.

D. C.
Sav - iour, to thee, So I come, blessed Sav - iour, to thee;
On - ly thee,

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


3 Thou hast promised to hear, when our
sins we confess—
I'm a sinner—have mercy on me!
I've no worth and no merit, thy grace
I implore,
As I come, blessed Saviour to thee.

4 Thou hast promised to hear, and my
soul sweetly rests,
For by faith now my pardon I see;
I believe and am saved,—hallelujah to
God!
As I come, blessed Saviour to thee.

Keep a Light in the Window.

M. A. MAITLAND.

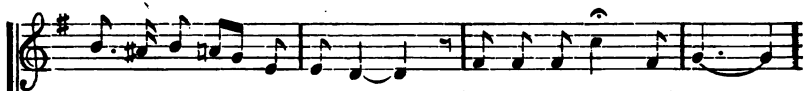
WM. B. EVANS.





1. Keep a light in the window burning, Faint tho' its glimmering be; It may
 2. Keep a light in the window burning, Brill-iantly for a sign; That up-
 3. Keep a light in the window burning, Ye who in Christ rejoice; And

R. H.



L. H.




lighten some homeless wand'rer, Tossing on life's dark sea.
 on you the Lord of glo - ry Maketh his face to shine.
 with hopeful souls are wait-ing For the sound of the Bridegroom's voice.

It may whisper words of comfort, And hope to the sinking heart; Of the
 Hoping that some long-lost brother, Waylaid in the path of sin; May
 Till the light of his glorious presence, Extinguish the feeble ray; Like the

beacon that fadeless gleameth, When the sunbeams of earth depart.
 see its welcome glimmer, And joyful-ly en - ter in.
 morning star it shall van- ish, In the light of the perfect day.



CHORUS.

Keep a light in the win- dow burning, Faint tho' its glimmer be,
It may lighten some homeless wand' rer, Tossing on life's dark sea.

ritard.

More of Jesus.

CAROL SIMMONS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More of Je- sus I would know, He who ev- er loved me so;
2. More of Je- sus I would tell, Saviour, whom I love so well,
3. More like Je- sus I would be, Like the "Lamb of Cal- va- ry,"

Meek- ly suffered, bled and died, On the cross was cru- ci- fied.
To the humblest I would say, "Christ can wash your sins a- way."
Keep- ing al- ways by his side, Ask- ing him to be my guide.

REFRAIN.

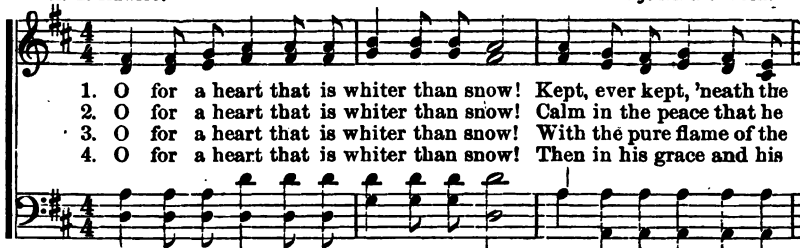
1st. 2d.
{ To my Saviour I will pray, Make me purer ev- 'ry day,
{ Clinging always to thy hand, Lead me to the better land.

Copyright, 1898, by W. H. Doane.

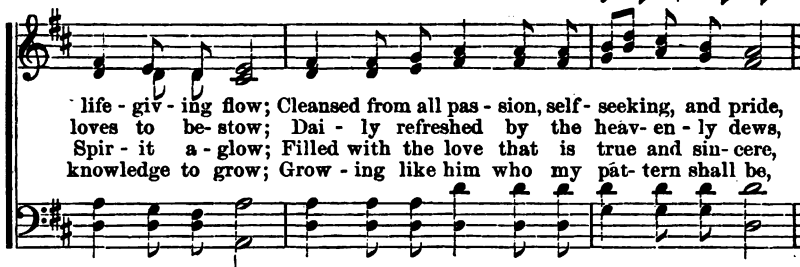
170 O for a Heart Whiter than Snow.

E. E. HEWITT.

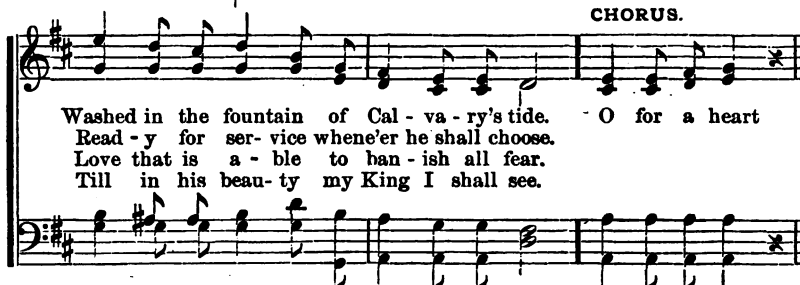
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Kept, ever kept, 'neath the
 2. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Calm in the peace that he
 3. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! With the pure flame of the
 4. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Then in his grace and his

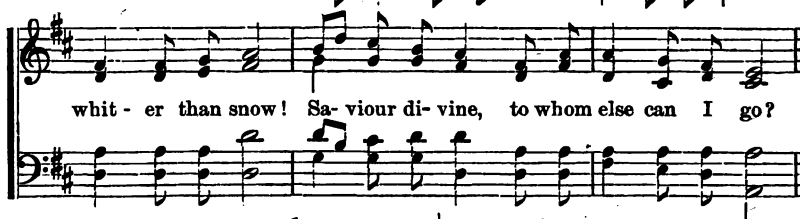


life - giv - ing flow; Cleansed from all pas - sion, self - seeking, and pride,
 loves to be - stow; Dai - ly refreshed by the heav - en - ly dews,
 Spir - it a - glow; Filled with the love that is true and sin - cere,
 knowledge to grow; Grow - ing like him who my pat - tern shall be,

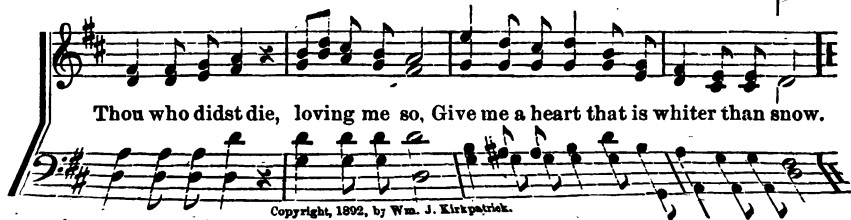


CHORUS.

Washed in the fountain of Cal - va - ry's tide. O for a heart
 Read - y for ser - vice whene'er he shall choose.
 Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
 Till in his beau - ty my King I shall see.



whit - er than snow! Sa - viour di - vine, to whom else can I go?



Thou who didst die, loving me so, Give me a heart that is whiter than snow.

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms. 171

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev-er--
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er--
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er--



last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, What a peace is mine,
last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,



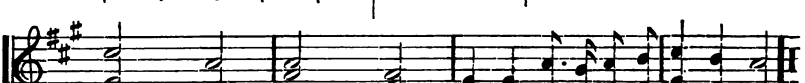
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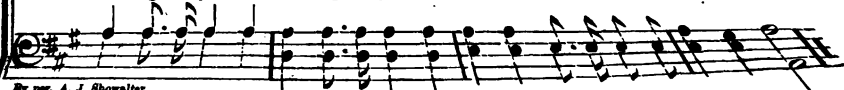
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing,
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je-sus,



lean-ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing on Je-sus,



Lean-ing, lean-ing, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms.
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,



Soldiers of Jesus.

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

1. Soldiers of Jesus, we're marching to Zion, Up the straight and narrow road;
2. Soldiers of Jesus, by love we shall conquer, Like our ever glorious King.

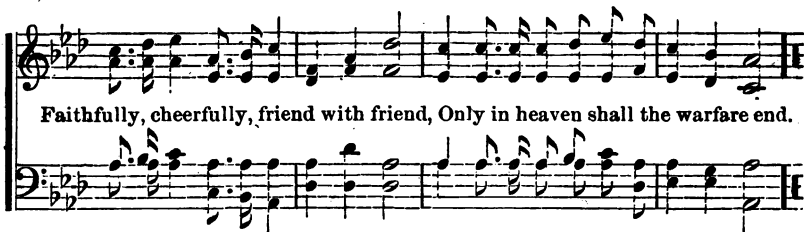
Love is the banner that floats ever o'er us, We're enlisted in the army of God.
Tho' often weary, we faint not nor falter, For we know that patience vict'ry will bring.

Shoulder to shoulder we're banded together, Hand in hand we struggle for the right.
Come, then, and join us, as onward we follow, Jesus calls, oh, will you not obey?

Vict'ry is sure, for our Captain is almighty, He will conquer in the glorious fight.
Then by and by, when the strife is past and over,
We shall reign with him in heaven for aye.

CHORUS.

Sound loud the trumpet over sea and land, None can resist our brave salvation band.

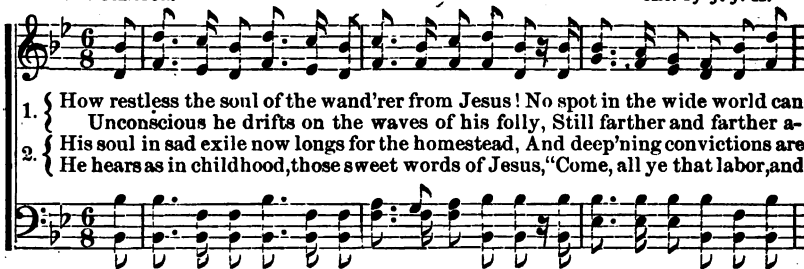


Faithfully, cheerfully, friend with friend, Only in heaven shall the warfare end.

Brought Back.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Art. by J. J. H.

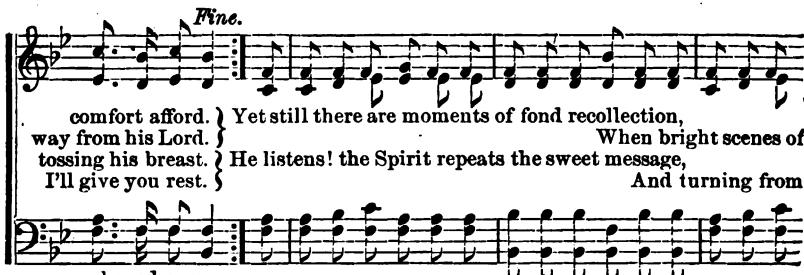


1. { How restless the soul of the wand'rer from Jesus! No spot in the wide world can
Unconscious he drifts on the waves of his folly, Still farther and farther a-
2. { His soul in sad exile now longs for the homestead, And deep'ning convictions are
He hears as in childhood, those sweet words of Jesus, "Come, all ye that labor, and

D. C.—And chords of "sweet home," that have long been reposing,

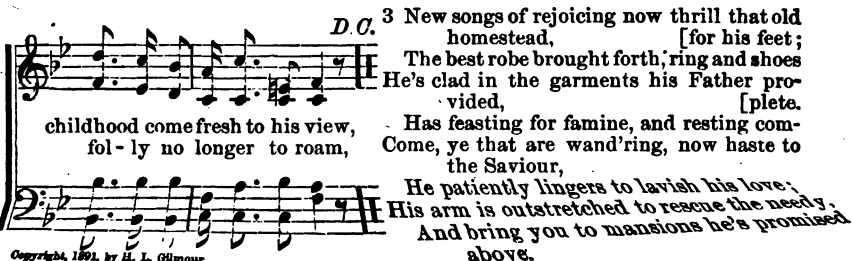
By fingers unseen are a-

D. C. He ventures in weakness, but strength is imparted, And gladly he's welcomed by



comfort afford. } Yet still there are moments of fond recollection,
way from his Lord. } When bright scenes of
tossing his breast. } He listens! the Spirit repeats the sweet message,
I'll give you rest. } And turning from

wakened anew.
Father at home.



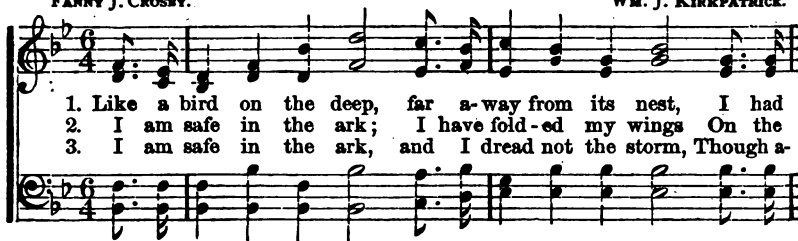
D. C. 3 New songs of rejoicing now thrill that old
homestead, [for his feet;
The best robe brought forth, ring and shoes
He's clad in the garments his Father pro-
vided, [plete.
Has feasting for famine, and resting com-
Come, ye that are wand'ring, now haste to
the Saviour,

He patiently lingers to lavish his love;
His arm is outstretched to rescue the needy,
And bring you to mansions he's promised
above.


Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

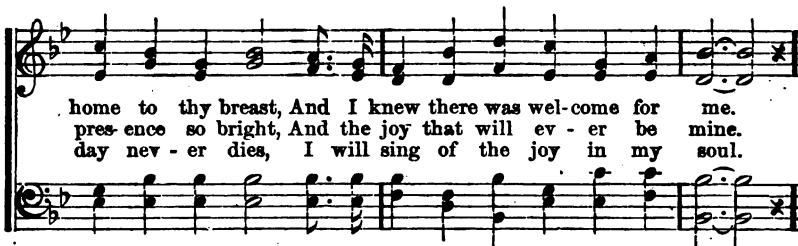
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Like a bird on the deep, far a-way from its nest, I had
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the
3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Though a-

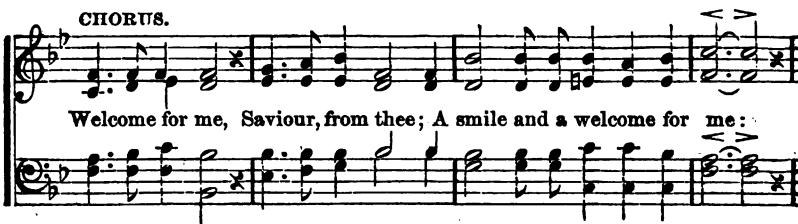


wandered, my Saviour, from thee; But thy dear lov-ing voice called me
bo-som of mer-cy di-vine; I am filled with the light of thy
round me the surg-es may roll; I will look to the skies, where the

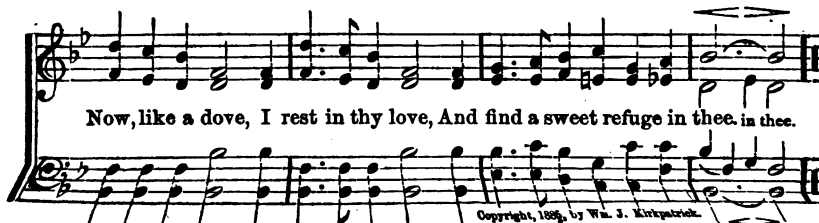


home to thy breast, And I knew there was wel-come for me.
pres-ence so bright, And the joy that will ev-er be mine.
day nev-er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.



Welcome for me, Saviour, from thee; A smile and a welcome for me:



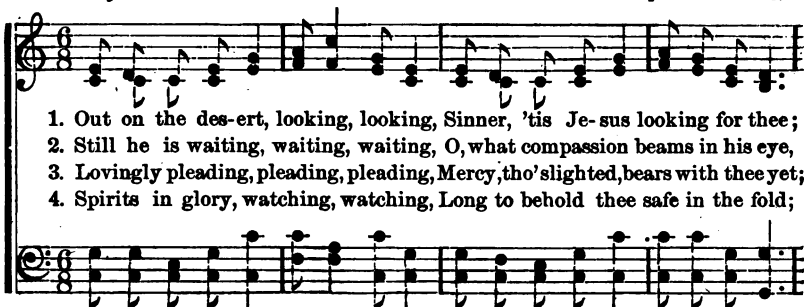
Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet refuge in thee. in thee.

Coming To-day.

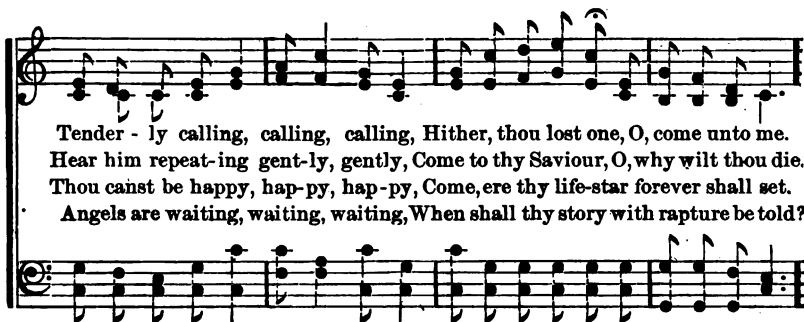
175

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

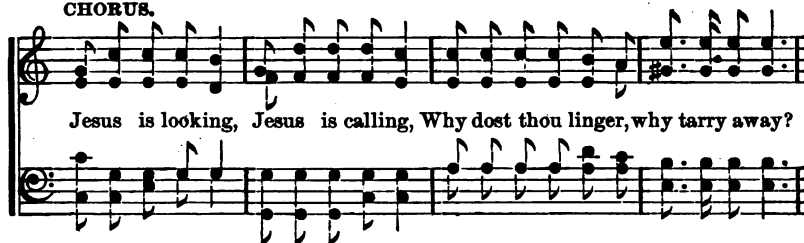


1. Out on the des-ert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je-sus looking for thee;
2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, O, what compassion beams in his eye,
3. Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mercy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
4. Spirits in glory, watching, watching, Long to behold thee safe in the fold;

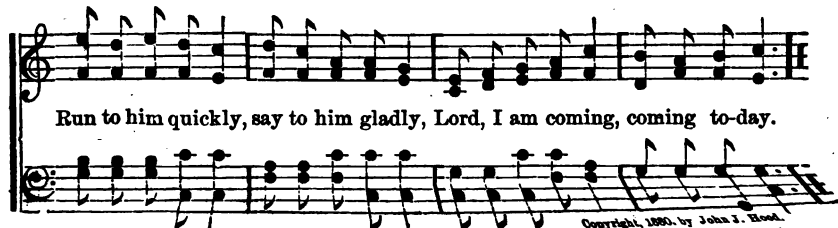


Tender - ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O, come unto me.
Hear him repeat-ing gent-ly, gently, Come to thy Saviour, O, why wilt thou die.
Thou canst be happy, hap-py, hap-py, Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.
Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?

CHORUS.



Jesus is looking, Jesus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tarry away?

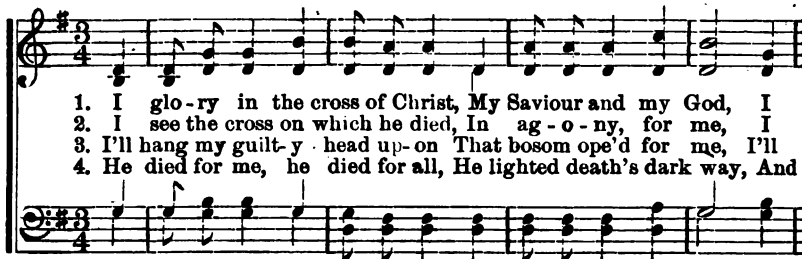


Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

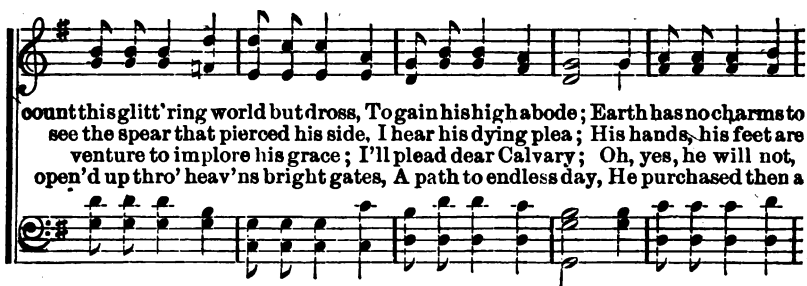
X Glory in the Cross.

Rev. J. N. MAFFITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I glo-ry in the cross of Christ, My Saviour and my God, I
 2. I see the cross on which he died, In ag-o-ny, for me, I
 3. I'll hang my guilt-y head up-on That bosom ope'd for me, I'll
 4. He died for me, he died for all, He lighted death's dark way, And

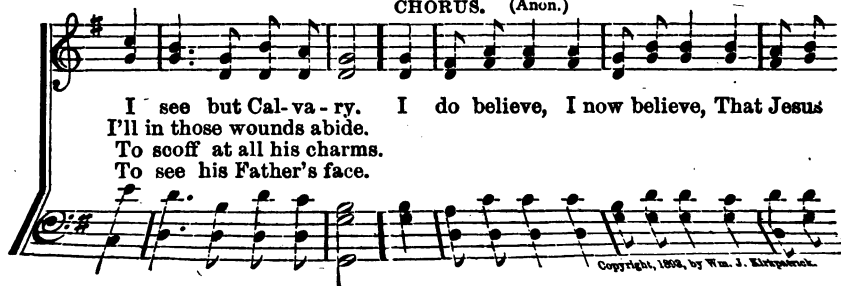


count this glitt'ring world but dross, To gain his high abode; Earth has no charm to
 see the spear that pierced his side, I hear his dying plea; His hands, his feet are
 venture to implore his grace; I'll plead dear Calvary; Oh, yes, he will not,
 open'd up thro' heav'n's bright gates, A path to endless day, He purchased then a

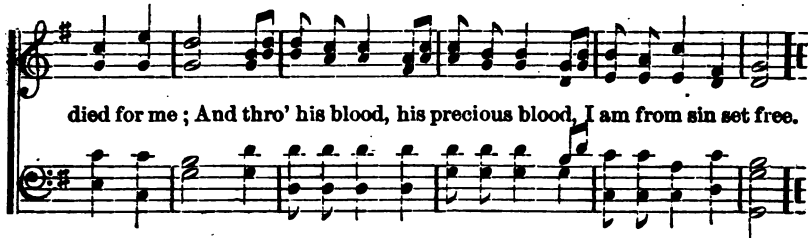


win my heart, No bliss, no joy for me, I cannot see its beauties now,
 bleeding fast, His wounds stand open wide, They speak my sins and sorrows past,
 cannot spurn Me from his bleeding arms, I know he loves me tho' I've dared
 blissful home, For all his ex-iled race; And now he calls us up to him,

CHORUS. (Anon.)



I see but Cal-va-ry. I do believe, I now believe, That Jesus
 I'll in those wounds abide.
 To scoff at all his charms.
 To see his Father's face.

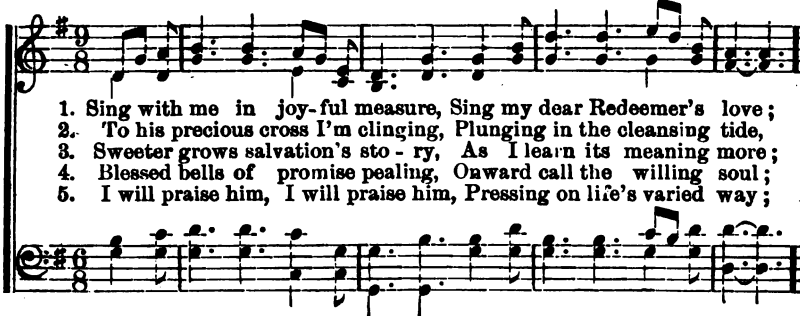


died for me ; And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I am from sin set free.

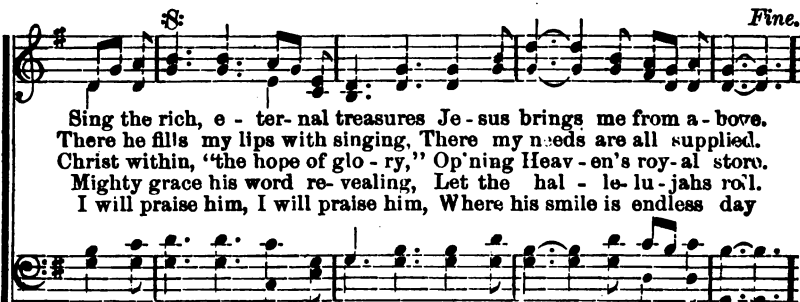
X will Praise Him.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



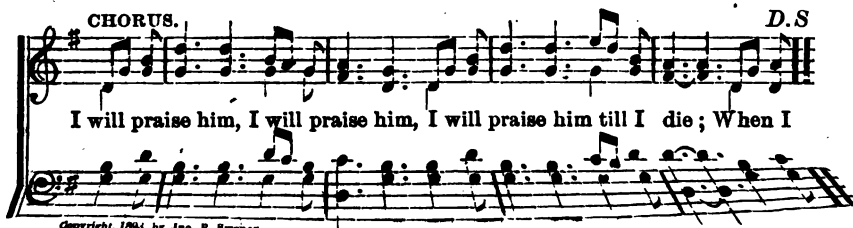
1. Sing with me in joy-ful measure, Sing my dear Redeemer's love ;
2. To his precious cross I'm clinging, Plunging in the cleansing tide,
3. Sweeter grows salvation's sto - ry, As I learn its meaning more ;
4. Blessed bells of promise pealing, Onward call the willing soul ;
5. I will praise him, I will praise him, Pressing on life's varied way ;



Fine.

Sing the rich, e - ter-nal treasures Je - sus brings me from a - bove.
 There he fills my lips with singing, There my needs are all supplied.
 Christ within, "the hope of glo - ry," Op'ning Heav - en's roy - al store.
 Mighty grace his word re - vealing, Let the hal - le - lu - jahs roll.
 I will praise him, I will praise him, Where his smile is endless day

D. S.—rise from earth to heaven, I will shout his praise on high.



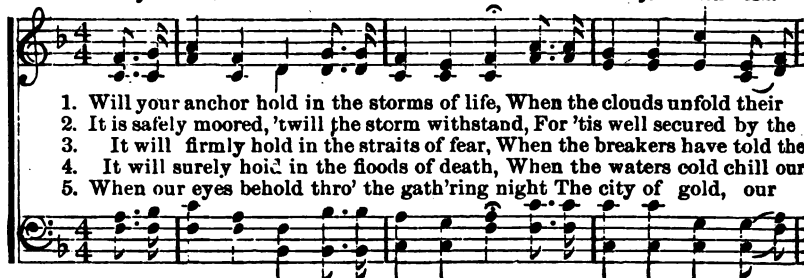
CHORUS. *D. S.*

I will praise him, I will praise him, I will praise him till I die ; When I

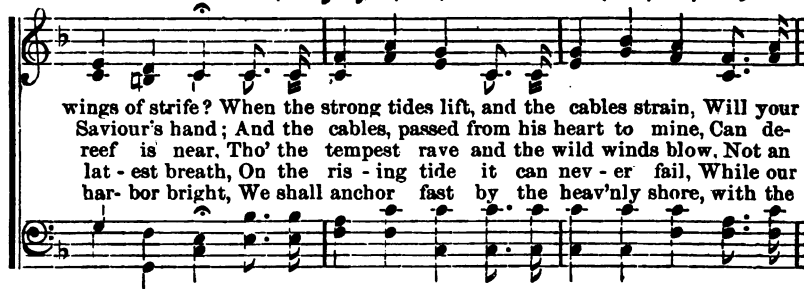
We Have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

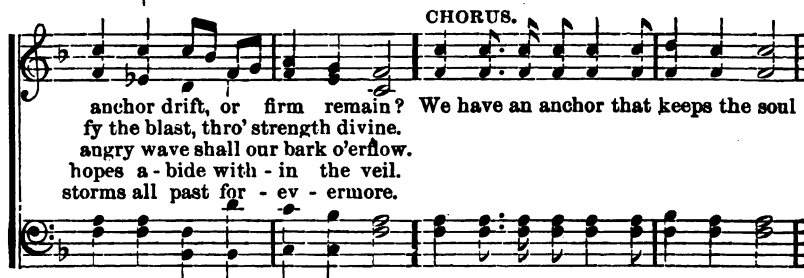


1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their
2. It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the
3. It will firmly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the
4. It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our
5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night The city of gold, our

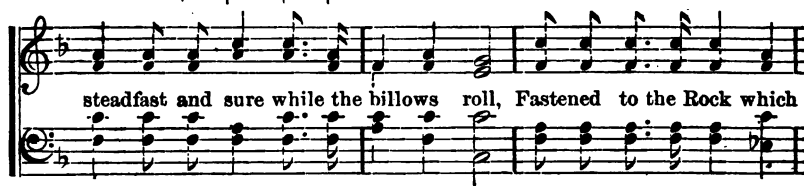


wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain, Will your Saviour's hand; And the cables, passed from his heart to mine, Can de-reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an lat-est breath, On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail, While our bar-ber bright, We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore, with the

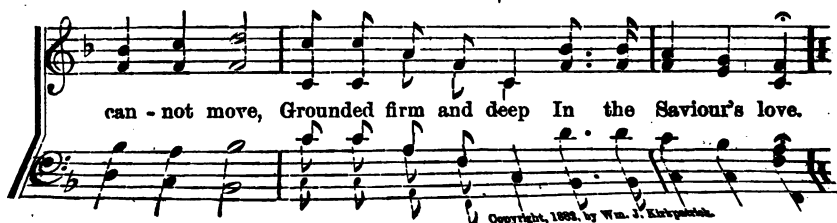
CHORUS.



anchor drift, or firm remain? We have an anchor that keeps the soul
fy the blast, thro' strength divine.
angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
hopes a-bide with-in the veil.
storms all past for-ev-ermore.



steadfast and sure while the billows roll, Fastened to the Rock which



can-not move, Grounded firm and deep In the Saviour's love.

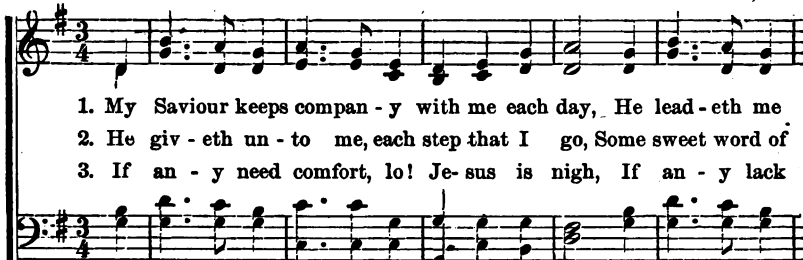
This Wonderful Jesus.

179

W. J. McC.

Isa. ix: 6.

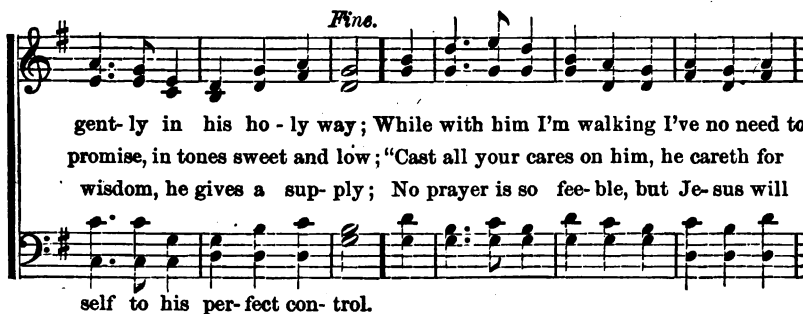
W. J. McCOWAN.



1. My Saviour keeps compan - y with me each day, He lead - eth me
2. He giv - eth un - to me, each step that I go, Some sweet word of
3. If an - y need comfort, lo! Je - sus is nigh, If an - y lack

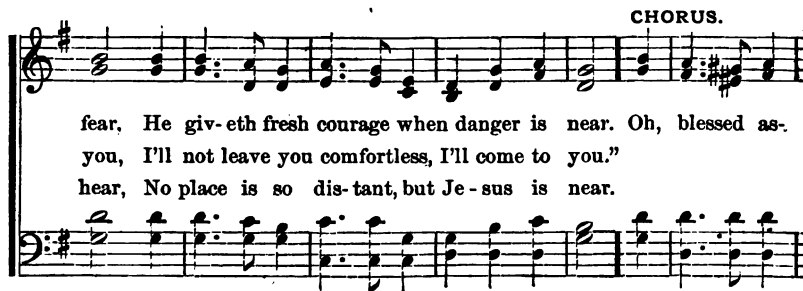
D. C.—No tongue can express the sweet joy in my soul, In yielding my-

Pi^{no}.



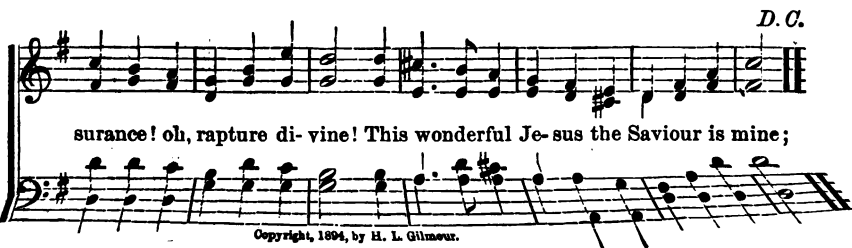
gent - ly in his ho - ly way; While with him I'm walking I've no need to
promise, in tones sweet and low; "Cast all your cares on him, he careth for
wisdom, he gives a sup - ply; No prayer is so fee - ble, but Je - sus will
self to his per - fect con - trol.

CHORUS.



fear, He giv - eth fresh courage when danger is near. Oh, blessed as -
you, I'll not leave you comfortless, I'll come to you."
hear, No place is so dis - tant, but Je - sus is near.

D. C.

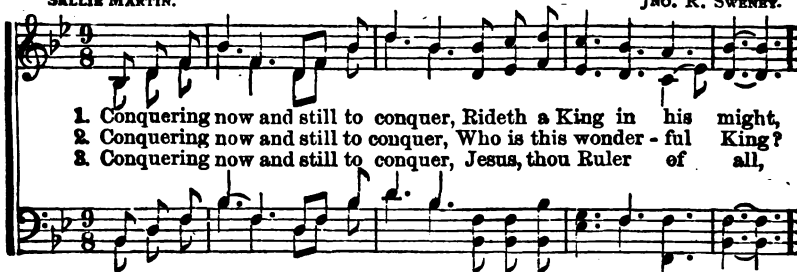


surance! oh, rapture di - vine! This wonderful Je - sus the Saviour is mine;

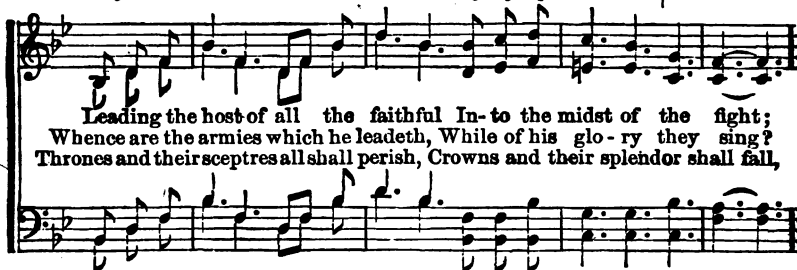
Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN.

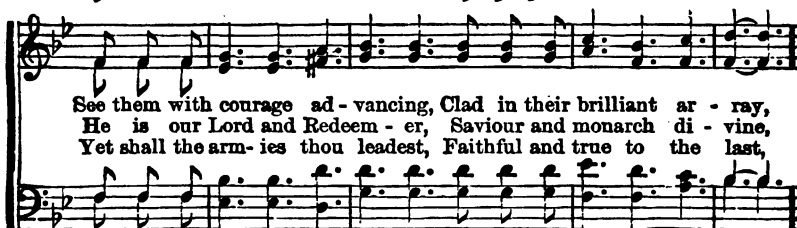
JNO. R. SWENEY.



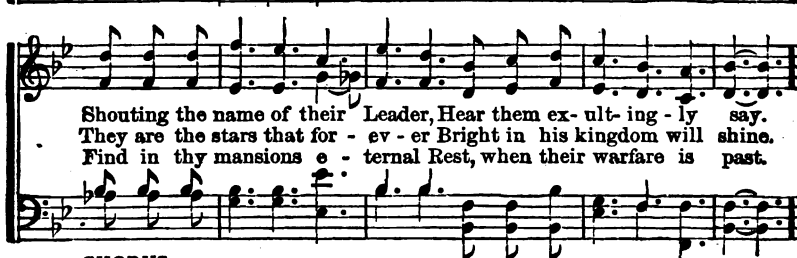
1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in his might,
 2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this wonder-ful King?
 3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Jesus, thou Ruler of all,



Leading the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
 Whence are the armies which he leadeth, While of his glo-ry they sing?
 Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

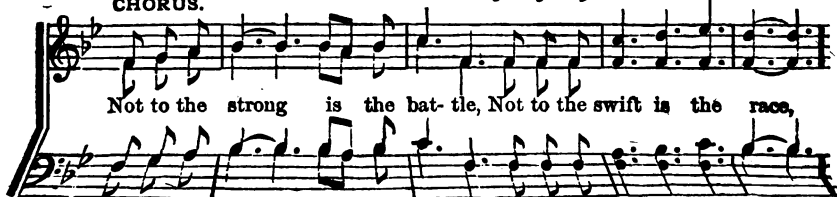


See them with courage ad-vancing, Clad in their brilliant ar-ray,
 He is our Lord and Redeem-er, Saviour and monarch di-vine,
 Yet shall the arm-ies thou leadest, Faithful and true to the last,



Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say.
 They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in his kingdom will shine.
 Find in thy mansions e-ternal Rest, when their warfare is past.

CHORUS.



Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,

Victory Through Grace.—CONCLUDED. 181

Yet to the true and the faithful Vict'ry is promised through grace.

Hem of His Garment.

R. L.

Rev. R. Lowry,

1. Weak and weary, poor and sinful, Vainly I cry; Bound and crush'd with
2. How the people press around Him, His word receive; Surely I may
3. Long my heart has felt its burden, Seeking for peace; Now, at last I

REFRAIN.

years of sorrow, What help is nigh? Let me touch the hem of His
share His blessing, I too believe.
find in Je - sus My sweet release.

garment, Let me touch the hem of His garment, Let me

touch the hem of His garment, And the touch will make me whole.

182 **Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.**

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah i. 18.
FANNY J. CROSBY. **W. H. DOANE.** By per.
DUET. Gently. | 1st. | 2nd.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow ; as snow :
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye unto God ! to God !
 3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more ; no more ;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool ;"
 He is of great . . . compassion, And of wondrous love ;
 "Look un- to me, . . . ye people," Saith the Lord your God ;
 Tho' they be red

DUET. p **QUARTET. f**

"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
 Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
 He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions,

p. ritard.

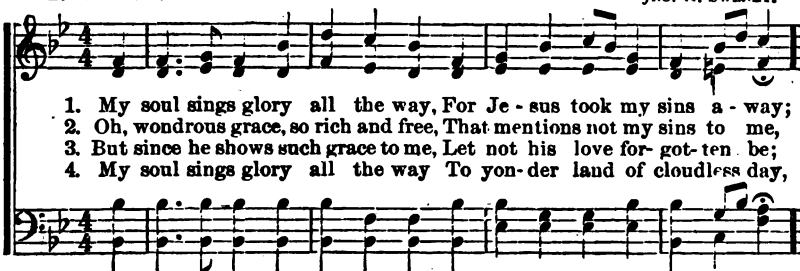
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, return ye un - to God ! Oh, return ye un - to God !
 And remem - ber them no more, And remem - ber them no more.

Copyright, 1881, by W. H. Doane

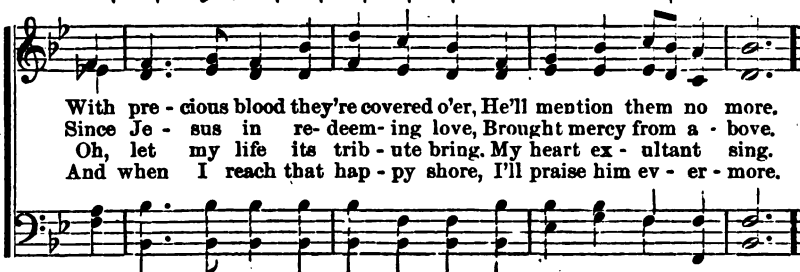
He'll Mention Them no More. 183

E. E. HEWITT. "They shall not be mentioned unto him."—Ezek. xvii: 22.

JNO. R. SWENET.

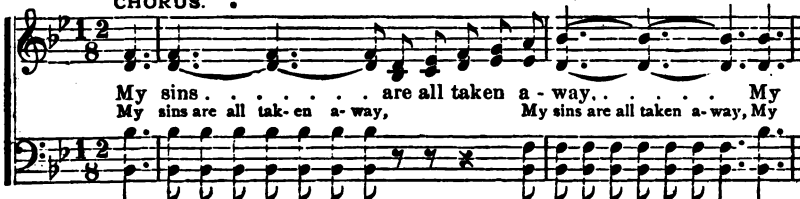


1. My soul sings glory all the way, For Je - sus took my sins a - way;
 2. Oh, wondrous grace, so rich and free, That mentions not my sins to me,
 3. But since he shows such grace to me, Let not his love for - got - ten be;
 4. My soul sings glory all the way To yon - der land of cloudless day,



With pre - cious blood they're covered o'er, He'll mention them no more.
 Since Je - sus in re - deem - ing love, Brought mercy from a - bove.
 Oh, let my life its trib - ute bring, My heart ex - ultant sing.
 And when I reach that hap - py shore, I'll praise him ev - er - more.

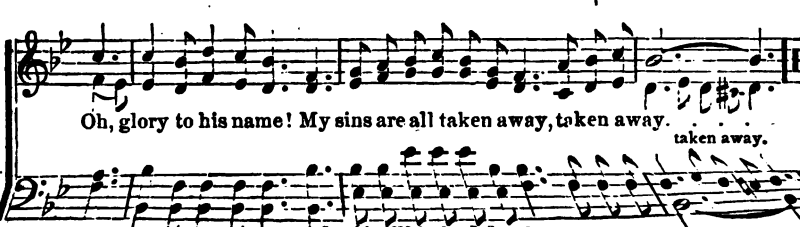
CHORUS.



My sins . . . are all taken a - way . . . My
 My sins are all tak - en a - way, My sins are all taken a - way, My



sins . . . are all taken a - way; . . . Oh, glo - ry to his name!
 sins are all taken away, My sins are all taken away;



Oh, glory to his name! My sins are all taken away, taken away. taken away.

Jesus for Me.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, my Saviour, is all things to me, Oh, what a won - derful
 2. Je - sus in sickness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty,
 3. He is my Refuge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my Fortress, my
 4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
 5. Je - sus in sorrow, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in

Sav - iour is he: Guiding, pro - tect - ing, o'er life's rolling sea,
 com - fort or wealth, Sunshine or tem - pest, whatev - er it be,
 Strength and my power; Life Ev - er - last - ing, my Day'sman is he,
 Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day - star is he,
 loss or in gain; Constant Com - pan - ion, where'er I may be,

CHORUS.

Might - y De - liv' - rer— Je - sus for me. Je - sus for me,
 He is my safe - ty:— Je - sus for me.
 Bless - ed Re - deem - er— Je - sus for me.
 Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
 Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me!

Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'rywhere, Je - sus for me.

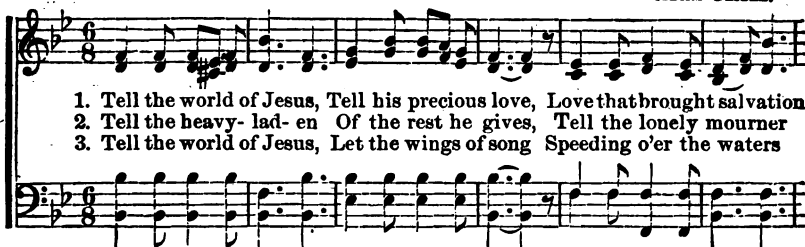
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Tell the World of Jesus.

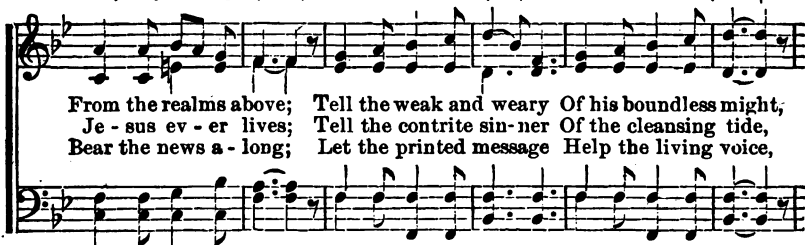
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ELIZABETH STILLWELL.

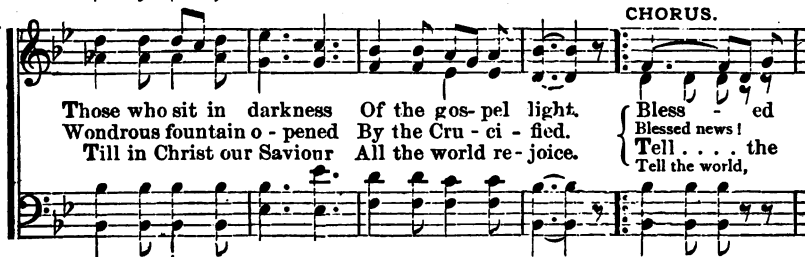
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Tell the world of Jesus, Tell his precious love, Love that brought salvation
 2. Tell the heavy-lad-en Of the rest he gives, Tell the lonely mourner
 3. Tell the world of Jesus, Let the wings of song Speeding o'er the waters

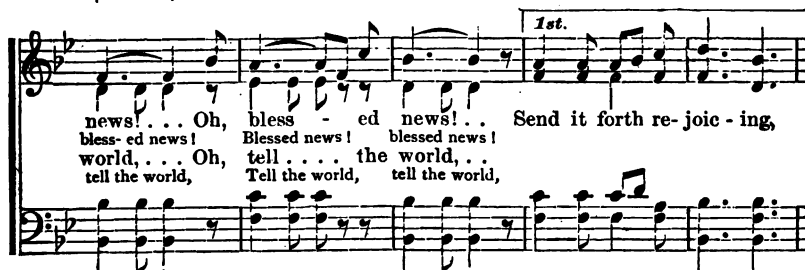


From the realms above; Tell the weak and weary Of his boundless might;
 Je-sus ev-er lives; Tell the contrite sin-ner Of the cleansing tide,
 Bear the news a-long; Let the printed message Help the living voice,



CHORUS.
 Those who sit in darkness Of the gos-pel light,
 Wondrous fountain o-pened By the Cru-ci-fied.
 Till in Christ our Saviour All the world re-joice.

Bless-ed
 Blessed news!
 Tell . . . the
 Tell the world,



news! . . . Oh, bless-ed news! . . . Send it forth re-joic-ing,
 bless-ed news! Blessed news! blessed news!
 world, . . . Oh, tell . . . the world, . . .
 tell the world, Tell the world, tell the world,



Over land and wave; Tell the world of Jesus, He will seek and save.

For Christ My Lord.

J. B. MACKAY.

B. HILLYARD SWENEY.

1. Je-sus sweetly is mine, all to him I resign, Oh, what comfort I
 2. Oh, my soul, once so sad, now thro' Je-sus is glad, And my cup with de-
 3. That a crown I might win, Jesus saved me from sin, Oh, what mercy and
 4. Oh, that all men would bow to my Je-sus just now, And entreat him his

find in his word; Whereso-ev - er be-low he may call me, I'll go,
 light runneth o'er; Night and day I rejoice, since I made him my choice,
 won-der-ful love; Thro' his goodness a-lone, I am heir to a throne,
 love to im-part; They would ne'er know a sigh, ev'ry tear would be dry,

D. S.—soul's highest aim, to ex- alt his dear name,

Fine. CHORUS.

I am liv - ing for Christ my Lord. For my Lord, . . blessed Lord, . .
 And I'll love him for-ev - er - more.
 And a mansion of light a - bove.
 And his presence would cheer each heart. For my Lord, blessed Lord.

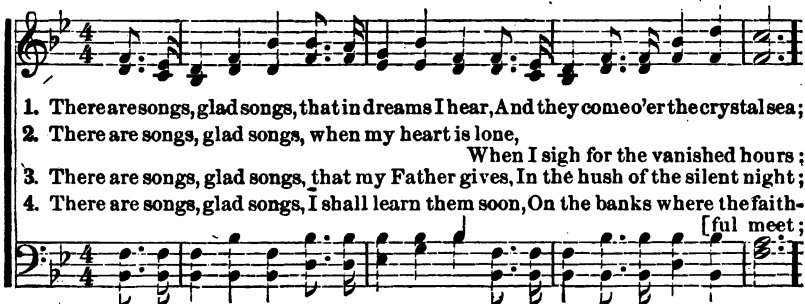
I am liv - ing for Christ my Lord.

I am liv - ing ev - 'ry day for Christ my Lord; This my

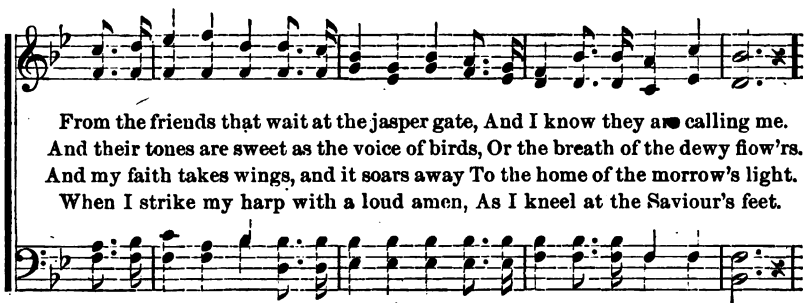
There are Songs, Glad Songs. 187

FANNY J. CROSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

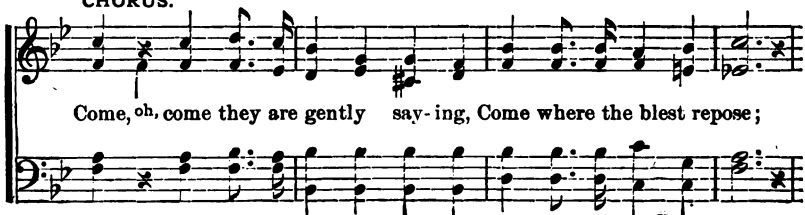


1. There are songs, glad songs, that in dreams I hear, And they come o'er the crystal sea;
 2. There are songs, glad songs, when my heart is lone,
 3. There are songs, glad songs, that my Father gives, In the hush of the silent night;
 4. There are songs, glad songs, I shall learn them soon, On the banks where the faith-
 [ful meet;

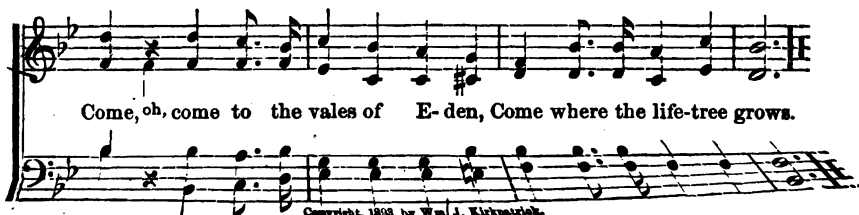


From the friends that wait at the jasper gate, And I know they are calling me.
 And their tones are sweet as the voice of birds, Or the breath of the dewy flow'rs.
 And my faith takes wings, and it soars away To the home of the morrow's light.
 When I strike my harp with a loud amen, As I kneel at the Saviour's feet.

CHORUS.



Come, oh, come they are gently say-ing, Come where the blest repose;

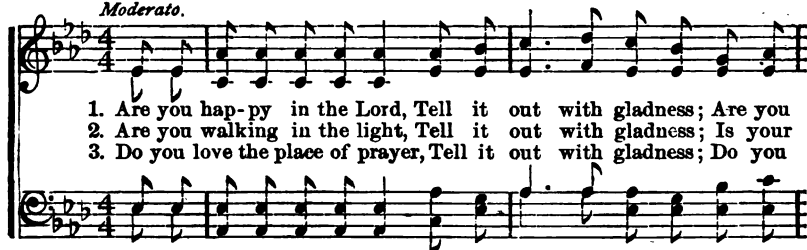


Come, oh, come to the vales of E-den, Come where the life-tree grows.

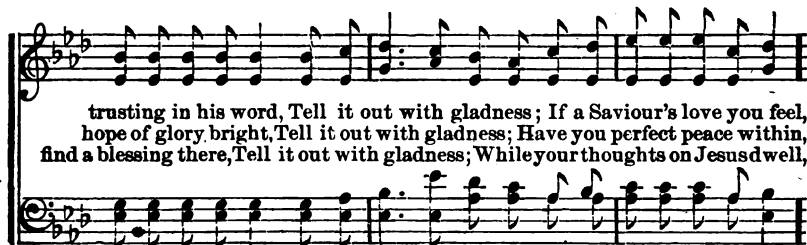
Tell it Out with Gladness.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

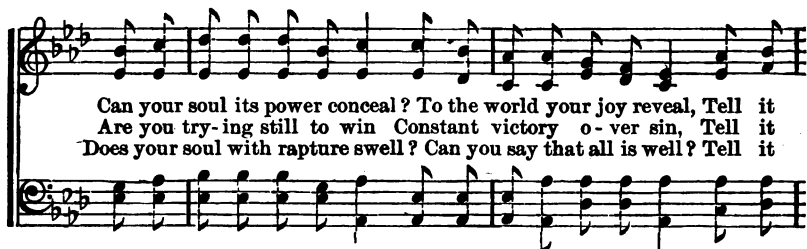
JNO R. SWENEY.

Moderato.


1. Are you hap-py in the Lord, Tell it out with gladness; Are you
2. Are you walking in the light, Tell it out with gladness; Is your
3. Do you love the place of prayer, Tell it out with gladness; Do you

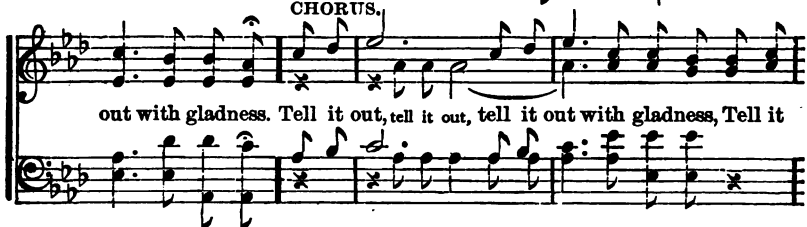


trusting in his word, Tell it out with gladness; If a Saviour's love you feel,
hope of glory bright, Tell it out with gladness; Have you perfect peace within,
find a blessing there, Tell it out with gladness; While your thoughts on Jesus dwell,

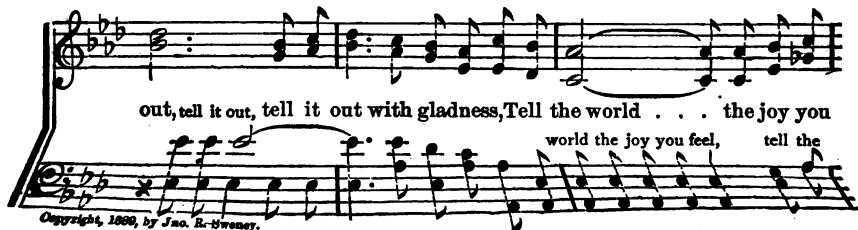


Can your soul its power conceal? To the world your joy reveal, Tell it
Are you try-ing still to win Constant victory o-ver sin, Tell it
Does your soul with rapture swell? Can you say that all is well? Tell it

CHORUS.



out with gladness. Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell it



out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell the world . . . the joy you
world the joy you feel, tell the

Tell it Out with Gladness.—CONCLUDED. 189

feel, Tell it out, tell it out with glad - ness.
world the joy you feel,

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

With great feeling.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;

Fine.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.

D.S.—O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Coming home, coming home, Nev - er more to roam;

Copyright, 1902, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

Cleanseth White as Snow.

E. E. HEWITT.

Arranged for this work.

1. My Saviour died to o - pen wide The gates of life to me; To
 2. One song shall ring to heaven's King, From all the ransomed host; They
 3. Now all the way, I'll watch and pray, And sing redeeming love; His

save my soul from sin's con - trol, And give me lib - er - ty; His
 sing his name, his praise proclaim, His cross is all their boast; I
 keeping power I'll prove each hour, He leads my soul a - bove; And

blood can wash my stains Till not a spot remains, The blood of Jesus
 too will join the song, The hap - py theme prolong, The blood of Jesus
 still will I a - bide Where flows salvation's tide, The blood of Jesus

D. S. - bless the hap - py day When he took my sins a - way, The blood of Jesus

Fine. CHORUS.

cleanseth white as snow, white as snow. The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as
 cleanseth white as snow, white as snow.

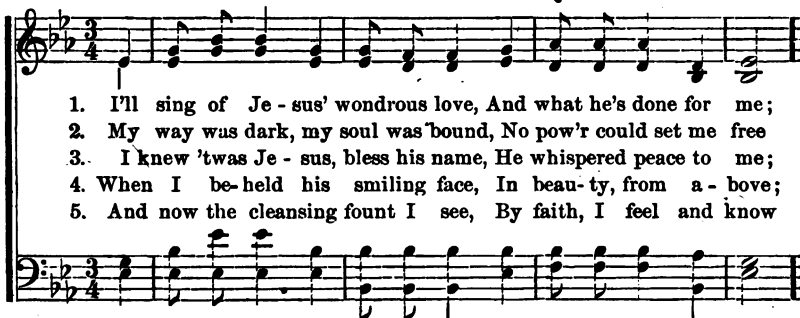
snow, white as snow, The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow; I

Thank God, I See.

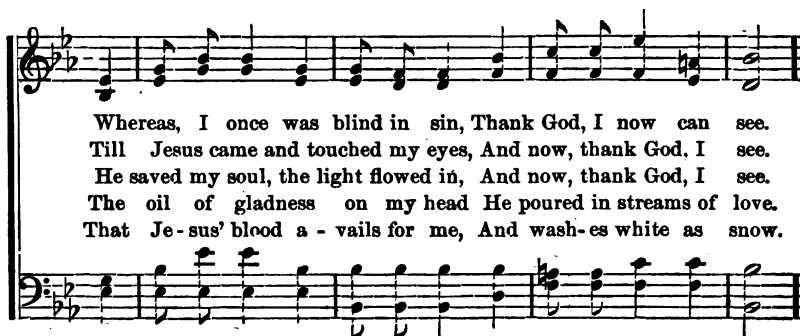
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W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I'll sing of Je - sus' wondrous love, And what he's done for me;
 2. My way was dark, my soul was bound, No pow'r could set me free
 3. I knew 'twas Je - sus, bless his name, He whispered peace to me;
 4. When I be-held his smiling face, In beau-ty, from a - bove;
 5. And now the cleansing fount I see, By faith, I feel and know

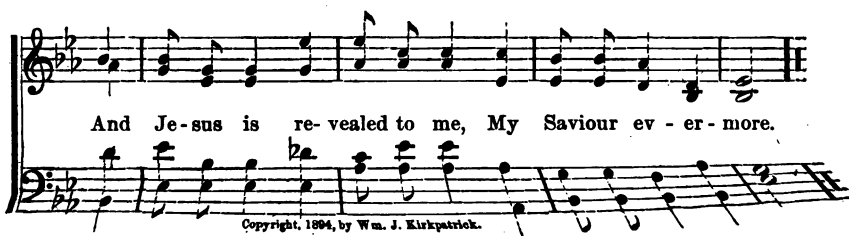


Whereas, I once was blind in sin, Thank God, I now can see.
 Till Jesus came and touched my eyes, And now, thank God, I see.
 He saved my soul, the light flowed in, And now, thank God, I see.
 The oil of gladness on my head He poured in streams of love.
 That Je - sus' blood a - vails for me, And wash-es white as snow.

CHORUS.



I see, I see, thank God, I see, My blindness now is o'er;



And Je - sus is re - vealed to me, My Saviour ev - er - more.

Jesus Leads.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice."—John x: 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. Like a shepherd, tender, true, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads, ...
 2. All a-long life's rugged road Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads, ...
 3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads, ...
 Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,

Dai-ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads; ...
 Till we reach yon blest a-bode, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads; ...
 Thro' the war-ings and the strife Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads; ...
 Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;

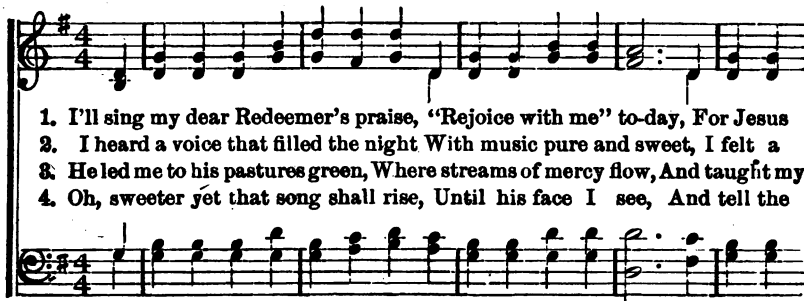
If thick mists are o'er the way, ... Or the flock 'mid danger feeds, ...
 All the way, ... before, he's trod, ... And he now ... the flock precedes, ...
 When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound'ry-line re-cedes, ...
 If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

rit.
 He will watch them lest they stray, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads.
 Safe in-to the fold of God Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads.
 He will spread the waves a-side, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads.
 Je-sus leads,

I'll Sing my Dear Redeemer's Praise. 193

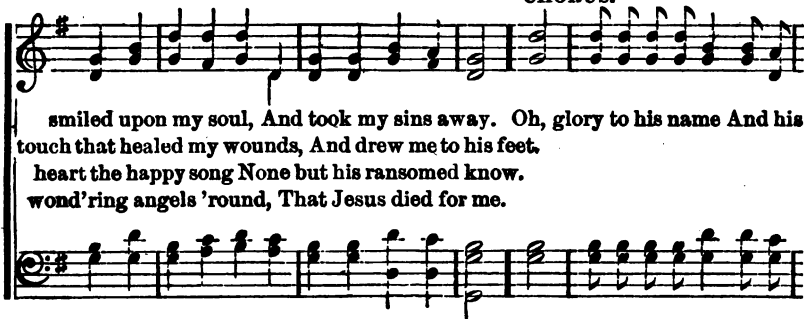
L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

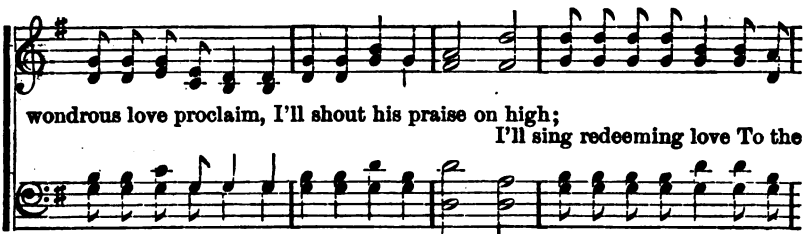


1. I'll sing my dear Redeemer's praise, "Rejoice with me" to-day, For Jesus
2. I heard a voice that filled the night With music pure and sweet, I felt a
3. Heled me to his pastures green, Where streams of mercy flow, And taught my
4. Oh, sweeter yet that song shall rise, Until his face I see, And tell the

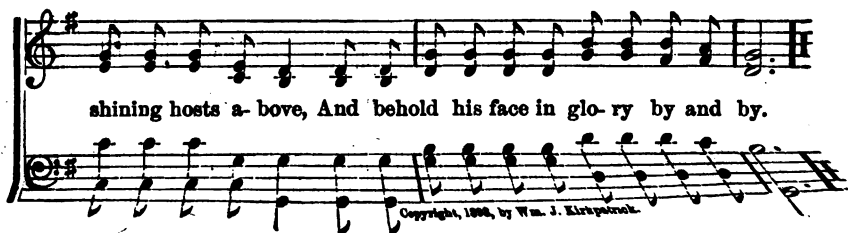
CHORUS.



smiled upon my soul, And took my sins away. Oh, glory to his name And his
touch that healed my wounds, And drew me to his feet,
heart the happy song None but his ransomed know.
wond'ring angels 'round, That Jesus died for me.



wondrous love proclaim, I'll shout his praise on high;
I'll sing redeeming love To the

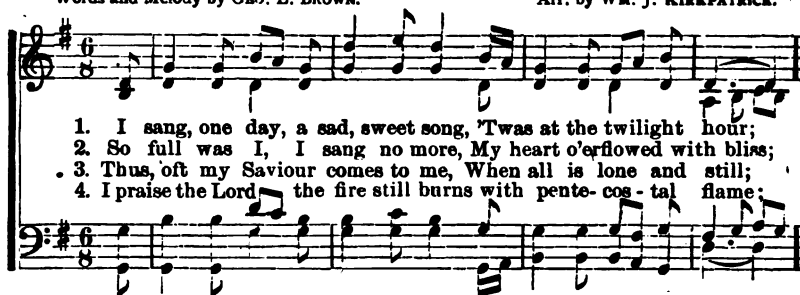


shining hosts a-bove, And behold his face in glo-ry by and by.

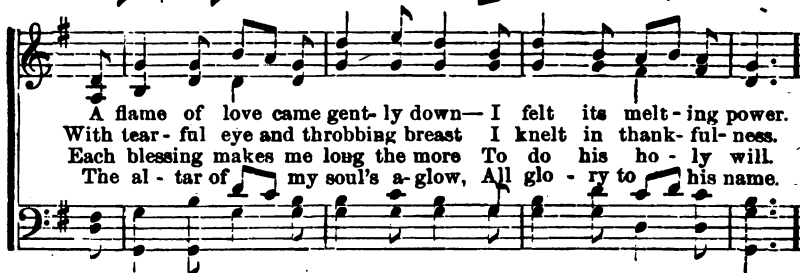
Remembered Blessings.

Words and Melody by GEO. L. BROWN.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

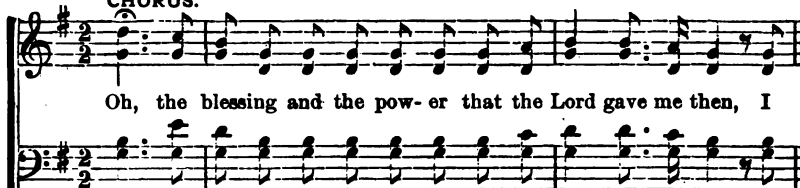


1. I sang, one day, a sad, sweet song, 'Twas at the twilight hour;
 2. So full was I, I sang no more, My heart o'erflowed with bliss;
 3. Thus, oft my Saviour comes to me, When all is lone and still;
 4. I praise the Lord, the fire still burns with pen-te-cos-tal flame;

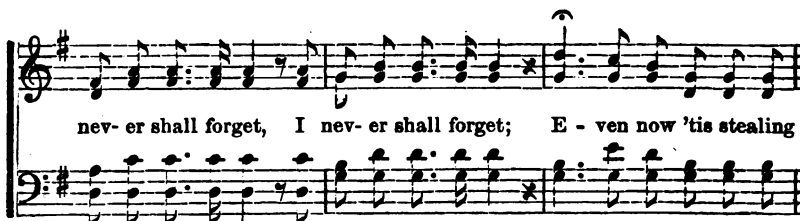


A flame of love came gent-ly down—I felt its melt-ing power.
 With tear-ful eye and throbbing breast I knelt in thank-ful-ness.
 Each blessing makes me long the more To do his ho-ly will.
 The al-tar of my soul's a-glow, All glo-ry to his name.

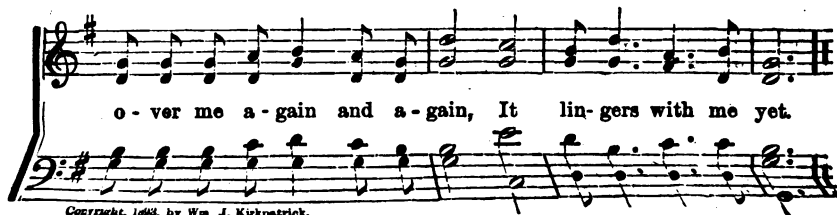
CHORUS.



Oh, the blessing and the pow-er that the Lord gave me then, I



nev-er shall forget, I nev-er shall forget; E-ven now 'tis stealing




o-ver me a-gain and a-gain, It lin-gers with me yet.

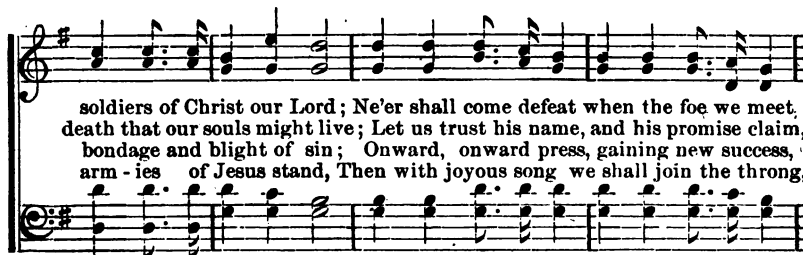
On to Victory.

195

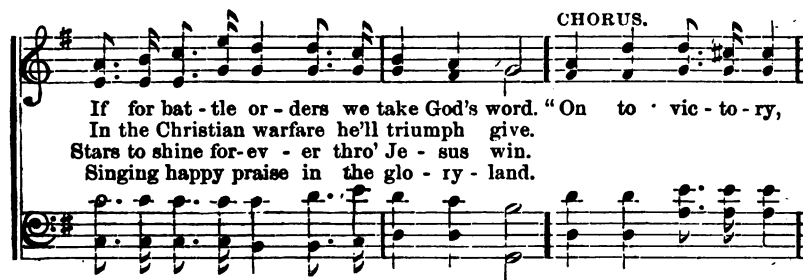
JENNIE WILSON. "This is the victory that overcometh the world." : John v: 4. JNO. R. SWENEY.



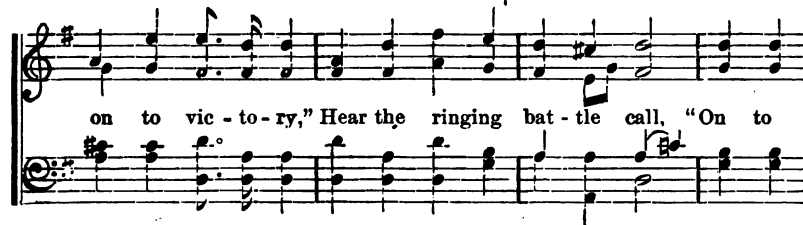
1. "On to vic - to - ry" shall our mot - to be, While we march as
 2. "On to vic - to - ry," for on Cal - va - ry Je - sus conquered
 3. "On to vic - to - ry," till the world is free From the cru - el
 4. "On to vic - to - ry," till those heights we see Where the an - gel



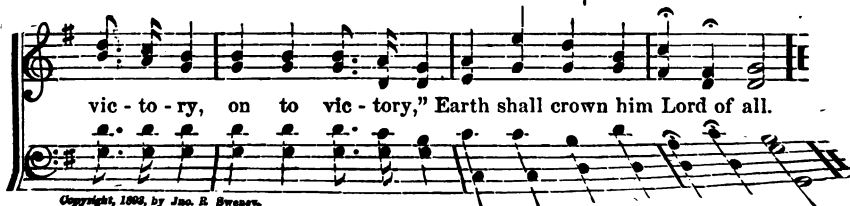
soldiers of Christ our Lord; Ne'er shall come defeat when the foe we meet,
 death that our souls might live; Let us trust his name, and his promise claim,
 bondage and blight of sin; Onward, onward press, gaining new success,
 arm - ies of Jesus stand, Then with joyous song we shall join the throng,



CHORUS.
 If for bat - tle or - ders we take God's word. "On to vic - to - ry,
 In the Christian warfare he'll triumph give.
 Stars to shine for - ev - er thro' Je - sus win.
 Singing happy praise in the glo - ry - land.



on to vic - to - ry," Hear the ringing bat - tle call, "On to



vic - to - ry, on to vic - to - ry," Earth shall crown him Lord of all.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.

E. D. MUND.

"The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. xl. 17.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A- mid the tri - als which I meet, Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up- on my soul their shadow cast;
 3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

Fine.
 One thought remains supreme - ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 I am con- tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S.—What need I fear since thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
 Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me;
 Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me;

By permission.

Music No. 49 in "Unfading Treasures."

The Stranger at the Door.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
 He gently knocks—has knocked before,
 Has waited long, is waiting still;
 You treat no other friend so ill.

CHO.—Oh, let the dear Saviour come in,
 He'll cleanse the heart from sin;
 O keep him no more out at the door,
 But let the dear Saviour come in.

2 O lovely attitude,—he stands
 With melting heart and open hands;
 O matchless kindness, and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
 He will,—the very friend you need;
 The friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis he,
 With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine;
 That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
 His feet, departed, ne'er return;
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand
 You'll at his door rejected stand.

Consecration.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bo-dy, soul, and spirit, Jesus, I give to thee, A con-se-crat-ed
 2. O Jesus, mighty Saviour, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal-
 3. Oh, let the fire, descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble
 4. I'm thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by thy pre-cious blood, Now seal me by thy

REFRAIN.

offering, Thine ev-er-more to be. My all is on the al-tar, I'm
 va-tion, Thy promise now I claim.
 offering, And cleanse and make me whole.
 Spir-it, A sac-rifice to God.

rit.
 waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

From "Notes of Joy," by per.

199

Solid Rock.

Key G.

My hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHO.—On Christ the solid Rock I stand:
 All other ground is sinking sand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
 I rest on his unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,
 My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
 Support me in the whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When he shall come with trumpet
 O may I then in him be found; [sound,
Drest in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

200

Music No. 171 in The "Garner."

I am Coming, Lord.

I HEAR thy welcome voice,
 That calls me, Lord, to thee,
 For cleansing in thy precious blood
 That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming, Lord,
 Coming now to thee!
 Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
 That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
 Thou dost my strength assure.
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
 Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
 To perfect faith and love,
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
 For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
 All hail, redeeming grace!
 All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
 Our Strength and Righteousness!

Linger Not.

L. E. J.

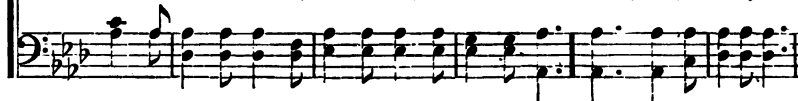
L. E. JONES.



1. Linger not, the Saviour calls thee, Wand'rer from thy Father's home; wide the
2. Linger not, but come, accept him, Jesus died your soul to win; And he
3. Linger not, for time is fleeting, Soon will mercy's call be o'er; Oh, how

**CHORUS.**

door is to receive thee, Why in darkness longer roam? Haste, 'tis mercy's call,
 offers full salvation, If you will but turn from sin.
 sad, should Jesus leave thee, Leave thee, lost forevermore. Haste, haste, 'tis mercy's call,



Come, oh, come to me; Listen, 'tis the Saviour pleading, Come, oh, come to me.
 Come, come, oh, come to me;



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Bless the Lord, my Soul.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



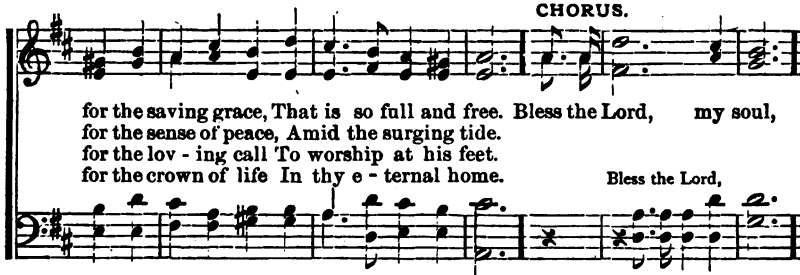
1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the friend who died for thee; And bless him
2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the rock in which we hide; And bless him
3. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the hope so sure and sweet; And bless him
4. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the guide in days to come; And bless him



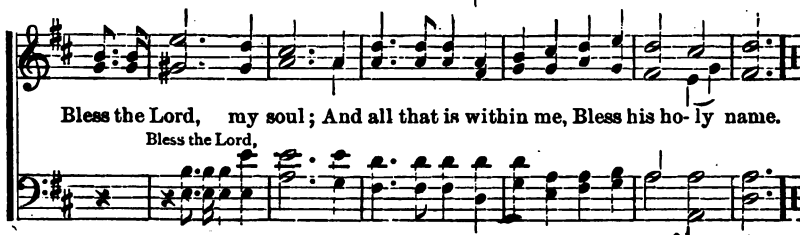
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Bless the Lord, my Soul.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.



for the saving grace, That is so full and free. Bless the Lord, my soul,
for the sense of peace, Amid the surging tide.
for the lov - ing call To worship at his feet.
for the crown of life In thy e - ternal home. Bless the Lord,



Bless the Lord, my soul; And all that is within me, Bless his ho - ly name.
Bless the Lord,

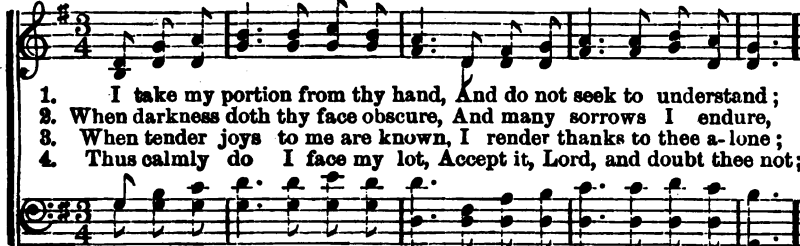
203

Whate'er it Be.

ELTA M. LEWIS.

"Thy will be done."

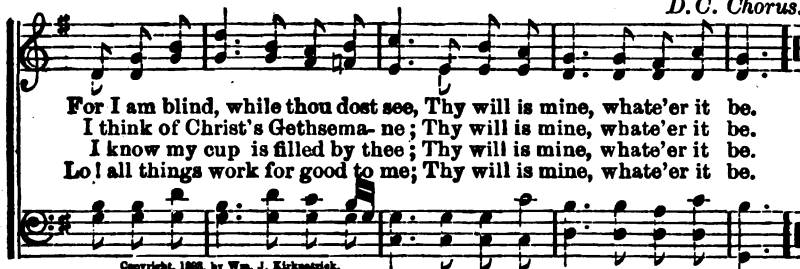
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I take my portion from thy hand, And do not seek to understand;
2. When darkness doth thy face obscure, And many sorrows I endure,
3. When tender joys to me are known, I render thanks to thee a-lone;
4. Thus calmly do I face my lot, Accept it, Lord, and doubt thee not;

CHO.—Whate'er it be! whate'er it be! I do not fear, whate'er it be;

D. C. Chorus.



For I am blind, while thou dost see, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
I think of Christ's Gethsema-ne; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
I know my cup is filled by thee; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
Lo! all things work for good to me; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

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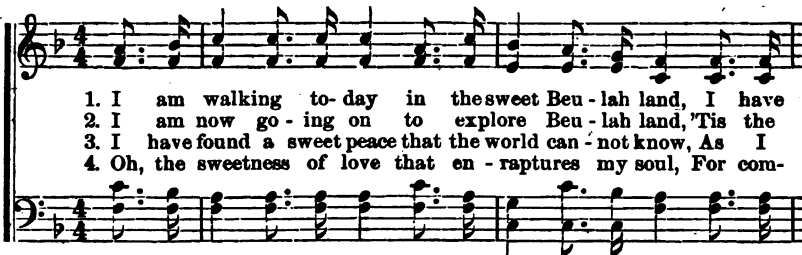
Thy love divine sustaineth me, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

The Sweet Beulah Land.

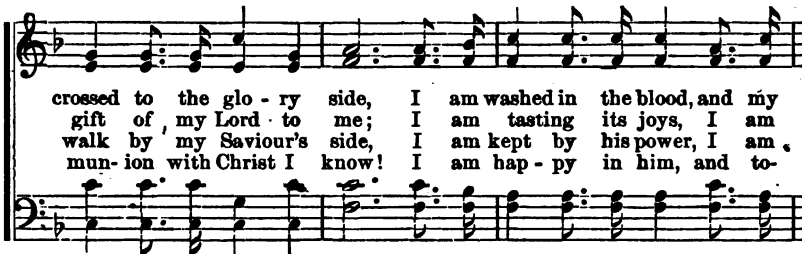
"Let us go up at once and possess it;" Nu. xiii: 30.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

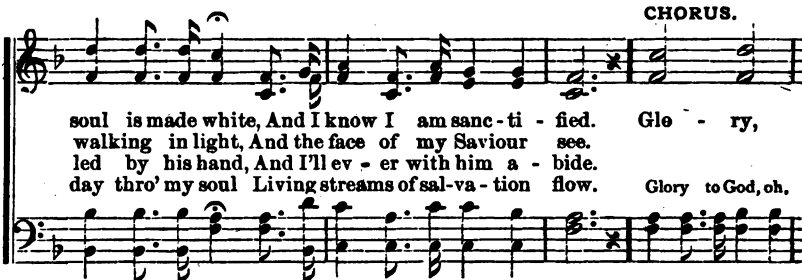


1. I am walking to-day in the sweet Beu-lah land, I have
 2. I am now go-ing on to explore Beu-lah land, 'Tis the
 3. I have found a sweet peace that the world can-not know, As I
 4. Oh, the sweetness of love that en-raptures my soul, For com-

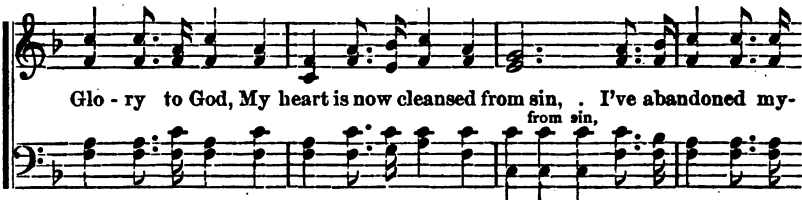


crossed to the glo-ry side, I am washed in the blood, and my
 gift of, my Lord to me; I am tasting its joys, I am
 walk by my Saviour's side, I am kept by his power, I am,
 mun-ion with Christ I know! I am hap-py in him, and to-

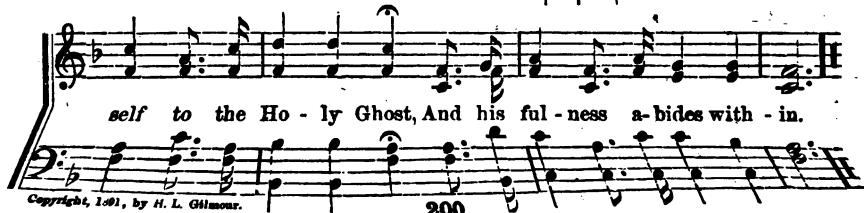
CHORUS.



soul is made white, And I know I am sanc-ti-fied. Glo-ry,
 walking in light, And the face of my Saviour see.
 led by his hand, And I'll ev-er with him a-bide.
 day thro' my soul Living streams of sal-va-tion flow. Glory to God, oh,



Glo-ry to God, My heart is now cleansed from sin, I've abandoned my-
 from sin,



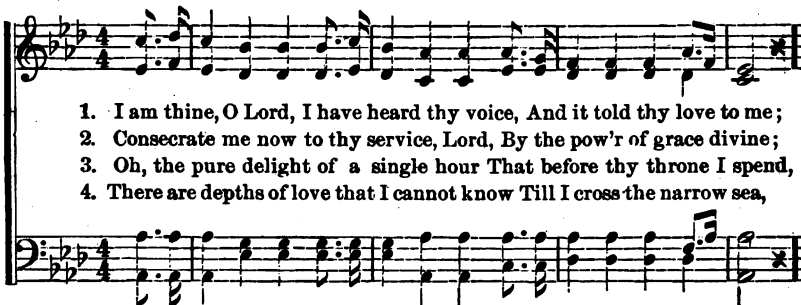
self to the Ho-ly Ghost, And his ful-ness a-bides with-in.

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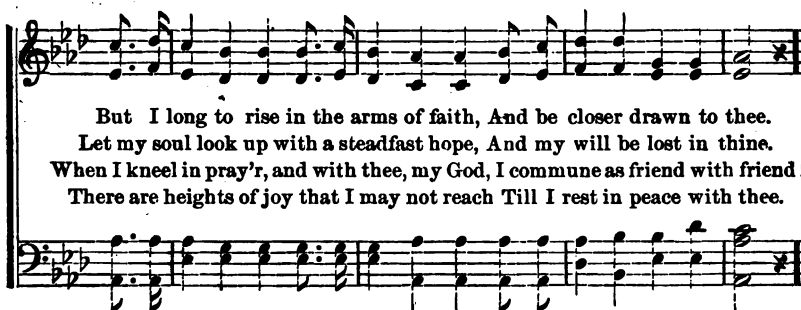
Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

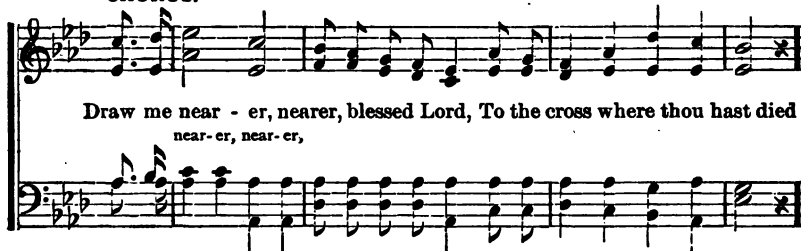


1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine;
3. Oh, the pure delight of a single hour That before thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,



But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to thee.
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.

CHORUS.



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
 near-er, near-er,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious bleeding side.

Jesus, the Name.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, CORONATION. C. M.

1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus! the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Crown Him Lord of All.

C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Antioch. C. M.



208 O for a thousand tongues.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

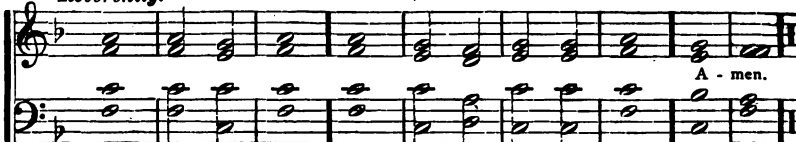
209 Joy to the world!

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

210

The Lord's Prayer.

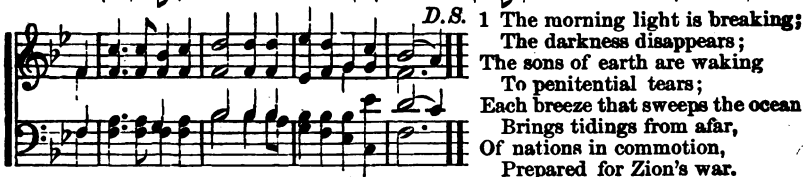
Reverently.



1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed | bethy | name, || Thy kingdom come,
thy will be done in | earth, as-it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we for-
give | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil: || For thine is the
kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. || A- | men.

The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.
Fina.

D.S. 1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

212

GEO. DUFFIELD, JR.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Tune above.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

213

Work, for the Night is Coming.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the days grow brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,

Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Wopleston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



214 And can I yet Delay!

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

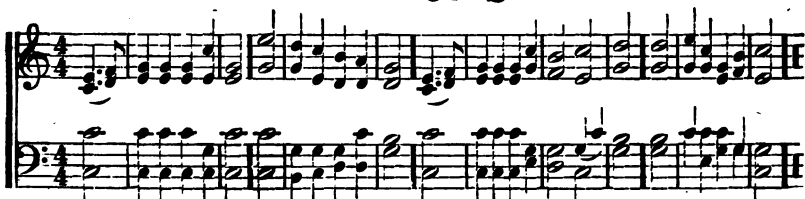
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conquerer.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

215 A Charge to Keep I Have.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely.
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Laban. S. M.



216 Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

217 My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

The Gospel Feast.

CHARLES WESLEY.
Cho. by H. L. G.

"Come, for all things are ready."
Luke xiv; 16.

H. L. GILMOUR. By per.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos-pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left behind, It is for you, it is for me;

Fine.
Let ev-'ry soul be Je-sus' guest; It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bidden all mankind, It is for you, it is for me.

D.S.—O wea-ry wand'rer, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Sal-vation full, sal-vation free, The price was paid on Cal-va-ry;

Copyright 1899, by H. L. Gilmour.

- 3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all;
- 4 Come, all the world! come, sinner thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
- 6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

- 7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
- 8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 9 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
- 10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

219

Follow All the Way.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

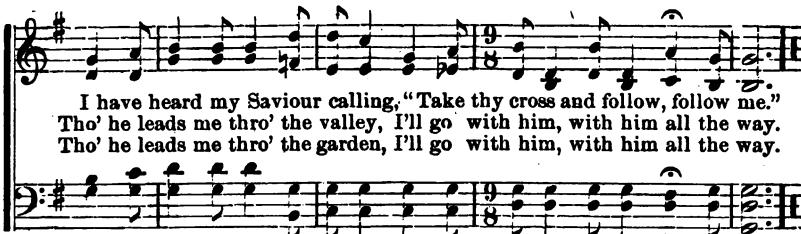
Arranged by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I have heard my Saviour calling, I have heard my Saviour calling,
2. Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, Tho' he leads me thro' the valley,
3. Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, Tho' he leads me thro' the garden,

Copyright 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

CHO.—Where he leads me I will follow, Where he leads me I will follow,

Follow All the Way.—CONCLUDED.



I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

Where he leads me I will follow, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

4 ||: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, ||
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

5 ||: Tho' he leads me to the conflict, ||
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

6 ||: Tho' he leads through fiery trials, ||
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

7 ||: I will follow on to know him, ||
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

8 ||: He will give me grace and glory, ||
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

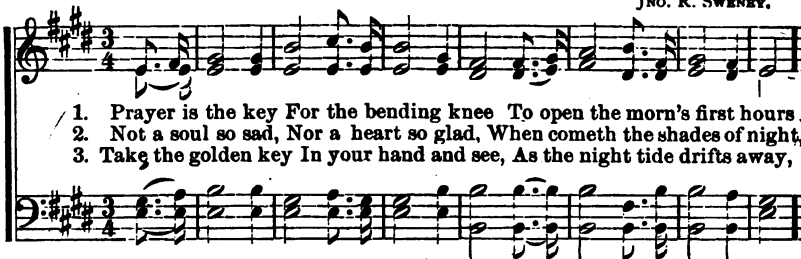
9 ||: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, ||
And be with him, with him all the way.

220

The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night"

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours.
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,



See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs.
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil-dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more:
Life's tears shall be wiped away,
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harp rings,
And the sun unsheathes for eye.

221

H. L. GILMOUR.

Jesus, the Light.

Arr. by H. L. G.

1. { Let my gaze be fixed on thee, Jesus, the light of the world;
As I look, new beauties see, Jesus, the light of the world.

D. C.—Falling around us by day and by night, Jesus, the light . . . of the world.

CHORUS.

Walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright,

Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour.

2 Let my hands be strong for thee,
Jesus, the light of the world;
And my feet be swift and free,
Jesus, the light of the world.

3 When the tempter would alarm,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Bare, oh, bare thy mighty arm,
Jesus, the light of the world.

4 Walk the waves, across life's sea,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Nearer come, O Lord, to me,
Jesus, the light of the world.

5 Be a shelter in the storm,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Keep, oh, keep thy child from harm,
Jesus, the light of the world.

222

E. E. HEWITT.

A Song of Praise.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. My heart uplifts a happy song, While tender recollections throng;
2. Have sparkling sunbeams cheered the day, And roses bloomed along the way?
3. Or have the clouds o'erspread the sky, While at my feet the roses die?
4. Bright angels, sweep your harps of gold, But half his praise hath not been told;

And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,

As sweet as bells that ring above, The strains that breathe my Saviour's love.
Let mem'ry each fair scene recall, And bless the Lord who sent them all.
Since Je-sus bore the cross for me, I'll trust him tho' I cannot see.
Come, all who my Redeem-er know, Still let the joy-ful mu-sic flow.

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And above the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well.

Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, of the cross, of the cross, Am
And shall I fear to own his cause, to own his cause, to own his cause, And
2. { Must I be car-ried to the skies, to the skies, to the skies, Must
While others fought to win the prize, to win the prize, to win the prize, While

CHORUS.
I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, } { Marching, we're
shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? } { Marching, we're
I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease,
others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? }

1 2
marching to Zi-on, We're marching, marching;
marching to Zi-on, And Je-sus is our song.

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3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Music No. 154 in "Unfading Treasures."

224

I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

(Copyright.)

You ask what makes me happy, my heart
so free from care, [my prayer;
It is because my Saviour in mercy heard
He brought me out of darkness and now
the light I see; [praise shall be.
O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the

CHO.—[I will shout his praise in glory,
So will I, so will I, [and by:]]
And we'll all sing hallelujah in heaven by

2 I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus
took me in, [full of sin;
My life was full of sorrow, my heart was
But when the blood so precious spoke par-
don to my soul; [beyond control.
Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy

3 I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne
would bow; [to bless them now;
He waits to bid them welcome, he longs
If they but knew the rapture that in his
love I see,
They'd come and shout salvation, and
sing his praise with me.

4 I mean to live for Jesus while here on
earth I stay,
And when his voice shall call me to realms
of endless day,
As one by one we gather, rejoicing on
the shore,
We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing
forevermore.

P. H. Dingman.

Scatter Sunbeams.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Let the light of love shine clear, Bringing comfort, hope, and cheer;
 2. Man - y hearts are sorrow-bowed, See no light be - yond the cloud;
 3. Oh, to bring some golden gleams From the land where glory beams,

Life hath oft a rain - y day, Scatter sunbeams by the way.
 Point them to a heav'nly ray, Scatter sunbeams by the way.
 Bless - ing oth - ers day by day, Scatt'ring sunbeams by the way.

CHORUS.
 Sun - beams! scatter all a - long, Mak - ing life a hap - py song;
 Sunbeams! sunbeams!

Je - sus is the light to - day, Scatter sunbeams by the way.

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

226

Help a Little. Music No. 34 in "Unfading Treasures."

BROTHER for Christ's kingdom sighing,
 Help a little, help a little;
 Help to save the millions dying,
 Help just a little.

CHO.—Oh, the wrongs that we may righten!
 Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!
 Oh, the skies that we may brighten!
 Helping just a little.

2 *Is thy cup made sad by trial?*
 Help a little, help a little;
 Sweeten it with self-denial,
 Help just a little.

3 Though no wealth to thee is given,
 Help a little, help a little;
 Sacrifice is gold in heaven,
 Help just a little.

4 Let us live for one another.
 Help a little, help a little;
 Help to lift each fallen brother,
 Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
 Help a little, help a little;
 Bravely look toward God's to-morrow,
 Help just a little.

What will it Matter.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether my
 2. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether my
 3. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether the
 4. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether I

crosses were heavy or light, Whether my pathway was clouded or bright,
 tri-als were many or few, Whether the world was unfaithful or true,
 waters were bit-ter or sweet, Murmuring gently or sad at my feet,
 pass with the morning a-way, Whether at noon-tide or clos-ing of day

When I shall walk with the ransomed in white, Safe in that beautiful land?
 When my Redeemer in glo-ry I view, Home in that beautiful land?
 When the departed, with rapture, I meet, Home in that beautiful land?
 When in the valley of Eden I stray, Home in that beautiful land?

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Meet Me There. Music No. 60 in "Unfading Treasures."

ON the happy, golden shore,
 Where the faithful part no more,
 When the storms of life are o'er,
 Meet me there;
 Where the night dissolves away
 Into pure and perfect day,
 I am going home to stay,
 Meet me there.

CHO.—Meet me there,
 Meet me there,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 Meet me there;
 When the storms of life are o'er,
 On the happy, golden shore,
 Where the faithful part no more,
 Meet me there.

2 Here our fondest hopes are vain,
 Dearest links are rent in twain;
 But in heav'n no throb of pain,
 Meet me there;
 By the river sparkling bright,
 In the city of delight,
 Where our faith is lost in sight,
 Meet me there.

3 Where the harps of angels ring,
 And the blest forever sing,
 In the palace of the King,
 Meet me there;
 Where in sweet communion blend
 Heart with heart, and friend with
 In a world that ne'er shall end, friend,
 Meet me there.

Intercede for Me.

ANON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O bless - ed Feet of Je - sus, wea - ry with seeking me!
 2. O Knees which bent in an - guish in dark Gethsem - a - ne!
 3. O Hands that were ex - tend - ed up - on the aw - ful tree!
 4. O Side from whence the spear-point brought blood and water free!

Stand at God's bar of judgment and in - ter - cede for me.
 Kneel at the throne of glo - ry and in - ter - cede for me.
 Hold up those precious nail-prints and in - ter - cede for me.
 For heal - ing and for cleansing! still in - ter - cede for me.

Stand at God's bar of judgment and in - ter - cede for me.
 Kneel at the throne of glo - ry and in - ter - cede for me.
 Hold up those precious nail-prints and in - ter - cede for me.
 For heal - ing and for cleansing! still in - ter - cede for me.

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Music No. 18 in "Unfading Treasures."

230 We'll Never Say Good By. (Cop.)

OUR friends on earth we meet with pleas-
 While swift the moments fly, [ure,
 Yet ever comes the thought of sadness
 That we must say good by.

CHO.—We'll never say good by in heav'n,
 We'll never say good by,
 For in that land of joy and song
 We'll never say good by.

2 How joyful is the thought that lingers,
 When loved ones cross death's sea,
 That when our labors here are ended,
 With them we'll ever be.

3 No parting words shall e'er be spoken
 In that bright land of flowers,
 But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness,
 Shall evermore be ours.

—Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

Music No. 198 in "Unfading Treasures."

231 Revive Us again.

WE praise thee, O God! for the Son of
 thy love, [bove.
 For Jesus who died and is now gone a-

CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory;
 Hallelujah! amen!
 Hallelujah! thine the glory;
 Revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit
 of light, [tered our night.
 Who has shown us our Saviour and scat-

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that
 was slain, [cleansed every stain.
 Who has borne all our sins, and has

4 All glory and praise to the God of all
 grace, [guided our ways.
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and

—Wm. P. Mackay.

Always Trusting.

Rev. M. M. ROCHESTER.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. I will praise thee, O my Saviour, I am filled with joy and love,
 2. Nev - er, nev - er let me leave thee, And from me, oh, ne'er depart;
 3. When I'm safe from all temptation, In my home just o - ver there,
 4. There for - ev - er with my Saviour, On that bright ce - les - tial shore;

And I long to join the ransomed, In that hap - py home a - bove.
 Wash a - way each stain within me, Cleanse and sancti - fy my heart.
 I will chant sweet hal - le - lu - jahs, Joining with the heavenly choir.
 Ev - er sing - ing songs of gladness, I am saved for - ev - er - more.

D.S.—I am trusting, always trusting, Trusting in thy cleansing power.

CHORUS.

Guide and keep me, O my Saviour, For I need thee ev - 'ry hour;

Copyright, 1894, by John J. Hood

Music No. 35 in "Unfading Treasures."

233 More about Jesus. (Copyright.)

MORE about Jesus would I know,
 More of his grace to others show;
 More of his saving fulness see,
 More of his love who died for me.

CHO.—||: More, more about Jesus; ||
 More of his saving fulness see,
 More of his love who died for me.

2 More about Jesus let me learn,
 More of his holy will discern;
 Spirit of God, my teacher be,
 Showing the things of Christ to me.

3 More about Jesus; in his word,
 Holding communion with my Lord;
 Hearing his voice in every line,
 Making each faithful saying mine.

4 More about Jesus; on his throne,
 Riches in glory all his own;
 More of his kingdom's sure increase;
 More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

—E. E. Hewitt.

Music No. 25 in "Unfading Treasures."

234 Jesus is Good to Me. (Copyr't.)

I LOVE my Saviour, his heart is good,
 He has-loved me o'er and o'er; [Blood,
 He sought me wand'ring, I'm saved by his
 And I love him more and more.

CHO.—||: Jesus is good to me; ||
 So good! so good!
 Jesus is good to my soul.

2 He calls, I rise, and he maketh me whole,
 How fond his tender embrace! [soul,
 He cleanses and keeps me and blesses my
 My day the smile of his face.

3 I want to love him with all my heart,
 Though all its powers are small;
 I will not keep from him any part,
 For he is worthy of all.

4 He's good to me in my sorrow's night,
 He's good in the tempest's roll;
 He bringeth from darkness into light.—
 With joy he filleth my soul.

—E. H. Stokes, D. D.

Christ is my Guiding Star.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. When on the ocean of life so wide, Driven and toss'd by the wind and tide;
2. What tho' the tempest may cause alarm,
Christ walks the waves, and controls the storm;
3. Soon all the storms of this life will cease; With anchor cast in the port of peace
4. Millions are now on the golden shore, Waiting, and watching, as we cross o'er;



Try - ing to cross to the oth - er side, Christ is my guiding star.
 We'll rest se - cure on his mighty arm, Christ is my guiding star.
 We'll praise our Pi - lot for glad re - lease; Christ is my guiding star.
 Soon we'll be with them, tho' billows roar, Christ is my guiding star.



D.S.—Faith is the compass, it points a - long, Christ is my guiding star.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Trusting in him, I cannot go wrong; Hope is my anchor, both sure and strong;



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236

Step Out On the Promise. Music No. 113 in "Unfading Treasures."

O MOURNER in Zion, how blessed art thou,
 For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now.
 Fear not to rely on the word of thy God;
 Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

2 O ye that are hungry and thirsty, re-
 joice!
 For ye shall be filled; do you hear that
 sweet voice

Inviting you now to the banquet of God?
 Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

3 Who sighs for a heart from iniquity
 free?
 O poor, troubled soul! there's a promise

There's rest, weary one, in the bosom of
 God; [blood.]

Step out on the promise,—get under the

4 Step out on the promise, and Christ you
 shall win, [all sin,]

"The blood of his Son cleanseth us from
 It cleanseth me now, hallelujah to God!
 I rest on his promise,—I'm under the blood.

5 The promise don't save, tho' the prom-
 ise is true; [us thro',]

'Tis the blood we get under that cleanseth
 It cleanses me now, hallelujah to God,
 I rest on the promise,—I'm under the blood.

—Maggie Power.

237 Resting on My Saviour's Love.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My heart is sweetly rest-ing Up-on my Saviour's love, Up-on the
 2. A-far I need not seek him, He dwells within my soul, And from the
 3. His blood, his word, his Spirit, My hope, my joy shall be; I do not
 4. While thus on him I'm resting, My heart from care is free, To la-bor
 5. The more I lean up-on him, The more I learn his power, And find his

CHORUS.

grace that saves me, For mansions bright above. Rest-ing, rest-ing,
 liv-ing fountains Rich waves of blessing roll.
 need to keep him, For he is keeping me.
 in his vineyard, And serve him faithfully.
 grace suf-ficient To meet life's ev'ry hour. Resting, resting, sweetly resting,

Resting on my Saviour's love, Resting, rest-ing On my Saviour's love.
 Resting, resting, sweetly resting

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238

Blessed Be the Name. Music No. 92 in "Unfading Treasures."

ALL praise to him who reigns above,
 In majesty supreme,
 Who gave his Son for man to die,
 That he might man redeem.

CHO.—||: Blessed be the name.:||
 Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 ||: Blessed be the name.:||
 Blessed be the name of the Lord.

2 His name above all names shall stand.
 Exalted more and more,
 At God the Father's own right hand,
 Where angel hosts adore.

3 Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of man
 Once ruined by the fall,

Thou hast devised salvation's plan,
 For thou hast died for all.

4 His name shall be the Counselor,
 The mighty Prince of Peace,
 Of all earth's kingdoms conqueror,
 Whose reign shall never cease.

5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring
 Their praise and homage meet;
 With rapturous awe adore their King,
 And worship at his feet.

6 Then shall we know as we are known,
 And in that world above
 Forever sing around the throne
 His everlasting love. —W. H. Clark.

FAMILIAR HYMNS.

Music No. 31 in "Unfading Treasures."

239 It Just Suits Me. (Copyright.)

WHAT a wonderful salvation!
For its length and breadth and height
Far excel the grandest knowledge
Of the seraphim in light;
I can never, never fathom
Half its holy mystery,
But I know it is for sinners,
And it just suits me.

CHO.—||: It just suits me. :||
This wonderful salvation,
It just suits me.

2 Oh, this blessed "whosoever,"
Calling every one who will,
To the sparkling, living waters,
Flowing fully, freely still;
No, I know not why he loves me,
But his blood is all my plea;
I can trust his "whosoever,"
For it just suits me.

3 Precious promises of Jesus,
Sweeping every human need!
For the grace of our Redeemer
Must our highest thought exceed;
To the mighty, royal storehouse
Let me use the golden key,
Find the special, tender promise
That will just suit me.

4 What a perfect, present Saviour!
What a true and loving friend!
Can we ever praise him lightly?
Tell how grace and glory blend?
Now the Prince of Peace is reigning,
Over-ruling all I see;
So, whatever lot he orders,
May it just suit me.—E. E. Hewitt.

Music No. 106 in "Unfading Treasures."

240 Sunshine in the Soul. (Copyright.)

THERE'S sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light.

CHO.—Oh, there's sunshine, blessed sun-
shine, [roll :]
When the peaceful, happy moments
When Jesus shows his smiling face
There is sunshine in the soul.

2 There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing.

3 There's springtime in my soul to-day,
For when the Lord is near
The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flowers of grace appear.

4 There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which he gives me now.
For joys "laid up" above.—E. E. H.

Music No. 93 in "Unfading Treasures."

241 Is my Name Written There. (Copyright.)

LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, oh, my Saviour!
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow.
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching—
Is my name written there?—M. A. K.

Music No. 51 in "Unfading Treasures."

242 Stepping in the Light. (Copyright.)

TRYING to walk in the steps of the Saviour,
Trying to follow our Saviour and King;
Shaping our lives by his blessed example,
Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.

CHO.—How beautiful to walk in the steps
of the Saviour,
||: Stepping in the light; :|| [Saviour,
How beautiful to walk in the steps of the
Led in paths of light.

2 Pressing more closely to him who is
leading, [way :]
When we are tempted to turn from the
Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us
Happy, how happy, our praises each day.

3 Walking in footsteps of gentle forbear-
ance, [love :]
Footsteps of faithfulness, mercy and
Looking to him for the grace freely prom-
ised,
Happy, how happy, our journey above.

4 Trying to walk in the steps of the Sav-
iour, [Guide :]
Upward, still upward we'll follow our
When we shall see him, "the King in his
beauty,"

Happy, how happy, our place at his
side. L. H. Edmunds.

*Music No. 195 in "Unfading Treasures."***243 I Do Believe.**

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
 No other help I know:
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah! whither shall I go?

CHO.—I do believe, I now believe,
 That Jesus died for me; [blood,
 And thro' his blood, his precious
 I shall from sin be free.

2 What did thine only Son endure,
 Before I drew my breath!
 What pain, what labor, to secure
 My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy power;
 And all my wants thou wouldst relieve
 In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes:
 Oh, let me now receive that gift;
 My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
 Oh, speak, and I shall live;
 And here I will unwearied lie,
 Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice
 Could I but see thy face!
 Now let me hear thy quickening voice,
 And taste thy pardoning grace.
 —Chas. Wesley.

*Music No. 69 in "Unfading Treasures."***244 Glorious Fountain.**

THERE is a fountain ||: filled with blood, ||
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plunged ||: beneath that
 Lose all their guilty stains. [flood, ||

CHO.—Oh, glorious fountain!
 Here will I stay,
 And in thee ever
 Wash my sins away.

2 The dying thief ||: rejoiced to see: ||
 That fountain in his day,
 And there may I, ||: though vile as he, ||
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious
 Shall never lose its power, [blood: ||
 Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God: ||
 Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream: ||
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, ||
 And shall be till I die.
 —Cowper

*Music No. 109 in "Unfading Treasures."***245 Even Me.**

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
 Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
 Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
 Let some droppings fall on me.—
 Even me, even me,
 Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
 Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy fall on me.—
 Even me, even me, etc.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
 Let me live and cling to thee;
 I am longing for thy favor;
 Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—
 Even me, even me, etc.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou can'st make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,—
 Even me, even me, etc.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me.—
 Even me, even me, etc.
 —Mrs. E. Codner.

*Music No. 169 in "Unfading Treasures."***246 The Beautiful Light. (Copyr't.)**

JESUS is the light, the way,
 ||: We are walking in the light; ||
 Shining brighter day by day,
 We are walking in the beautiful
 light of God.

CHO—||: We are walking in the light, ||
 We are walking in the light,
 We are walking in the beautiful
 light of God.

2 We who know our sins forgiven,
 ||: We are walking in the light; ||
 Find on earth the joy of heaven,
 We are walking in the beautiful
 light of God.

3 As we journey here below,
 ||: We are walking in the light; ||
 Oh, what joy and peace we know.
 We are walking in the beautiful
 light of God.

4 We will sing his power to save,
 ||: We are walking in the light; ||
 We will triumph o'er the grave,
 We are walking in the beautiful
 light of God. —R. Kelso Carter.

*Music No. 149 in "Unfading Treasures."***247 The Haven of Rest. (Copyright.)**

My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,
So burdened with sin, and distressed,
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, make
me your choice;
And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"

CHO.—I've anchored my soul in the haven
I'll sail the wide seas no more; [of rest,
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild,
stormy deep,
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

2 I yielded myself to his tender embrace,
And faith taking hold of the word,
My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
The haven of rest is my Lord.

3 The song of my soul, since the Lord
made me whole,
Has been the OLD STORY so blest
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have
A home in the "Haven of Rest!"

4 How precious the thought that we all
may recline,
Like John the beloved and blest,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest
can harm,—
Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"

5 Oh, come to the Saviour, he patiently
To save by his power divine; [waits
Come, anchor your soul in the haven of
And say, "my Beloved is mine." [rest,
—H. L. Gilmour.

*Music No. 271 in "Unfading Treasures."***248 Keep Close to Jesus. (Copyright.)**

WHEN you start for the land of heavenly
Keep close to Jesus all the way; [rest,
For he is the Guide, and he knows the way
Keep close to Jesus all the way. [best,

CHO.—||: Keep close to Jesus, :||
Keep close to Jesus all the way; [right,
By day or by night never turn from the
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

2 Never mind the storms or trials as you
Keep close to Jesus all the way; [go,
'Tis a comfort and joy his favor to know,
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

3 To be safe from the darts of the evil
Keep close to Jesus all the way; [one,
Take the shield of faith till the victory is
Keep close to Jesus all the way. [won,

4 We shall reach our home in heaven by
and bye,

Keep close to Jesus all the way;
Where to those we love we'll never say
good-bye,

Keep close to Jesus all the way.

—John Lane.

*Music No. 122 in "Unfading Treasures."***249 At the Cross. (Copyright.)**

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—At the cross, at the cross,
Where I first saw the light, [way,
And the burden of my heart rolled a-
It was there by faith
I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do!

—I. Watts.

*Music No. 127 in "Unfading Treasures."***250 Jesus Saves. (Copyright.)**

We have heard a joyful sound,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Spread the gladness all around,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Bear the news to ev'ry laud, [waves,
Climb the steep and cross the
Onward, 'tis our Lord's command,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

2 Waft it on the rolling tide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Tell to sinners, far and wide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves,
Earth shall keep her jubilee,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves

3 Sing above the battle's strife,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
By his death and endless life,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Sing it softly thro' the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves,
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

4 Give the winds a mighty voice,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Let the nations now rejoice,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hills and deepest caves,
This our song of victory,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

—Priscilla J. Owens.

*Music No. 248 in "Unfading Treasures."***251 Fill Me Now.** (Copyright.)

HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallow'd presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHO.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come, and fill me now;
Fill me with thy hallow'd presence,—
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort; bless and save
me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

—Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D.

*Music No. 350 in "Living Hymns."***252 Love Divine.**

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling!
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

—Charles Wesley.

*Music on page 190.***253 A Little Talk.**

THO' dark the night and clouds look
And stormy overhead, [black
And trials of almost ev'ry kind
Across my path are spread;
How soon I conquer all,
As to the Lord I call.—
A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
all right.

CHO.—[A little talk with Jesus makes it
right, all right, :||
In trials of ev'ry kind,
Praise God, I always find,—
A little talk with Jesus makes it
right, all right.

2 When those who once were dearest
Begin to persecute, [friends
And those who once professed to love
Have silent grown and mute;
I tell him all my grief,
He quickly sends relief,—
A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
all right.

3 And thus, by frequent little talks,
I gain the victory,
And march along with cheerful song,
Enjoying liberty;
With Jesus as my friend,
I'll prove until the end,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
all right.

*Music on page 62.***254 Christian Endeavor Rally.** (Cop.)

"FOR Christ and the Church," is the
watchword to-day, [they pray;
Of Christian Endeav'ers, who strive as
And prove to the world; while the blood-
banner waves, [saves.
That Jesus our Captain is mighty and

CHO.—"For Christ and the Church," ever
be our refrain,
And glad hallelujahs inspire ev'ry strain,
We'll march to the conflict, with banner
and sword, [Lord.
And pledge our endeavors to win for the

2 "For Christ and the Church" we will
gladly resign
All sinful enjoyments that mar the divine;
And walk in the light as it's shed on our
way,
Rejoicing in Jesus, we'll trust and obey.

3 "For Christ and the Church," with the
life-line in hand [land,
To throw to the storm-tossed, on ocean or
Be ready, and willing, the lost to reclaim.
And point them to Jesus, the Lamb that
was slain. H. L. Gilmour.

*Music on page 82.***255 Throw Out the Life-Line. (Cop.)**

THROW out the life-line across the dark
wave,
There is a brother whom some ones should
save;
Somebody's brother! oh, who then will
dare
To throw out the life-line, his peril to
share?

CHO.—||: Throw out the life-line! :||
Some one is drifting away;
||: Throw out the life-line! :||
Some one is sinking to-day.

2 Throw out the life-line with hand quick
and strong:
Why do you tarry, why linger so long?
See! he is sinking, oh, hasten to-day—
And out with the life-boat! away, then,
away.

3 Throw out the life-line to danger-
fraught men,
Sinking in anguish where you've never
been:
Winds of temptation and billows of woe
Will soon hurl them out where the dark
waters flow.

4 Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore,
Haste then, my brother, no time for delay,
But throw out the life-line, and save them
to-day.

—Rev. E. S. Ufford.

256 He Leadeth Me.

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

CHO.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

257

Oh, the blood! the precious blood!
That Jesus shed for me
Upon the cross, in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

258

Oh, sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love—
Mighty to save!

259

L. M.

We'll cross the river of Jordan,
Happy, happy,
We'll cross the river of Jordan,
Happy in the Lord.

260

L. M.

Save! O save, Save, mighty Lord,
And send converting power down!
Save, mighty Lord.

261

L. M.

O he's taken my feet from the mire and
the clay, [Ages.
And he's placed them on the Rock of

262

7, 6.

The cross of Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear;
All hail, reproach or sorrow,
If Jesus leads me there.

263

8, 7.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
I am safe within the veil!

264

C. M.

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
And ever faithful be,
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

265

C. M.

We will rest in the fair and happy land,
Just across on the evergreen shore,
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb by
and by,
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

266

S. M.

O, I'll be there, you'll be there,
Palms of victory, crowns of glory, w
shall wear
In that beautiful world on high.

267

8, 7.

I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
Sanctify and make you holy,
I will come and dwell within.

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